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WHY JACK LEMMON LEFT HIS WIFE

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first color pin-up of
ELVIS PRESLEY



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YOUR LETTERS ON
DATING PROBLEMS



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that it is
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vengeful
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of the

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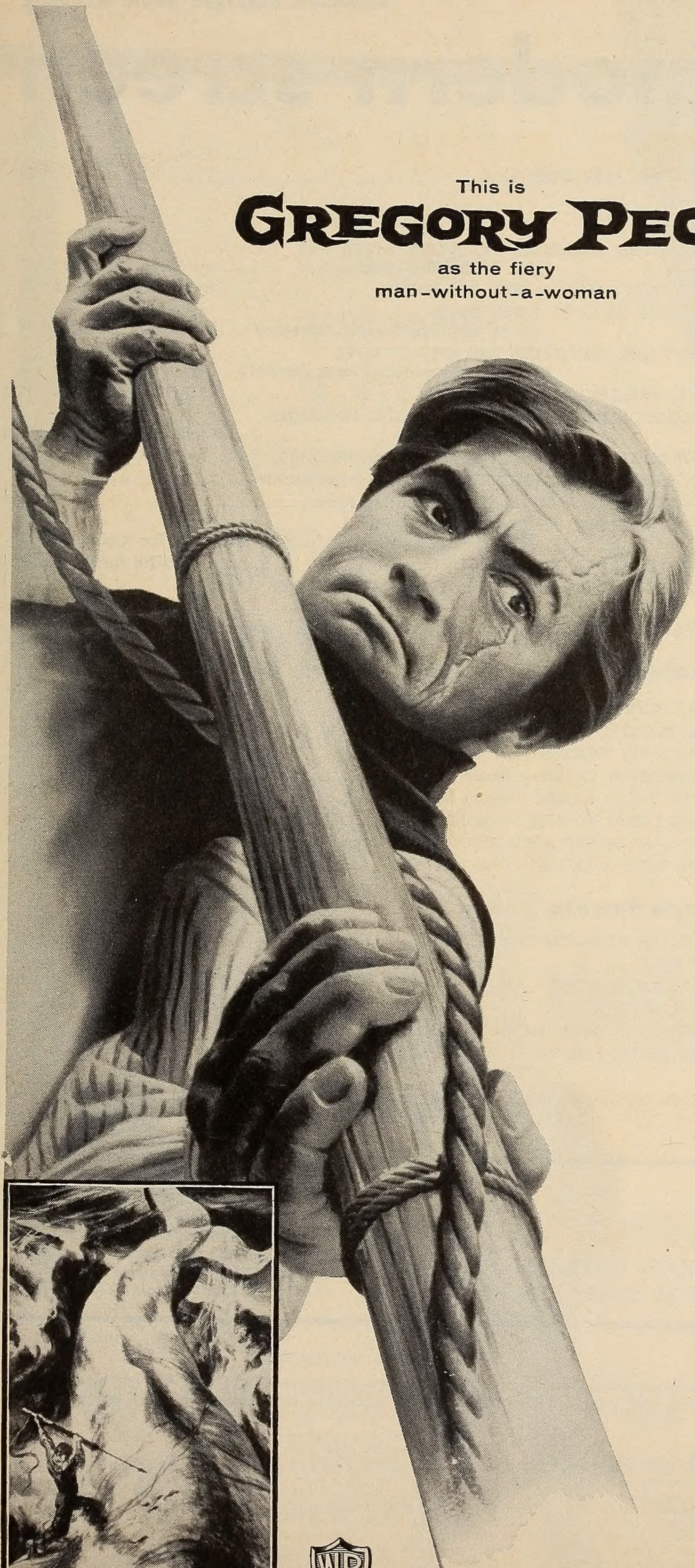
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WELLES**

as Father Mapple

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

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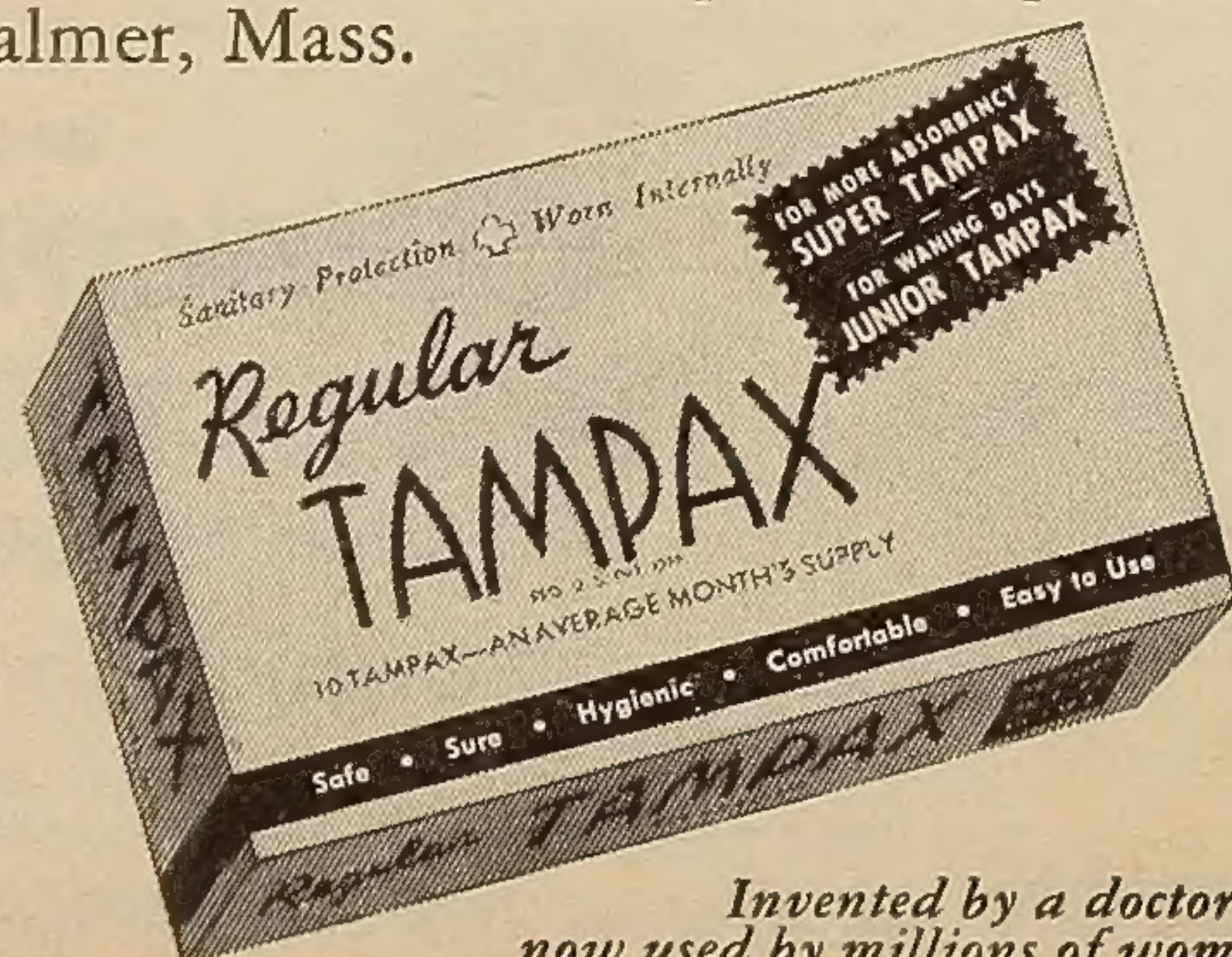


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now used by millions of women

modern screen

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*Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds on the cover by MGM. Debbie is now in MGM's *The Catered Affair*.

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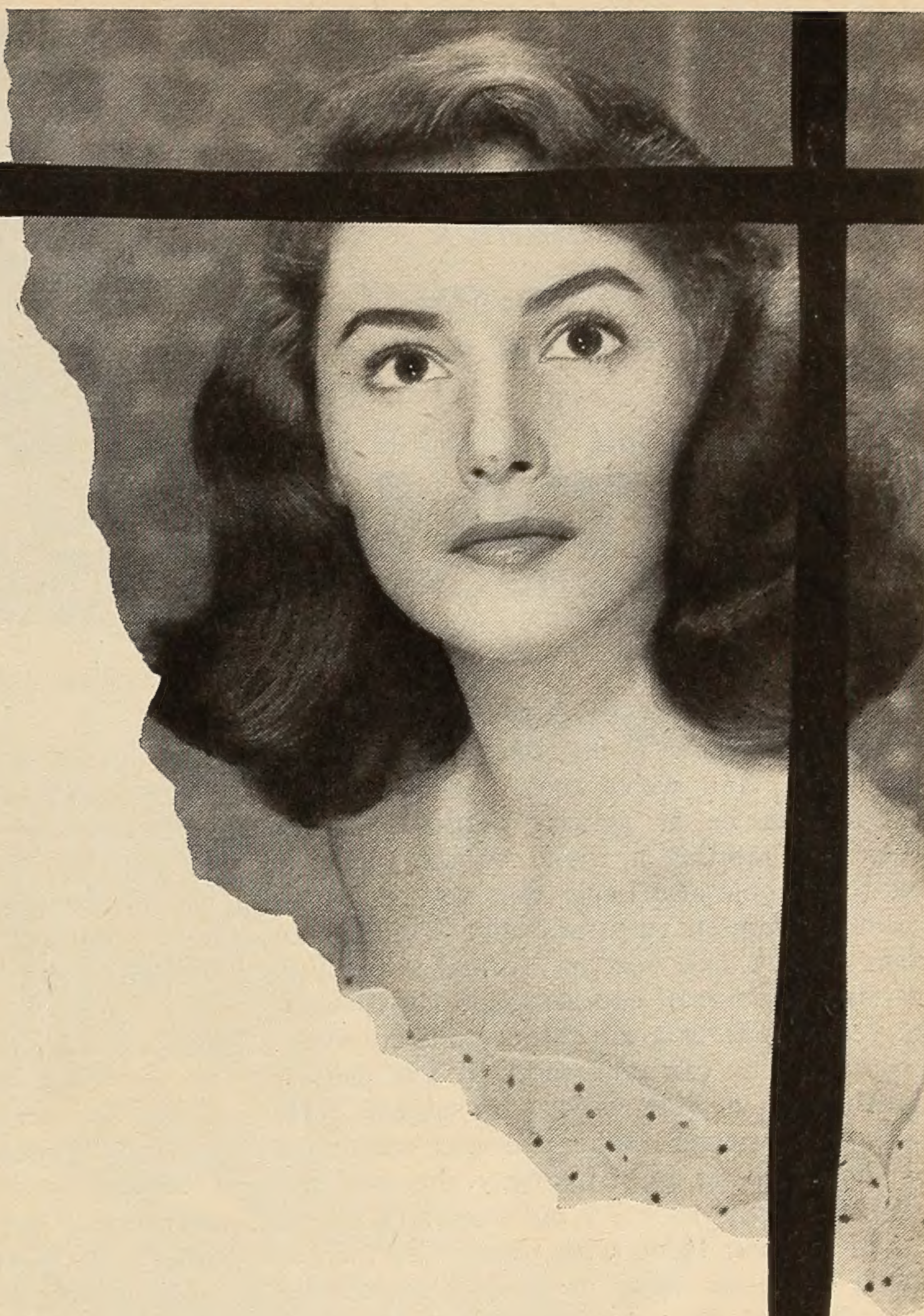
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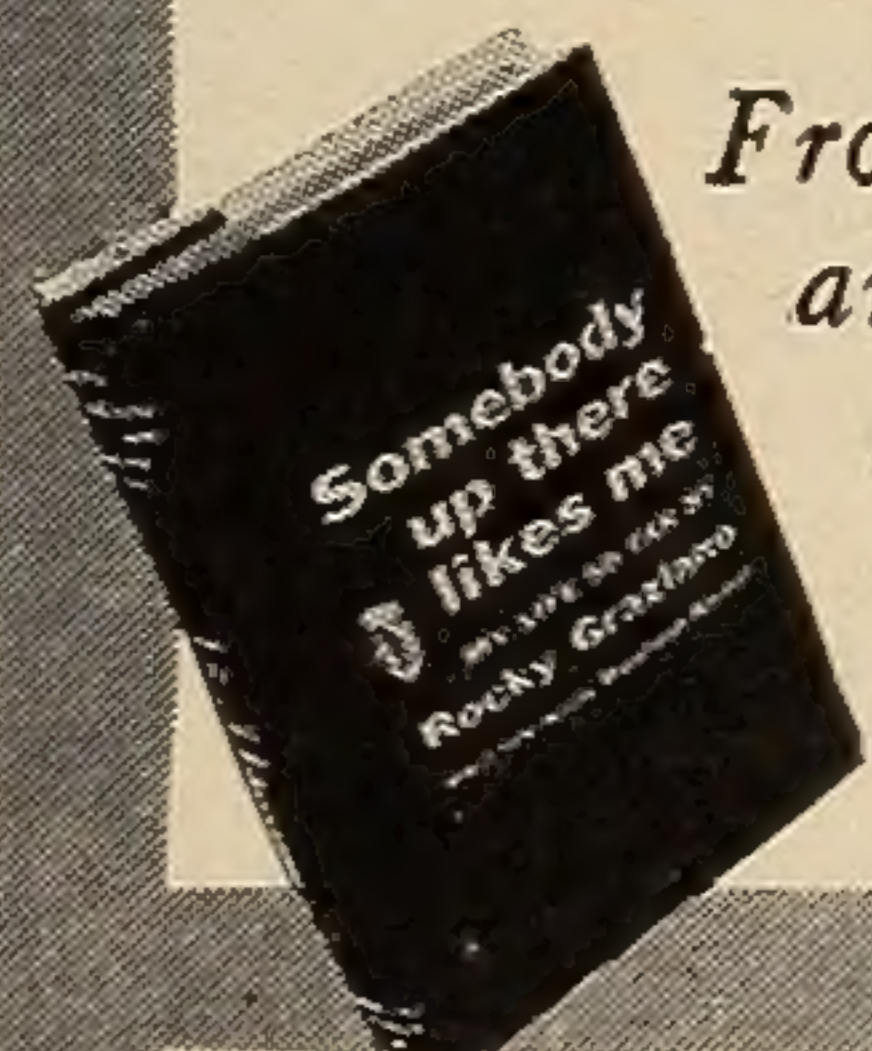
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presents
a most
important
motion
picture



up
somebody there likes me



*From the best-seller
and life-inspired
story in Look
Magazine that
thrilled millions*



STARRING

Paul Newman

with **Everett Sloane**

Screen Play by **Ernest Lehman**

Directed by **Robert Wise**

Pier Angeli

Eileen Heckart · Sal Mineo

Based on the Autobiography of Rocky Graziano
Written with Rowland Barber

Produced by **Charles Schnee**

An M-G-M Picture

*What Sid Caesar
will do for
Janet Blair . . .
Ben Gazzara's
romance . . .
Sammy has a ball*

TV TALK



Nancy Walker (who thinks she isn't pretty!) and Phil Silvers, Doris Day, Eddie Foy, Jr.

You know how funny **Phil Silvers** is on television. And we've told you how hilarious he can be at private parties—or even when just meeting a friend on the sidewalk. But few people also know that here is a man who takes himself very seriously. Phil, a man with a short and sketchy formal education, has made a point of educating himself through the years. This is a man who reads omnivorously and who can talk, seriously and knowledgeably, on a wide variety of subjects. He even does research. When he was rehearsing for *Top Banana* on Broadway, he was not satisfied merely to learn his lines and fix up bits of business to go with them. No; for one sketch alone—a spoof on psychoanalysis—he went and dug. He read books on analysis, he talked to analysts, he talked to people who had gone to analysts. None of this research caused him to change one line of the sketch, but when it was finished Phil felt that his new knowledge gave him some added assurance. That alone made it worth the work. Silvers is really a scholar! . . . In **Ben Gazzara's** most important roles on Broadway—in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* and *A Hatful Of Rain*—he has played introspective, tormented young men. A drunk in one and a dope fiend in the other, he spent most of his time on the stage holding himself in, keeping his emotions to himself. In real life, however, Ben is forthright, opinionated, and dynamic. When he talks, he says what he thinks in no uncertain terms and he bangs the table with his fist to prove it. He is very bright and, like Phil Silvers, knows a lot about a lot of things. You name it; Ben can declaim on it. He has also never forgotten for a minute that he was born and brought up on the Lower East Side in Manhattan. (As far as we can tell, no one who was born and brought up on the Lower East Side—Red Buttons, Georgie Jessel, Eddie Cantor—has ever been able to forget it.) He often refers to his childhood in his conversation, and swears that today, when he frequents all the town's fancy restaurants, he does not eat as well as he did when his mother was cooking her Italian specialties for him. He is exceptionally close to his mother still, and visits her twice a week for dinner without fail. He is also getting her a fancy midtown apartment. It will be on elegant Sutton Place or, perhaps, **Elaine Stritch's** old apartment—if Elaine can find the perfect new one she's looking for. Ben and Elaine are as constant a duo as ever these days. You can tell at a glance what changes they've wrought in each other. Ben, who used to be a member in good standing of the blue-jean set, now wears slightly more formal clothes; and Elaine, once a model of high-style fashion,

now leaves her most formal outfits in her closet. He dresses up a little, she dresses down—the perfect compromise. Ben still doesn't like ties, and seldom puts one on; but Elaine keeps one in her purse at all times, and when they're about to enter a restaurant that demands neckwear, she pulls it out and Ben ties it on . . . All of **Janet Blair's** friends are crossing their fingers hoping that her role on the Sid Caesar show in the fall is the Big Break she needs. Well into her thirties and in show business for years, Janet has made countless movies and even more TV guest appearances; but she's never really made a splash. If **Caesar's Hour** does for Janet what it did for Nanette Fabray, she will, at last, be a star. If so, her friends are convinced of one thing: She will remain the extra-sweet and modest person she is now. They say Janet will always have that girl-next-door quality to her . . . Speaking of nice girls, people who have known **Margaret Truman** for years couldn't be happier over her choice in bridegrooms. And friends of **Clifton Daniel, Jr.**, are enchanted with Margaret. We predict that here is one couple about whom you will never hear one hint of a harsh word . . . You're always reading about performers who nurture a deep-seated inferiority complex. One actress who has one—for no reason anyone else can figure out—is **Marie Wilson**. Although no chicken, Marie can pass for a girl in her twenties, even in the bright broad light of day. But she keeps thinking her nonexistent wrinkles are showing. When she does summer stock, she insists that the lighting on the stage always has to be flattering to her. (This means, sometimes, that the lighting on the scenery is bad.) And even when she eats in a restaurant, she insists on dim or orange lights. (Orange and pink lights, as every actress knows, are so flattering to the complexion.) If the lamps on her table are not right, they are changed. Marie is always polite about it, of course—she's a thoughtful person—but she will not eat under a glaring bulb, not even with her husband and close, close friends. They can't figure it out, but there it is . . . An actress who has completely recovered from her inferiority complex is **Nancy Walker**. Never a pretty girl, Nancy used to suffer from her lack of even features. It affected her so much that it sometimes hindered her work: she would turn down parts or leave roles on account of it. But then she started going to a vocal coach named **David Craig**. She credits him with having restored her voice, which she thought she had lost. She can—and does—now credit him with much more than that. Craig and Nancy got married—a move that made her realize she

was an attractive, wanted woman. They have a daughter, Miranda—an event that boosted her ego, as it does most women's. Nancy's career—which is going great guns since she got the main starring role in the Broadway revival of Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*—is the focal point of the Craig household—another ego-reviving factor. David Craig thinks that his wife is the greatest female clown in the theatre (he's not alone in his view), and he does not hesitate to say so, out loud and often. Nancy now is swimming in self-confidence, and—this comes as no surprise to experts on womankind—she has become a handsome woman. People who saw Nancy on the stage ten or fifteen years ago and who now see her in person are amazed at her good looks. This is what's known as the Power of Love, and it works . . . **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, didn't get very good reviews for his *Mr. Wonderful*—(the critics liked Sammy, but hated the show)—but he is so popular with his fans that he cannot leave the theatre on matinee days. When he's doing both an afternoon and an evening performance, it's worth his life to push his way through all his admirers at the stage door and make it back in time. The critics might even like the show better if they saw it these days because Sammy—who was a little ill at ease on his first Broadway stage at the beginning—has now relaxed and is having a ball up there. He ad libs like crazy—just the way he does in night clubs—and even stops and talks to members of the audience that he knows. If *Mr. Wonderful* turns out to be a long-running hit, Sammy did it. . . . **Shelley Winters** often looks casual when she's all dressed up; at fancy affairs, where the other women are obviously coiffed to a faretheewell, Shelley sometimes look as though she threw on a dress, ran a comb through her hair, dabbed on some lipstick, and headed for the party. Presentable, but nothing you could photograph for *Vogue*. And when Shelley's not going to a party, she can really be casual. She's been seen smack in the middle of Manhattan in slacks, without any makeup, with her hair rolled up in pin curls and no kerchief to cover the bobby pins, and—as the final unchic touch—with galoshes that flop with her every step . . . **Patti Page's** costume designer, **Joe Fretwell**, has gone with her to the hour show she's doing as a summer replacement for Perry Como. Patti would not have it otherwise. She, in fact, credits a big percentage of her current popularity to Fretwell. Once a plump, fluffily-dressed girl, Patti these days is sleek and sleekly garbed. Fretwell's clothes—which she wears on and off screen—inspired her to lose weight in the first place, and continue to give her a lot of self-assurance.

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY TO COME

OUT OF THE WAR...

TWO OF TODAY'S

MOST BRILLIANT

STARS IN A

DRAMA THAT

PROBES DEEP

IN THE HEART OF A

WOMAN IN LOVE!



in A PÉRLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

The Proud and Profane

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Produced by William Perlberg • Written for the Screen and Directed by George Seaton

Based on a Novel by Lucy Herndon Crockett

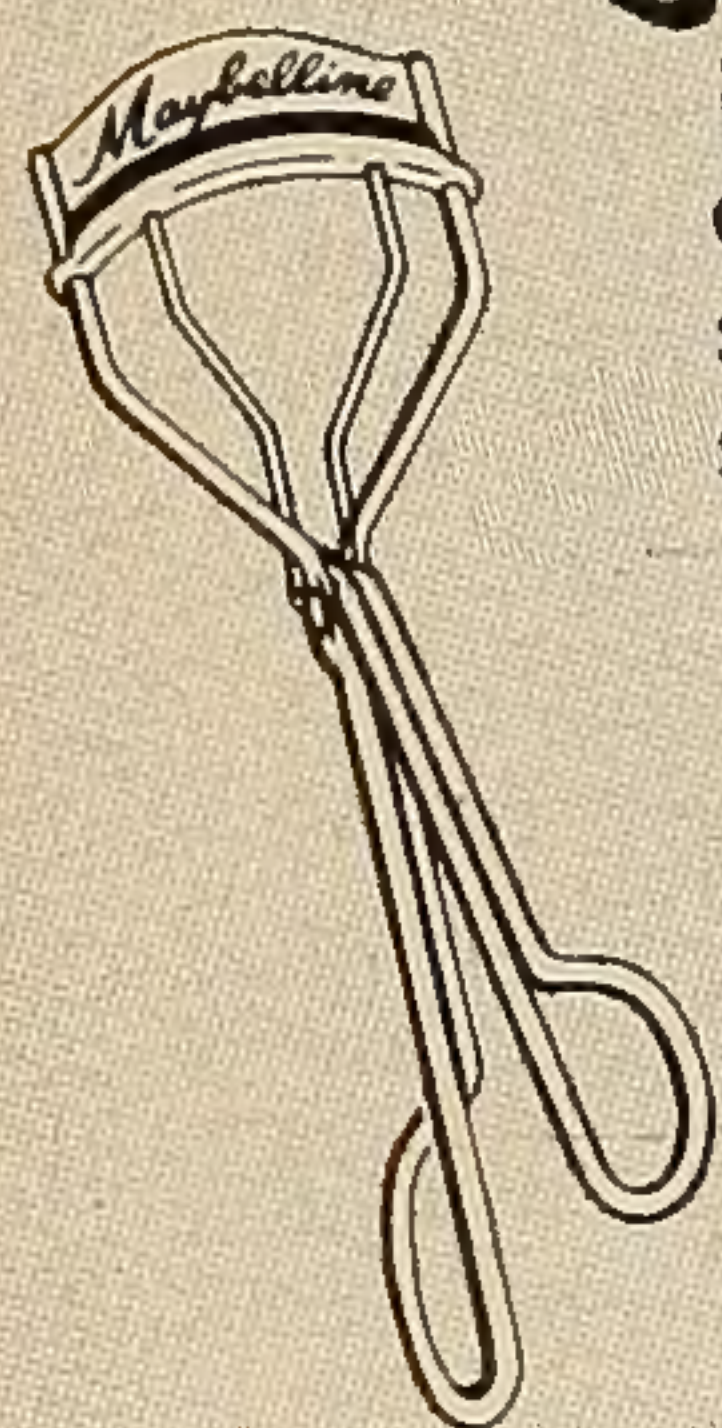


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SPECIALISTS IN EYE BEAUTY

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I understand that Anne Baxter is taking back the \$14,000 house her ex-husband, John Hodiak, bought in Hollywood for his parents. Any truth to that?
—F.H., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. There is litigation concerning the inheritance rights of Hodiak's young daughter. Her mother, Anne Baxter, is handling these. But she has no intention of reclaiming the house.

Q. Who is Nicola Michaels, the new MGM actress?
—S.L., N.Y.C.

A. The daughter of Nicholas Schenck, one of the founders and currently board chairman of Loew's.

Q. The Tab Hunter-Natalie Wood combination—love or publicity?
—I.H., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. Publicity.

Q. Does Lex Barker really cook better than Lana Turner?
—D.L., BOSTON, MASS.

A. Cooking is not one of Miss Turner's specialties.

Q. I read in a news magazine that Bill Holden cannot play a scene unless he warms up with a couple of shots of liquor. Is this true?
—V.J., BURBANK, CAL.

A. Definitely not.

Q. I read that Dino De Laurentiis, who produced *War and Peace*, has signed Ernest Hemingway for *Marco Polo*. Is that true?
—H.G., MIAMI, FLA.

A. No, just a publicity stunt.

Q. Is the Kim Novak-Frank Sinatra thing finished?
—E.L., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A. Not at this writing.

Q. Is it true that Errol Flynn once turned down Sofia Loren for an acting job?
—E.H., MIAMI, FLA.

A. Yes.

Q. How old is Frank Sinatra really?
—S.L., HOBOKEN, N. J.

A. Forty.

Q. Who sings better, Oreste or Lanza?
—S.L., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A. Vocal instructors side towards Oreste.

Q. Which two actors are most respected as gentlemen in film circles?
—D.Y., DENVER, COL.

A. There are many; two of the most prominent are James Stewart and Bill Holden.

Q. Isn't there a big feud between Jose Ferrer and British actor Trevor Howard, the result of their work together on *Cockleshell Hero*?
—H.H., LONDON, ENG.

A. Small feud.

Q. Can you tell me Lana Turner's first picture away from her old MGM studio?
—A.L., BALTIMORE, MD.

A. Lana will star in a re-make of *My Man Godfrey*.

Q. How many children is Macdonald Carey the father of and does he plan to have more?
—E.N., DES MOINES, IOWA

A. Carey has six, hopes to have more.

Q. Is there anything serious between George Nader and Gia Scala?
—C.L., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A. Could be.

Q. I understand Jimmy Dean's mother was only twenty-nine when she died. What did she die of?
—D.L., MARION, IND.

A. Cancer.

Q. Why has Katharine Hepburn never been married?
—F.F., RAWLINS, WYO.

A. She has been once. In 1928, she married a Philadelphia socialite named Ludlow Ogden Smith.

Q. Is it true that Sal Mineo is getting 2,000 fan letters a week?
—K.G., GREAT NECK, N.Y.

A. That's a little high. But he's extremely popular.

Q. Are the Stewart Grangers leaving Hollywood?
—D.L., DAVENPORT, IOWA

A. That is their intention after Jean Simmons gives birth.

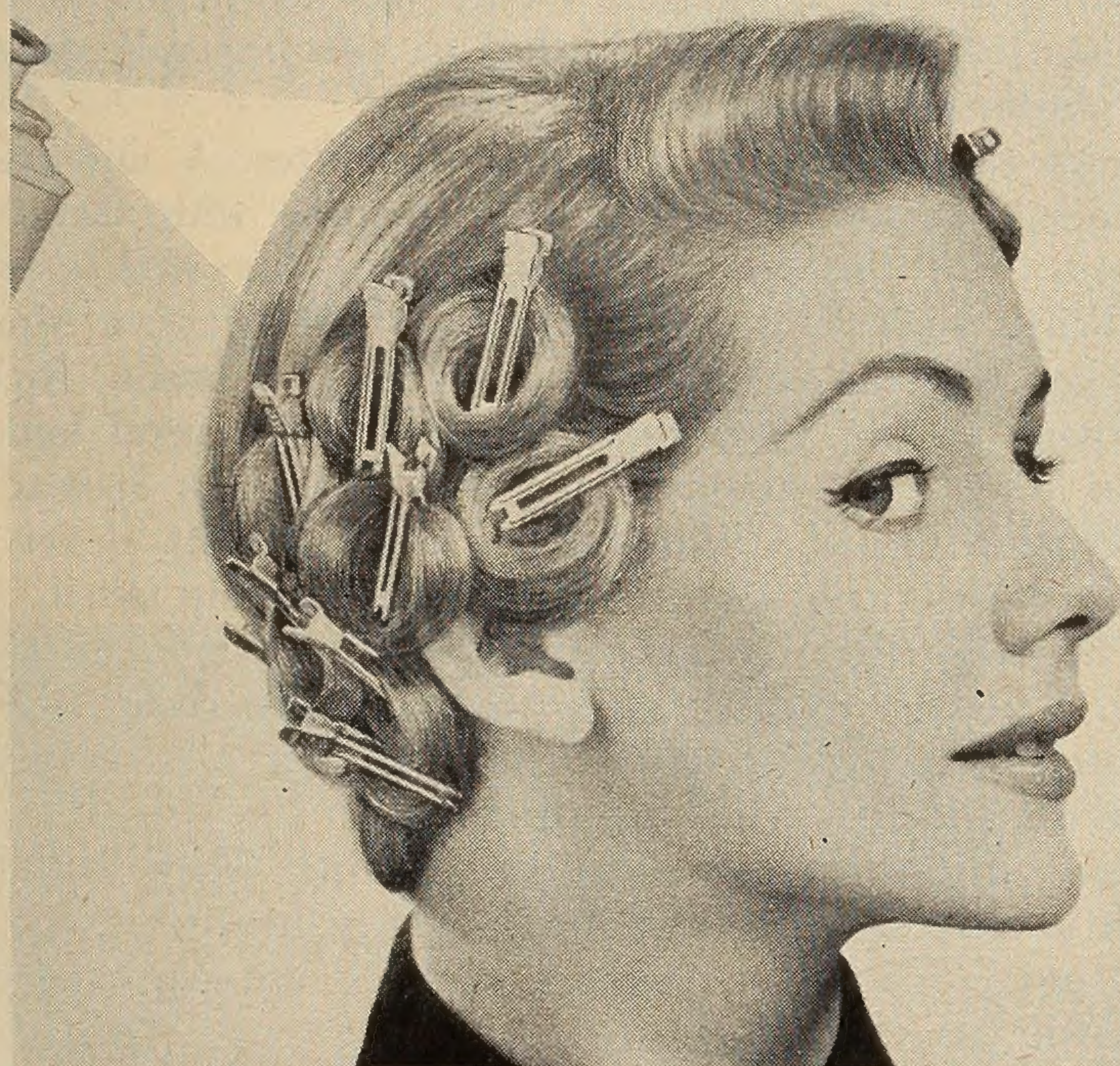
Q. Does Gina Lollobrigida wear falsies and a girdle?
—F.U., N.Y.C.

A. A girdle; no falsies.

NEW! Only Helene Curtis has the exclusive new "control" ingredient.
And it's in *all* Helene Curtis Spray Net—Regular, Super Soft, and new Ultra.

Helene Curtis Spray Net actually trains your hair!

trains while it sets pincurls...



trains while it holds your wave...



The most exciting thing that's happened since the permanent wave.

Now, SPRAY NET actually *trains* your hair to stay curled—thanks to Helene Curtis' new "control" ingredient. And no ordinary hair spray has it!

Use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET to set springier, bouncier pincurls—to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually . . . excitingly . . . your hair gets the *habit* of curling—your wave *remembers* its place! This exciting training won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays between shampoos.

No matter what hair spray you're using now, there's a delightful surprise waiting when you try SPRAY NET with the new "control" ingredient. It's non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin.

But the big difference—the wonderful plus: SPRAY NET is the hair spray that actually *trains* your hair to stay curled!



REGULAR
AND SUPER SOFT
69¢, \$1.25, \$1.89
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new!
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Only Helene Curtis
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Fill it yourself. Take it with you. New Purse/Spray, glamorous in black and gold, comes with its own special refiller of new ULTRA SPRAY NET. Holds days of sprays at every filling. With refiller, \$3.25 value . . .

special
introductory
price,
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Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

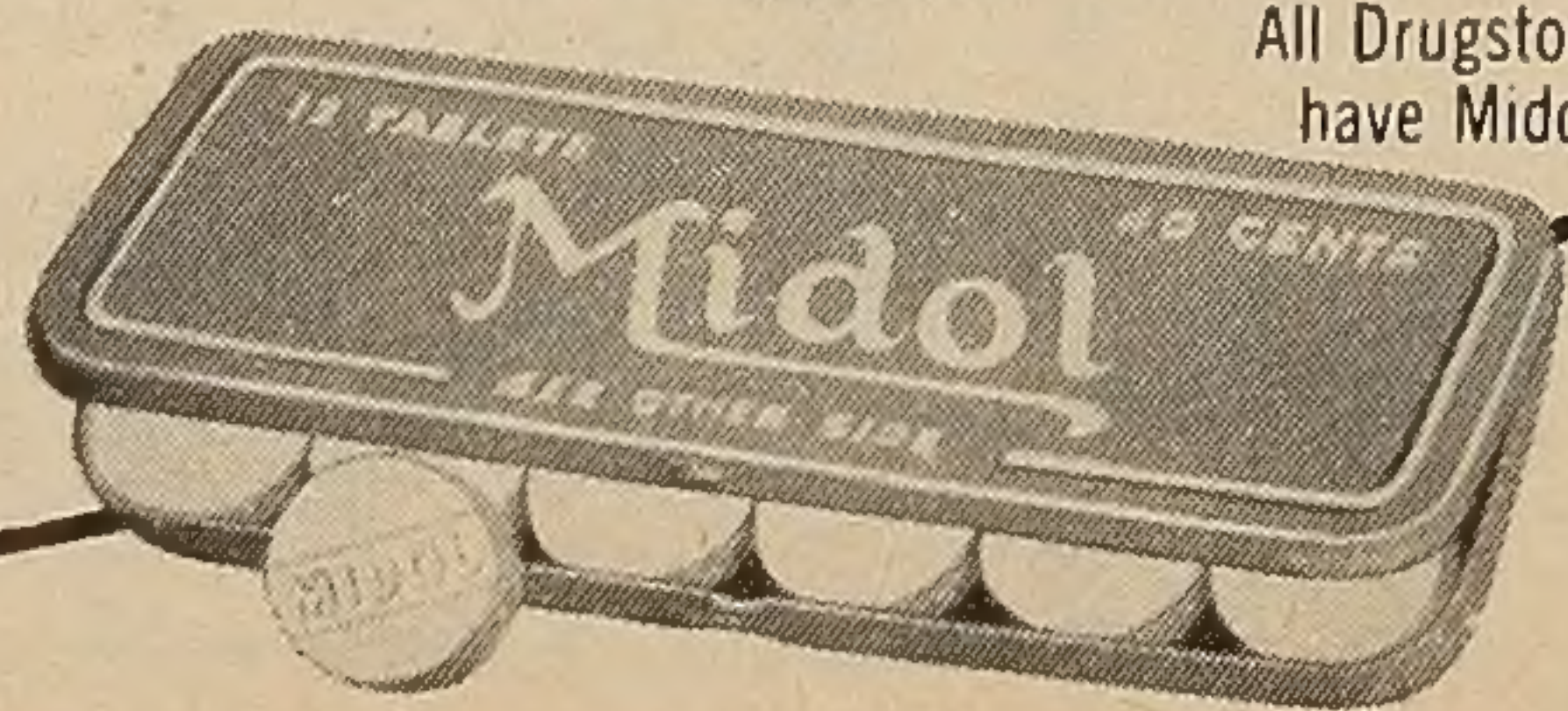
Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-86, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL



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have Midol



You think you collect autographs? Well, dig these crazy . . .

FULL TIME FANS



Claudette Colbert would have been turned down . . .



but Rick Jason obliged with the Chihuahua . . .



and getting Gable is a triumph!

■ In Hollywood there is a group of about twenty dyed-in-the-wool fans who have been collecting autographs of movie stars for the past ten or fifteen years. They range from the age of ten to seventy-five. Each year several new faces join the band and an oldster drops out.

Each one has his own special way of collecting signatures. A middle-aged couple make their rounds requesting movie stars to pose with them. The gentleman always poses with the feminine stars, while his wife gets the heroes. Their album boasts such shots as the husband with Marilyn Monroe, Marie Wilson and Esther Williams, and the wife with Van Johnson, Richard Conte and Ronald Regan. In five years they have collected several hundred.

Another collector is a little shy about posing with the stars. Instead she asks them to pose holding her small Chihuahua or petting her big Boxer.

One of the older men collects only pictures of young upcoming talent. After taking their pictures he keeps them in an alphabetical file which he carries with him at all times. When he sees the newcomer again he rushes through the file and has the photograph autographed. The youngster is usually more popular by then and writes a long personal dedication.

Most of the collectors are very fussy about handwriting. They will throw out a signature which doesn't meet their standards. They never get an autograph in pencil, ball point pen, or washable ink. They use permanent ink so that the signatures will not fade away.

Most of the collectors insist upon dedicated autographs. They never get more than one autograph from the same star and frown upon the tourists who want one "for Aunt Susan, Sister Jane, and Uncle George." If they collect candid photos they will only take one shot on any single afternoon—providing the star isn't their very favorite. In the case of a favorite they may snap a whole roll of film.

The photo-fiends won't shoot a pose unless the star is perfectly still without anyone in the background. If the star is wearing dark clothes they'll request a light colored background. They will never take a picture of a star wearing sunglasses. No autographs are traded or sold.

Sunday is the collectors' favorite day. They haunt the radio and TV stations, the famous restaurants and the theatres. At night they post themselves in front of Ciro's, Mocambo and LaRue. They follow the stars everywhere.

Their patience never fails. They will wait eight or ten hours for a new signature. The stars who "never sign" present a challenge to them, and their happiest moments are spent admiring the autographs of a star in this category.

Rainy weather only lures them on, in the hope that the stars will admire their faithfulness and sign a legible signature.

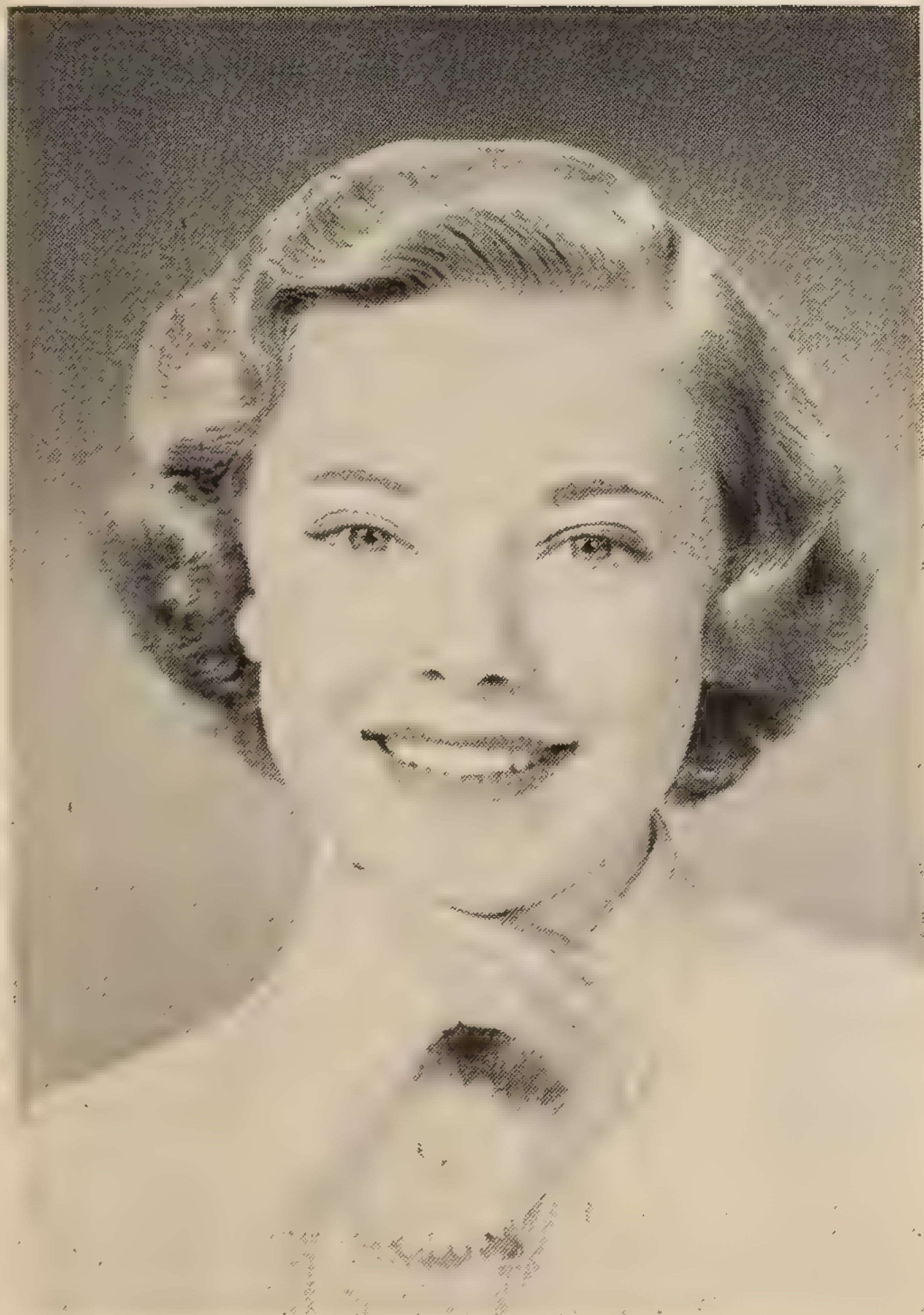
Many of the collectors keep a list of automobile license numbers. The older crowd knows most license numbers and car models from memory. If they spot a star's car, they'll wait near it for hours till the driver shows up.

Of course some of the stars disapprove of this band. They get tired of seeing the same faces at every shindig. Others are very amused, and still others are very flattered. And by the way—the autograph hunters will wait the longest for the cranky stars—but they'll only attend movies in which the nicer ones appear.

New! BOBBI— with “Casual Curlets” and breeze-fresh lotion gives you a longer lasting, softly feminine wave

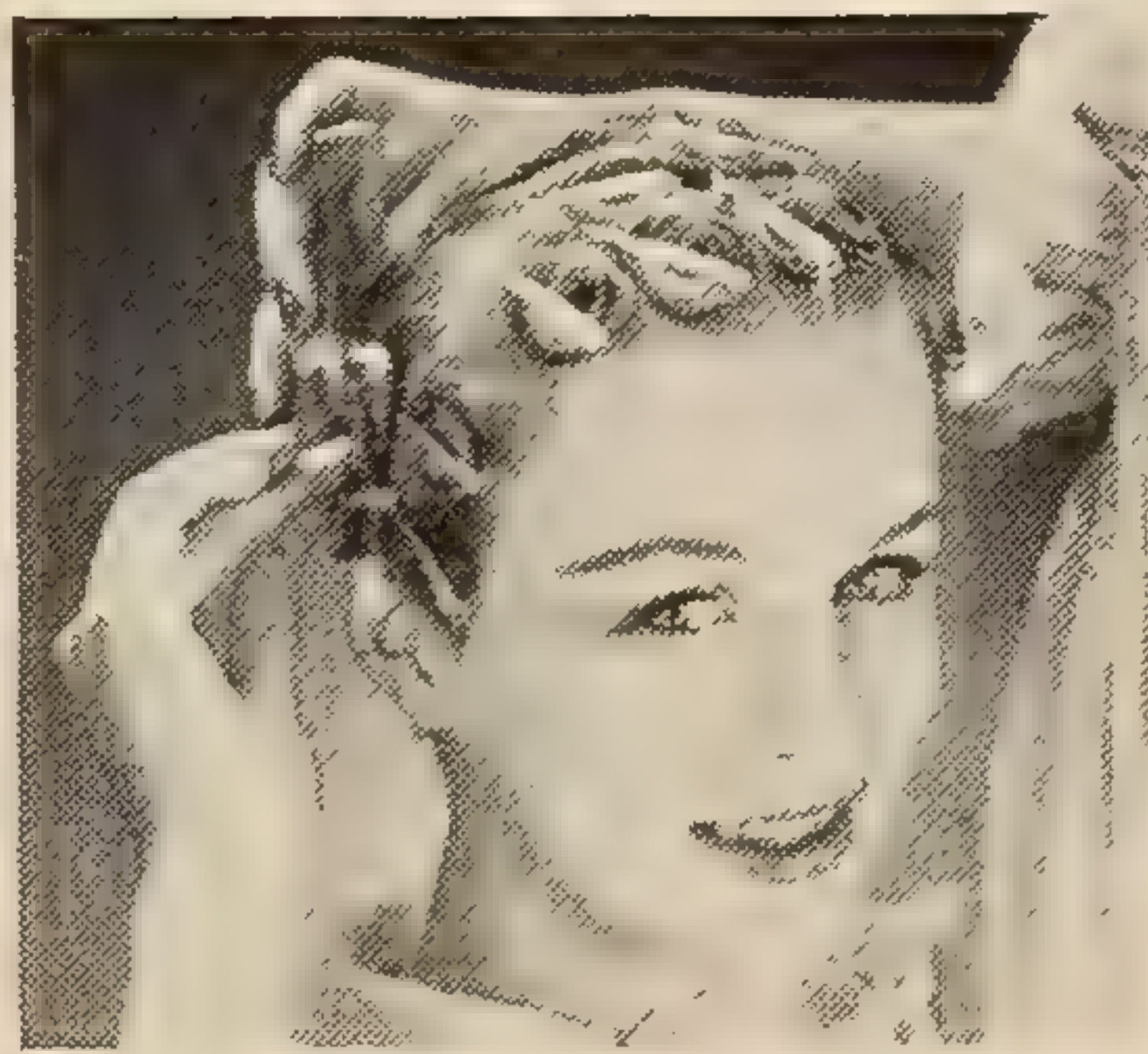
A stronger wave than ordinary pin-curl permanents
a softer wave than rod-type permanents

Specially created for casual hair styles



See how casual a BOBBI wave can be! You know it will outlast any other pin-curl permanent because each curl is set stronger from the very beginning with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets.” Use Curlets between permanents, too—for a longer-lasting set after your shampoo.

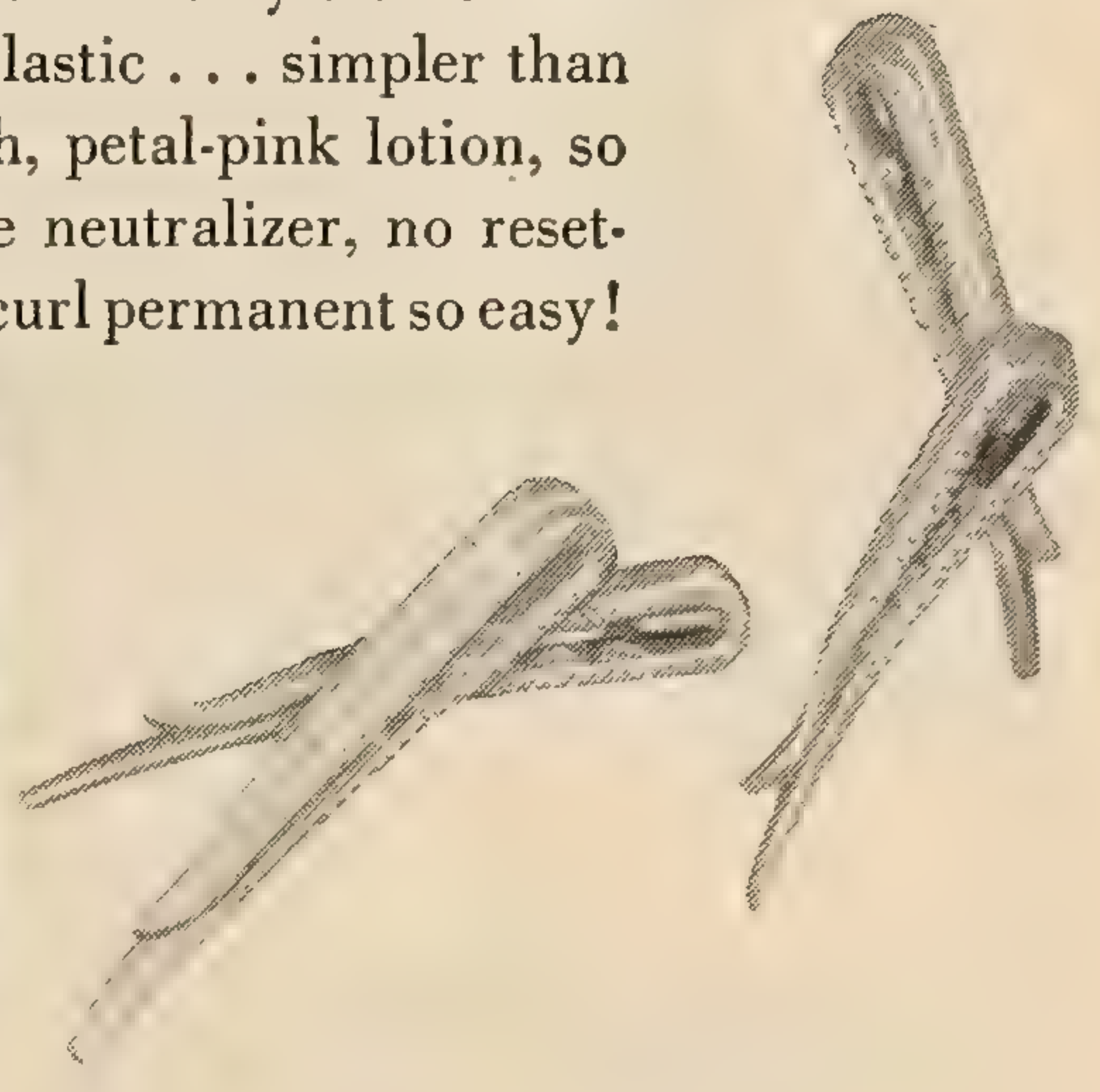
Everything you need for the prettiest, longest-lasting casual hairdo ever! Fabulous new easy-set “Casual Curlets” . . . of pretty pink plastic . . . simpler than metal pins! New breeze-fresh, petal-pink lotion, so pleasant to use! No separate neutralizer, no resetting. Only BOBBI makes a pin-curl permanent so easy!



Pin-curls made with BOBBI's new “Casual Curlets” . . . smooth, firm, no loose ends, no crimp marks as with metal pins. Specially designed for a stronger, longer-lasting casual wave!

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7. Curlets are curved—shaped to your head for comfort.



All-new BOBBI in a bright blue box
Each package complete with 55 “Casual Curlets” and 6 neckline curlers.

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!

A non-drying spray-set with
no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay
—the softest way!

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An RKO-Radio Picture



New SUPER-SOFT

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Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

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5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo



DOROTHY COLLINS:

she wanted to be a secretary

■ Usually it's the daughter who wants to be in show business and the parents who say, "No, go learn a trade. Be a secretary." But in Dorothy Collins' success story, there's a bit of a switch. Dorothy's ambition was to be a first-rate secretary. However, her parents had different ideas. As a lark, they entered her in a local amateur singing contest and she won. She was offered a chance to appear on a children's broadcast series in Detroit and out the window went all secretarial plans.

Dorothy's first big break came in 1942 when she visited friends in Chicago who knew band leader Raymond Scott. They whisked her to him, he heard her sing, and one year later, she was on the air with the *Raymond Scott Show*.

In 1950, while Dotty was taking vocal lessons, the American Tobacco Company (sponsors of *Hit Parade*) commissioned Ray to write advertising jingles; he used Dorothy anonymously to sing on a demonstration record. The sponsor not only liked the jingle, but the sweet singing voice. Dorothy was hired. Later she became a featured vocalist on the show.

Now the question is, will her daughter, Deborah, (born October 24, 1954) meet with the same change of plans? It's too early to tell, of course, but with Raymond Scott's influence around the house, Deborah might plan on being a photographer, pianist, professional ham operator or maybe, even a secretary. For Dotty and Ray, who were married in July, 1952, actually only live in two and one-half rooms of their Babylon, Long Island home. The rest is used for Ray's big piano, tv sets, dark room and ham radios.

Deborah's future, as yet, is undecided, but if she gets confused, she should certainly ask Mama. In the Collins' case, Mama knows best!

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ALL DAY LONG...FOR EVERY SUMMER ACTIVITY!



*Exclusive criss-cross elastic front dips low, holds the separation.

*Exclusive bias-cut elastic side panels self-adjust to your every motion.

*Elastic back sets low, won't ride up. Elastic front band stays smooth.



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PLAYTEX *Living* BRA*

Won't shift, slide or ride ever! Glorious for sports . . . and glorifies your fashions! No other bra allows such complete freedom for action. All-elastic body self-adjusts to your every motion; never binds, never rides up. Sculptured nylon cups stay high, round . . . divide divinely, support superbly! As flattering for dates as for daytime activities. In wonderfully washable white or non-run black. Sizes 32A to 40C, \$3.95. D-Cups slightly higher. In the Playtex package at your favorite store.

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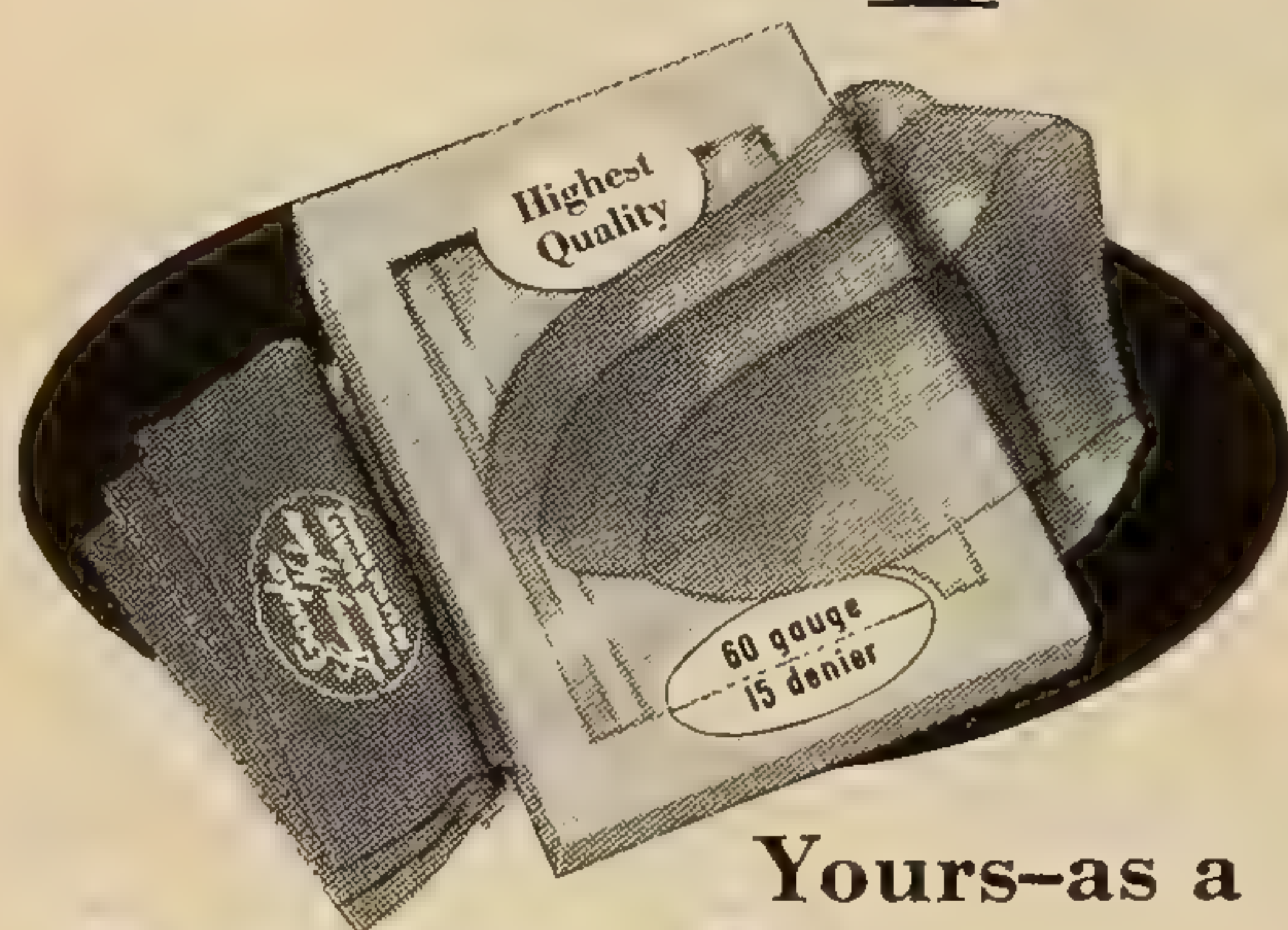


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60 gauge, 15 denier

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when you send in the top of a

Gayla®
HOLD-BOB®
BOBBY PIN CARD

Gayla HOLD-BOB with Flexi-Grip, the world's best bobby pin, offers you a Beauty Bonus of sheer, luxurious, 60 gauge, 15 denier nylons at savings of over one-half. You can get a set of three of these leg-flattering nylons by sending only \$1.00 with the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or Gayla Hair Net envelope. Insist on Gayla HOLD-BOB, the bobby pin more women prefer over all others, and send for these beautifully fitting, long wearing nylons today!

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Please send, postpaid, _____ sets (a pair and a spare) of nylons as checked below. Enclosed is \$1.00 (no stamps) plus the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB Bobby Pin Card, or a Gayla Hair Net Envelope, for each set. (The top of a 25c card entitles you to order 2 sets.)

Color: ☐ Morning Mist ☐ Desert Sand ☐ French Rose
(Grayish Taupe) (Brownish Beige) (Rosy Hue)

Size: ☐ 8½ ☐ 9 ☐ 9½ ☐ 10 ☐ 10½ ☐ 11
☐ Short ☐ Medium ☐ Long ☐ Self Seam ☐ Dark Seam

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High Society
Invitation To The Dance

FOR DRAMA

Somebody Up There Likes Me
Trapeze
The Leather Saint

FOR SUSPENSE

Safari
The Great Locomotive Chase
Run For The Sun
The Mountain

FOR LAUGHS

That Certain Feeling
The Ambassador's Daughter

NEW MOVIES

by *Florence Epstein*



PICTURE OF THE MONTH: Grace Kelly's last movie (or so she says) is a big one—with Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Celeste Holm, gorgeous clothes, music, and, of course, a wedding!

*HIGH SOCIETY

Sinatra, Crosby—and Grace Kelly

■ Here's Philip Barry's *Philadelphia Story* set to music, sparkling with glamor and exuding the happy glow of the very, very rich. The very, very rich live in houses that stagger the imagination, but don't worry for, as Grace Kelly points out, those houses must go (tax purposes). Anyway, here we are in Newport getting ready for Tracy Lord's (Grace Kelly's) second wedding. Her first wedding—to Bing Crosby—ended, but he's still around (he lives in the palace next door) disgracing the upper class with his success as a popular singer. Now Grace is marrying John Lund, a very proper fellow (he was poor and proud and now his pride is insufferable). Grace's father (Sidney Blackmer) has been disgracing her by playing around with a ballet dancer—but his wife, Margalo Gilmore, doesn't feel very disgraced (she's got a heart where Grace has a rock). But the editor of "Spy" magazine says: Unless you let writer Frank Sinatra and photographer Celeste Holm cover the wedding I'll print a disgraceful story about Grace's father. So Frank and Celeste arrive to cover the wedding. Grace rears like a true thoroughbred and decides to give them a real story. Her idea of a real story is to act like she's just had a frontal lobotomy. Her little sister (Lydia Reed) acts the same. Doesn't fool Sinatra for a minute. It rather fascinates him; it rather makes him fall in love. On the eve of Grace's wedding they get drunk together and go for a swim in the pool and he leaves his watch in her bedroom. Now it's John Lund's turn to be disgraced, and he is. He very nearly calls off the wedding on this puny evidence of delinquent behavior. Sinatra and Crosby

sing an entertaining duet; Louis Armstrong's here, with music, and, adding his unique, debonair charm is the late Louis Calhern. Technicolor.—MGM

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

Park Avenue comedy

■ Nature's way of telling Francis X. Dignan (Bob Hope) he's a coward is a severe attack of nausea brought on by any attempt he makes to assert himself. In this condition he becomes assistant to Larry Larkin (George Sanders), a nationally known cartoonist, friend to the great and phony to the core. Larkin's secretary (Eva Marie Saint) whom he plans to make his fifth wife was once the only wife of Francis. The comedy unfolds in Larkin's swank duplex apartment on Park Avenue which houses (in addition to his vast ego) an outspoken maid (Pearl Bailey), a miserable orphan (made miserable by the fact that Larkin plans to adopt him), and a huge English sheepdog. In his vain attempts to assert himself, to win back his wife and to show up Larkin, Francis creates bedlam enough to shake the poise of even Ed Murrow who, climactically, visits the Larkin menage on *Person To Person*.—Paramount

RUN FOR THE SUN

manhunt in the jungle

■ Richard Widmark's an American writer who'd still be drinking tequila and taking a bath once a month if Jane Greer (a reporter from "Sight" magazine) hadn't been sent to ferret him out of his Mexican nirvana and uncover all the sordid facts of his disappearance from life. (Continued on page 14)

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5 YEARS ON BROADWAY
— and now the fabulous
stage success becomes
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SCOPE 55 brings you • New life-
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pleasure.

STARRING

DEBORAH KERR • YUL BRYNNER

with

RITA MORENO • Martin Benson • Rex Thompson • Terry Saunders

Produced by

Directed by

Screenplay by

Music by

Book and Lyrics by

Choreography by

CHARLES BRACKETT • WALTER LANG • ERNEST LEHMAN • RICHARD RODGERS and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II • JEROME ROBBINS

From their musical play based on "Anna And The King Of Siam" by Margaret London

The fact is he lost his wife on an African safari and hasn't been the same since (lost her to another man, that is). Well, he doesn't trust women any more, but he trusts Jane (although there she sits taking notes and long distance phone calls from New York). Anyway, he offers to fly her back to Mexico City, but by some slight miscalculation they crash in the midst of the Mexican jungle, which apparently belongs to Trevor Howard and Peter Van Eyck. Anthropologists, say they. But who they really are is Lord Haw-Haw and an ex-Nazi chieftain. They have a pack of wild dogs guarding their hacienda, an arsenal in the basement and a love of sadism. The rest is an exciting chase through that jungle—Widmark and Jane, of course, running ahead. Technicolor. Superscope—U.A.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME
the life of Rocky Graziano

■ Rocky Graziano's story is not a pretty one, but it is certainly exciting—not only physically (although the action doesn't let up for a minute) but in the sense that here is a man finding himself, struggling against almost insuperable odds to become a whole human being. Dragged up in New York's Lower East Side, he had a violent temper and a complete disregard of the law; nobody could tell him what to do. Dishonorably discharged from the army (after ignoring every regulation, knocking out a captain who reprimanded him and going AWOL), Rocky realizes that his only hope is to fight professionally, there his hatred can work for him and his living will be assured. The love of an understanding woman (Pier Angeli) and success reform him. He forgets about the past but there are others who plan to use it against him. Paul Newman is fine as Rocky; Eileen Heckart as his devoted, long-suffering mother, Everett Sloane as his homey manager. Don't miss this movie.—MGM

STORM OVER THE NILE
daring adventure in Sudan

■ It's about 1900, in the dining room of those great old houses in England and a little boy (who grows up to be Anthony Steel) is listening to his father and friends boast about their perilous exploits in the Crimea. Steel must follow his family's tradition of soldiery but he's convinced he's a coward. (His father convinced him.) Anyway, ten years later he's a lieutenant in the North Surrey regiment along with Lawrence Harvey and a couple of other noble young men; he's also engaged to Mary Ure, daughter of a retired general. Just before he's ordered to the Sudan, Steel resigns. His friends send him three white feathers (Mary adds a fourth) which means they've marked him off as a coward. Well, he shows 'em. He travels to the Sudan, disguises himself as a mute native, rescues Harvey who's blinded and left for dead on a battlefield, endures incredible hardships and is finally responsible for the British victory. It's a colorful, romantic adventure story. CinemaScope—Col.

THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER
an upper class romance

■ Ambassadors' daughters are not like other girls. Men are polite to them; men don't dance cheek to cheek with them (and wouldn't dance at all if it weren't protocol). But that's not the main point. The main point is: Senator Adolphe Menjou wants to declare Paris off-limits to Army personnel. He arrives in Paris (with his wife Myrna Loy) to accomplish this mission—a mission which the ambassador (Edward Arnold) and his daughter (Olivia de Havilland) consider nothing short of disastrous. Well, at a benefit fashion show G.I. John Forsythe mistakes Olivia for a model (because she's modeling) and flirts. There begins a wild adventure during which Olivia attempts to prove that the American G.I. is decent, honorable, and very nearly angelic even to girls who aren't ambassadors' daughters. Well, she proves it. And it's more than nice to see Olivia on the screen again. With Tommy Noonan.—U.A.

TRAPEZE
Lollobrigida on the flying trapeze

■ In the whole history of the circus there were only six men who could do the triple roll on the flying trapeze—Burt Lancaster was one of them. But on his last flight he fell, injured his leg and has since become a rigger. Tony Curtis finds him in a Paris circus. Tony wants to learn the triple but first he has to persuade Lancaster to teach him. He achieves this without too much trouble. The trouble comes with Gina Lollobrigida whose yearning for the spotlight is equalled by nothing. She exerts her considerable charm on Burt (he resists) and Tony (he doesn't) and soon finds herself a decorative, if somewhat unnecessary, member of their newly formed act. Tony learns the triple, John Ringling North comes all the

way from New York to see him do it—at which point Gina's manipulations of her leading men break up the act. Carol Reed, who directed, has come across with wonderful circus atmosphere, breathtaking trapeze shots. Cast includes Thomas Gomez, Katy Jurado. CinemaScope—U.A.

THE MOUNTAIN
... and Spencer Tracy who climbs it

■ There are people who climb mountains simply to get to the top, but Robert Wagner is more complicated; he wants to get to the airplane which is lying on top and just chock full of treasure—watches, diamonds, cameras and whatever else one normally finds on rich corpses. His brother (Spencer Tracy) views Robert's ambition with horror and shame—he feels responsible because he reared the boy in their cottage beneath the Alps. Once they lived well because Tracy was a famous climber but he retired, convinced that the mountain was bad luck for him. Now the plane has crashed, searching parties have been unable to reach it and Robert figures he can get away with the loot. Tracy goes up with him and that is a climb! It's dangerous, thrilling and exhausting to watch. Do they make it? Go see. The excellent cast includes Claire Trevor, William Demarest, Anna Kashti. VistaVision—Para.

HILDA CRANE
love in a soap opera

■ When Hilda Crane (Jean Simmons) comes home to Winona, a small college town, her mother (Judith Evelyn) dutifully meets her at the station. But Mom and daughter never saw eye to eye. Hilda loved her father, but he died. Then she left for a career in New York, succeeded in marrying and divorcing two men (one at a time) and has nothing left but bitter memories and a mink coat. In Winona there is a dashing professor, Jean-Pierre Aumont, who was crazy about her and still is—but he ain't proposing, and there is Guy Madison who is crazy about her, but his mom (Evelyn Varden) threatens to have a heart attack if Hilda marries her boy, a boy who worked his way up from nothing to a mansion. Hilda's not so keen on marrying her boy, anyway. He's dull and respectable. But she marries him—and his mom has a heart attack. This puts some what of a damper on the honeymoon. Mothers will hate this movie which says something true about some of them. Unfortunately, it's too soap opera-ish to be really good. CinemaScope—20th-Fox

THE LEATHER SAINT
double life of a minister

■ Father Gil Allen (John Derek) is an impatient minister who wants desperately to buy an iron lung and build a swimming pool for several young polio victims in the parish. To keep fit, he works out in a Los Angeles gym where he is discovered by fight manager Paul Douglas. Then he begins a double life. He fights every Saturday night (without bothering to train), hands the money over to naive Father Ritchie (Ernest Truex), who literally skips with joy over each "donation." Meanwhile Father Gil is wooed by hard-drinking Pearl (Jody Lawrence), girl friend of fight promoter Cesar Romero. Naturally she—and everyone else involved—is stunned when their promising protégé turns out to be a minister. But even these lost souls find salvation.—Para.

THE RAWHIDE YEARS
out west with Tony Curtis

■ "You're bigger, better, but the same Ben," says Colleen Miller to Tony (Ben) Curtis who returns to Galena three years after he fled that western town to escape lynching. The thing is, he's innocent of murder, which is more than can be said for nearly everybody else. You see, he was a card sharp and on this riverboat he met a nice man (Minor Watson) from Galena, but that man was murdered in his stateroom by a band of pirates. Who done it? Before Tony solves that he has more adventures with charming, unscrupulous buddy, Arthur Kennedy; he nearly loses Colleen to evil, unscrupulous Peter Van Eyck (who owns the casino in which Colleen sings) and he tries to win the confidence of Minor Watson's brother (William Demarest), rich ranch owner—all of which leads, in a blaze of action, to who done it. Technicolor—U.I.

SAFARI
hold that lion! kill that Mau Mau!

■ What Sir Vincent Brampton (Roland Culver) wants, Sir Vincent gets. He got Janet Leigh off a barstool, gave her a diamond engagement ring and brought her to Africa. Now he wants to get Hatari—a rare, black-maned lion. Never mind that Hatari roams in cutthroat Mau Mau country; never mind that white hunter Vic Mature has lost his hunting license and can't guide him. Sir Vincent gets his license back (Mature lost it because the Mau Mau slaughtered his young son and now he wants vengeance, especially on ex-servant Earl Cameron who

turned out to be a Mau Mau chief). So off we go on safari and what a motley crew we are—Sir Vincent's beady eyes thirsting for Hatari; Mature's flashing eyes thirsting for his ex-servant; Janet Leigh—thirsting. There's a chap named John Justin along, too. He's a friend of Sir Vincent, but rather weak. Well, what with the heat and the tension and the 200 Mau Maus who have just broken out of prison camp and are heading our way, I tell you, it's no picnic. Technicolor—Col.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE
a new kind of movie

■ Here's Gene Kelly's movie of the dance. It consists of three ballets and no speaking parts. The first ballet is called "Circus." In it Kelly plays a white-faced, pathetic clown whose unrequited love for circus girl Claire Sombert (her heart belongs to Igor Youskevitch, king of the highwire) leads to his tragic death. Kelly restricts himself to pantomime but Youskevitch (of the Ballet Theatre) and Sombert perform a lovely duet against a dramatic, moon-flooded background. The second ballet, "Ring Around The Rosy," opens at a cocktail party at which a husband presents a bracelet to his wife. The bracelet passes through the hands of at least half a dozen fickle lovers before it comes back full circle. In this, Kelly plays a marine, and other well known ballet dancers (including Tamara Toumanova) are involved in assorted guises. It's a slick, sophisticated presentation. The last ballet, "Sinbad The Sailor," creates most unusual effects with the use of cartoon sequences. That is, Kelly (Sinbad) enters an animated cartoon world and dances in it to themes derived from Rimsky-Korsakov. Even if you're not a dance addict, you'll go for this. Technicolor—MGM

THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE
a true incident of the Civil War

■ There were some bloody battles during the Civil War but not all the feats of bravery took place in them. Here is the true story of a locomotive chase. Fess Parker looks and acts like a southern gentleman but he's a northern spy and along with a group of soldiers (de-uniformed) he attempts to dismantle the southern railway system. With his charm and poise he easily steals trains right from under the noses of the southern folk, but there is one nose (belonging to motorman Jeffrey Hunter) that sniffs trouble. He chases Parker down the railway tracks and nothing, but nothing, can stop him. By the end of this film the two men have developed such respect for each other's ingenuity they wind up shaking hands. What makes this movie delightful is the way Disney has captured the feel and the look of the South. Technicolor—Disney

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (Para.): Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting, and so is the plot. Doris Day and James Stewart are excellent in this fine film.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin, whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, Gaby is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

MOBY DICK (Warners): The suspense-filled novel by Herman Melville becomes one of the screen's most exciting movies, with Gregory Peck as the possessed Captain Ahab, and Leo Genn and Richard Basehart terrific in the great whale-hunt.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (U.A.): Richard Burton, Danielle Darrieux and Claire Bloom star in a brilliant, battle-filled spectacle about a world of barbarism and civilization—and its conqueror.

BHOWANI JUNCTION (MGM): Ava Gardner and Stewart Granger in the vivid, romantic and action-packed movie that weaves a love story against the tensions and hatreds of India.

THE RACK (MGM): Disturbing, thought-provoking movie about the ruthless brain-washing of a young American officer captured in Korea. Paul Newman, Walter Pidgeon.

TOY TIGER (U.I.): This one is a heart-warming comedy about a woman executive who is too busy to be a good mother—even to Tim Hovey—until a young art director comes to the rescue. Laraine Day is the mother, Jeff Chandler the artist.

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT (20th-Fox): Gregory Peck is a war veteran who is now fighting his battles on Madison Avenue and in his typical suburban home. His struggle to maintain both his integrity and his wife (Jennifer Jones) is exciting. With Fredric March, Marisa Pavan.

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It's Gardol!
**And No Other Toothpaste Helps
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So Effectively and So Safely
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HOW COLGATE'S FIGHTS DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!



Colgate's with Gardol is safe—even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!



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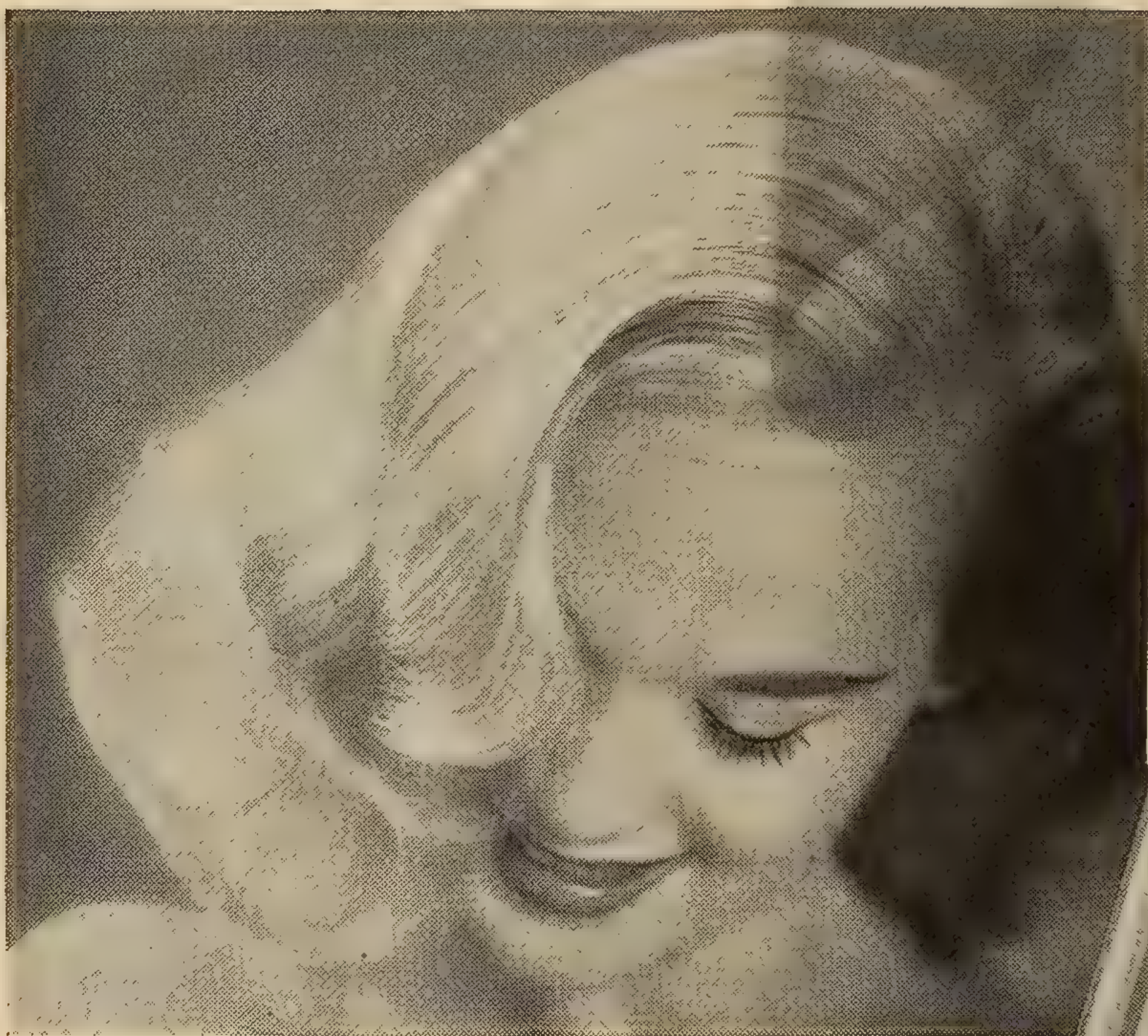
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Agrees with the healthy, natural, non-alkaline condition of scalp and hair!

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LOUELLA PARSONS

in hollywood



IN THIS SECTION:
The Bridey Murphy craze
Good News
I Nominate For Stardom
About Jimmy Dean
← Kim goes to Cannes



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Ernie Borgnine and his Mrs. live it up the few times they go out.



The Pecks dined out after seeing *Man In The Gray Flannel Suit*.

I LOVE ERNIE. It's 'way past Oscar time, but Ernest Borgnine is just as excited over the little gold statuette he won for *Marty* as he was the night he won it. And that's plenty excited.

"I'm taking Oscar back to my home town, New Haven, Connecticut when I go there. The picture I made with Debbie Reynolds, *Catered Affair*, is premièred there," Ernie told me with a big grin on his face.

The whole Borgnine family, Mrs. B. and daughter Nancy, will accompany Ernie on this trip as soon as he finishes *The Best Things In Life Are Free* at 20th. "And, of course, Oscar Borgnine goes along," Ernie reminded me. "I'm going to keep him on display on the living-room table as long as we're home so our neighbors and friends can get a look at him."

It's a pleasure to run into some one as refreshing as Ernie. May he never be blasé!

STORK DEPARTMENT: That charming Veronique Peck (Mrs. Gregory Peck) called me bright and early one morning to tell me her happy news. "Gregory and I are going to have a baby," she said. "You are the first newspaperwoman I met in Hollywood and I want you to know first." Now, that's what I call being an ever lovin' doll.

Veronica told me that she is four months pregnant, so it won't be too long before

there's a brand new little Peck in the nursery. With Greg already the pappy of three boys, I suspect that he and Veronique are keeping their fingers crossed for a girl.

TAKE CARE, JERRY! Jerry Lewis had just finished one of his wild and zany routines with Dean Martin for *Hollywood Or Bust*—and just as usual, he threw himself in his canvas-back chair puffing and panting.

"That was okay—but come on, Jerry. Let's do it again," said Dean.

Jerry didn't get up, which was not as usual. "I can't," he almost whispered, "I can't. Terrible, terrible pains in my chest."

Seldom has a company in the midst of production had such a scare. Almost before anyone could reach his side, Jerry was bathed in perspiration and he was gasping for breath.

The first thing they did was to call the studio doctor, and then Jerry's own doctor, Dr. Marvin Levy, was summoned. He was rushed immediately to the hospital, where Dr. Levy said that Jerry had every symptom of a heart attack.

Later, after tests were made, the doctor said, "Miraculously, Jerry did not have a real heart attack. But he had a serious warning. He has suffered from a heart murmur for years—and all the extra work he has been doing, plus his excessive smoking—has put

an enormous strain on his heart."

Jerry was told that he could finish the picture with "limited activity, rest between scenes, and the promise that he will give up smoking entirely."

Listen to your doctor, Jerry—and heed his words. Take it easy, boy. We need you around.

BUT NOT FOR PIER! While we are in the stork department, Pier Angeli denies that she and Vic Damone are expecting a second child. Poor Pier went through so much after being injured by a fall aboard an airplane enroute to Palm Springs while she was carrying her first baby. Both she and Vic want to be sure she has completely recovered her strength before increasing their family.

Wait 'til you see Pier in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. It's by far the best acting she has ever done, and reflects the maturity she has attained since marriage and motherhood.

But Pier, I think, is happiest when she's just traveling around with Vic on his nightclub dates. Get a load of the lovebirds snapped by our MODERN SCREEN photographer while Vic was appearing in Las Vegas.

DATELESS DON: What's holding up the Donald O'Connor-Gloria Nobel marriage? I saw them at Chasen's and they said they still hadn't set the date. I doubt if it will



Just a few days after he got out of the hospital (for study of his heart) Jerry Lewis was kidding with his family again—but not quite so wildly.



It's hard to believe that Pier and Vic are an old married couple by this time, isn't it?



Donald O'Connor's daughter dressed up as a square when she brought Don to the Fair.



Peggy Lee looks so happy as just Mrs. Dewey Martin. She says she's giving up her career!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Here are those long awaited baby portraits! Jane Powell's Lindsay Averil objected to the camera, but Ann Blyth's Maureen just ignored it.

be before Donald finishes *The Buster Keaton Story*.

However, he certainly lavishes gifts on the lady of his heart. In the last few months Donald has given Gloria a new car, a pearl and diamond bracelet, a white mink stole and a new refrigerator!

I CAN'T BELIEVE PEGGY LEE really means it when she says that, excepting a few dates in Las Vegas she's contracted to fulfill, she's going to retire to be just Mrs. Dewey Martin.

"You wouldn't let her do that, would you?" I asked Dewey over the telephone at the home he bought from Peggy when they were married.

"Sure," he laughed. "Why not, if she wants to?"

"But just this year she won the Audience Award as the best supporting actress of '55 in *Pete Kelly's Blues*," I reminded the happy bridegroom. He said he'd put Peggy on and let her speak for herself.

"I've worked hard for a long time," she said, "I can't tell you how much I'm enjoying doing nothing. Right now, Dewey is repainting the house. He says he has to defeminize it from all those pale pinks and whites."

"You're just a bride, gal," I protested,

"You'll have to prove to me that you're serious about giving up your recordings, your composing, night-club and acting jobs permanently."

Peggy just laughed and said, "You may be surprised."

ANN BLYTH is really too thin but she's planning to put on at least five pounds before starting work with Donald O'Connor in *The Buster Keaton Story*. By the way, did you ever see anything cuter than the picture of Ann and her baby daughter in this department this month? Ann told me that she and Dr. Jim McNulty are flabbergasted over the comedy antics of their infant. "We're such serious people—and she's so zany!" Ann laughed.

DODO AND JUNE: For a girl who didn't like parties and would hardly accept invitations this time last year, Doris Day has certainly become a social butterfly. She and Marty Melcher were at the bon voyage party the Henry Rogers hosted for June Allyson and Dick Powell (headed for Europe).

Doris, a vision in white, seemed to be on the dance floor constantly. She and June are close pals and Doris told me she would miss her a lot while she's away.

The summer dresses the girls wore were

so pretty. June wore a black and white organza without her usual peter-pan collar. Gracie Allen looked like a doll (as always) in a pale pink gown designed by Orry Kelly with beautiful hand embroidery on the bodice and skirt.

Everyone was taking a second look at Anna Kashfi, the East Indian beauty who came here after making *The Mountain* with Spencer Tracy in Europe and was immediately grabbed up under contract to MGM. Currently, she's on loanout to UI for the lead with Rock Hudson in *Battle Hymn*—which should give you an idea of how popular she is.

Anna came with producer Ross Hunter, and while she frequently wears American clothes, for this occasion she looked lovely in a beige chiffon sari, the garb of her countrywomen.

Among others who had a very good time at this party were Frances and Edgar Bergen, Charlie Feldman with youthful starlet Pat Livingston, the Mervyn Le Roys and the Johnny Greenes.

IF ELIZABETH TAYLOR isn't a nervous wreck every time a leading man of hers steps into a car, she has good cause to be.

Montgomery Clift had dined at the home of Liz and Mike Wilding on a Sunday in

mid-May and was following Kevin McCarthy down the curving mountain road of Beverly Hills Estates, when his (Monty's) car went out of control and crashed into a power line pole! Next to Kevin, Liz and Mike were first on the scene of the horrible accident and as the men tugged and tugged to free Monty from the wreckage, Elizabeth sobbed as though her heart would break.

"For an awful moment I thought he was dead with all that blood pouring down his face", she told me later, the shocking memory still vivid with her.

Cliff's nose was broken, three teeth knocked out, and at the hospital it was found that he had suffered a brain concussion. Yet, he was a lucky boy that he escaped with his life. A power-line executive said that it was a miracle that he was not electrocuted by a live wire torn loose by the impact.

As this is written, *Raintree County*, the five-million-dollar Civil War story costarring Monty, Elizabeth and Eva Marie Saint, is closed down for three weeks while his face is healing. They can't shoot around him at MGM. He's in practically every scene.

This serious accident, following so close on the tragedy of Jimmy Dean's death in an automobile accident right after young Dean and Liz had finished *Giant*, has been a severe shock to Elizabeth's nervous system.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Clark Gable not only has a beautiful wife in Kay Williams, he has a perfect companion. Of course, Kay went along with *The King* when he left for Knabe, Utah, for weeks of location on *King And Four Queens*. She took along her riding clothes (she may even work in some background scenes just for the kicks), just as when she goes to Palm Springs with Clark she takes her golf bags. And, come party time, Kay is dressed to the teeth—just as Clark likes her to be. A plenty smart wife, Mrs. Gable.

THE CUTEST SOCIAL EVENT of the month: The Child's World Fair conducted by the Buckley Schools attended by so many of the stars' children.

Eleanor Powell was entertainment chairman and a lot of money was raised for scholarships to enable working mothers to send their children to the fine Buckley schools.

Peggy Lee's daughter, Nickie, won the door prize—a live burrow.



City of Hope Hospital named Rosie Clooney, Deborah Kerr and June Allyson all Mothers Of The Year. Congratulations, you three girls!



I'm on my soapbox

■ I want to say that not since Valentino has any actor been more idolized in death than when he was alive than the late James Dean.

Some of the adulation is good. Some is hysterical—such as one teenager telling the police that she tried to commit suicide "to join Jimmy in death."

Yet no one seems to have touched the heart of the public more than this fine young actor. Warner Brothers reports that in the month of April, seven months after his death, the fan mail department received 5000 letters about young Dean.

CBS-TV is reissuing his one filmed TV drama, *The Unlighted Road*, because of public demand.

His friend and director, Nick Ray, who led young Dean through *Rebel Without A Cause*, is writing a book on him. So is his father, Winton Dean.

Elizabeth Taylor, Jo Van Fleet, Sal Mineo, Natalie Wood and other stars who worked with Jimmy, tell me that they get as much fan mail begging for information about him as they do about themselves. Director George Stevens, who directed Jimmy's last picture, *Giant*, says he receives mail "demanding" to know the release date of the picture.

His grandparents, in Fairmount, Indiana, say that fans stop daily at their home to talk about the actor and to ask where they can visit his grave.

At Princeton University, a mask of Dean will be displayed along with masks of Edwin Booth, Beethoven, Thackeray and Keats!

A young pal of his recently said to me, "Some of this adulation shocks me. If there is anything Jimmy hated it was sensationalism. And, yet—I think he would be pleased if he knew how deeply he still lives in the heart of the public."

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



I nominate for stardom: **PAUL NEWMAN**

■ Paul is the sensational newcomer who has the fans winging since *The Rack* and even before he's seen as Rocky Graziano in *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

Although like Marlon Brando and Jimmy Dean he is a product of the Actors Studio, it burns him to a crisp to be accused of imitating their style.

"The only person I've ever imitated for a role is Rocky Graziano," he says heatedly, "and that's because I'm playing him on the screen. Rocky was talking like he had adenoids long before Brando." So there!

Paul comes to pictures a seasoned performer. He clicked in *Picnic* and *The Desperate Hours* on the stage in New York before coming to Hollywood and also played four seasons of summer stock in a great variety of roles.

Born in Cleveland, he attended grammar school and high school there before entering Kenyon College, Ohio. From there he went to Yale (V-12 Naval Air Corps officers' training school during the war) and returned to the Yale School of drama.

In 1947 he married the former Jackie Witte and they have three children, Scott, Susan and Stephanie.

Paul has light brown hair, stands five-foot, eleven-inches, weighs 165 and his eyes are blue.

When I asked him if his career had been pointed toward Hollywood, this outspoken young man said, "Not necessarily. My career was never pointed beyond my next role. I love the stage and hope to keep my home in New York so that I will be handy to do a show between movies. But I love pictures, too. In fact, you might just say that I love acting in any medium."

Donald O'Connor was there with his Donna, getting to be such a pretty girl and growing so tall.

One of the funniest things took place when one of the little students sneaked up on cowboy Jock Mahoney while he was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and stole a bullet from Jock's gun belt. He got caught right in the act, too.

SUSAN HAYWARD and Kim were the belles of the Cannes Film Festival. I couldn't be happier that Susie won the award for the finest performance by an actress for her wonderful playing in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*.

Now that it's over—for my money, Susan should have won the Academy Award, and those aren't idle words.

I have a feeling a new day is dawning for Miss Hayward. While she was in Europe her divorce from Jess Barker became final. So there's no more worry on that score. And, while it's still a little early to be sure, I wouldn't be surprised if Susan hasn't found a new romance in Gordon White, a London publisher. He gave her such a big romantic rush that Susie postponed her return to the USA at the gentleman's insistence.

WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN and nominate Anita Ekberg the Princess of Publicity. That "news" story from Florence, Italy, that Anita and her husband Anthony Steele were arrested for kissing and holding hands in a parked car in Lovers' Lane, sounds very much to me like Anita's fine Swedish hand was in the whole escapade. . . .

KIM NOVAK wrote me from the Riviera that she was invited by the Aga Khan to have tea with him and his Begum and she was "so surprised that Aly Khan dropped in during my visit." I'm not. That young man has a sixth sense about ferreting out where a pretty girl may be.

Her letter went on, "I got a real kick out of meeting the Gary Coopers, who are traveling with their lovely daughter, Maria. Isn't

Anita and Tony got married in Florence, Italy, and spent their honeymoon there, too.





At the Cannes festival Aly Khan kissed Susan Hayward's hand—and well he might! My Susie got the top acting honor of the world there!



Ingrid Bergman (with Rossellini) was a huge hit, too. Ingrid is making Anastasia now. It's her first American movie in a long, long time.



The minute they met, Aly Khan deserted his date to dance all night with Kim Novak. But—am I wrong?—he looks happier about it than she does!



it funny—after working for years in Hollywood and never running into the Coopers, I met them in Europe? I hope the friendship continues when we all come home because I like them so much."

THE HOTTEST ROMANCE: At this writing, it is that of attractive blonde Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall, ex-husband of Ruth Roman. I pinned my friend Diana down and asked her about wedding bells. She said, "Mortimer won't be free until March and we do not want to marry outside California. But we are very much in love with each other."

Of course, Diana has had many romances since she and John Lindsay were divorced. She's a beautiful girl and much sought after

by Hollywood bachelors, so we will have to wait and see what happens.

CONTRARY TO REPORTS that she was seeing her ex, Frank Sinatra, in Madrid (where he's making *The Pride And The Passion*), Ava Gardner says he hasn't even telephoned her. "But the phone system here is very bad," she explains—one of my favorite quotes of the month.

VICTOR MATURE says he has no serious romance and no wedding plans, and I'm inclined to believe him. His divorce from Dorothy cost Vic too much for him to be enthusiastic about another marriage. He's building a group of homes at Rancho Santa

Fe—but he isn't planning to carry a bride over the threshold of one of them.

THE "BRIDEY MURPHY" IDEA of reincarnation and all the hypnotist shennanigans has hit Hollywood with a bang. Count the evening lost when ringsiders in night clubs and guests at parties aren't invited to "go under."

Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas started the ball rolling with a masquerade party at their home. With a hundred or more guests invited to "Come As You Were" (in some other life) there was a laugh—or a trance—a minute. Theirs most definitely was The Party Of The Month.

With her startling red hair and beautiful



the letter box

ROCHELLE EISENBERG, BROOKLYN, writes: "Not only is Paul Newman a fine actor but I would like other fans to know that he has wonderful fan-mail manners. He wrote me a charming letter in his own hand thanking me for writing to him. He's a doll."

GEORGIA EWING, ATLANTA, GEORGIA, is upset because Louis Jourdan doesn't receive enough attention. "He's just wonderful in *The Swan* and before that, *Three Coins In The Fountain*." I'm sure Louis thanks you, ma'am.

JOAN DAVIS, NASHVILLE, (not the comedienne) is disgusted: "I'm furious about these TV comedienness who do their disgusting imitations of Marilyn Monroe. They just prove their jealousy of the most beautiful and famous girl on the screen."

MILDRED WILLIAMS, WILMINGTON, N. C., wants Gloria Grahame to snap out of her doldrums "... or whatever is keeping her off the screen. She's a fine actress and should leave Paris for Hollywood—where she belongs."

"I don't care if he is temperamental," opines JO ANN KILANASHI, ST. JOE, MISSOURI, "Mario Lanza is the greatest. I've just seen *Serenade* and if Mario is ruled off for temperament, I say Hollywood is nuts."

BARBARA WILCOX, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, is beating the tom-toms for her favorite, Eleanor Parker. "She is the most beautiful actress in Hollywood, and the most neglected. She has more talent in her little finger than most of the body-wigglers have in their whole torso." Take that and that, you body-wigglers.

"MARIA," NEW YORK, tosses us a nice bouquet: "Louella, I think you had a hand in the reconciliation of the Dean Martins. You wrote an open letter in your department in MODERN SCREEN telling Dean and Jeanne how silly they were to stay apart when they really love one another. I read your words, and I bet they did, too." Thank you, Maria.

face, Arlene was an eyeful as Empress Eugenie in a highwaisted empire gown and a sparkling diamond tiara. Fernando could have stepped right out of a bull ring, he was so correctly and handsomely done up as a Matador.

It was one of the first big parties Jeanne Crain has attended since her marriage to Paul Brinkman crashed (and how!)—and apparently Jeanne fancied herself as the reincarnation of a leopard woman because the gown she wore was so tight it might still have been clinging to lady leopard's hide.

But the highlight of the evening was when a noted hypnotist, W. McConigal, put Mickey Rooney, Jane Powell and hair stylist Sydney Guileroff under his spell. He asked Janie (before putting her to sleep) if there was any bad habit she would like to lose.

"Yes," she admitted, "I really want to diet but I can't resist candy and ice cream." While Janie was under, McConigal told her that from now on candy and ice cream would have a bad taste in her mouth. And do you know something—when Jane came out from under the trance, she was offered ice cream and said, "No, thank you. It tastes terrible!" Now I ask you!

(When I saw Jane a few days later in Beverly Hills she told me she hadn't slept for three nights, ever since she was hypnotized.)

A funny thing about Mickey Rooney, when he was put under, he stayed completely asleep. Not a move out of that body of perpetual motion. "Better than a Milltown," cracked Mickey when he woke up.

I was invited to go under—but no thanks,

it's not for me.

It was enough of a kick for me when Cobina Wright Sr. and I won the first prize for our costumes. We went dressed exactly alike as the favorite wives of Tutankhamen. Cobina's prize was a gold poodle pin and mine was a jeweled heart.

As the party went on and on into the wee hours, the singing started as usual. Fernando sang "Some Enchanted Evening" so beautifully he gets my vote to play the Ezio Pinza role in *South Pacific* on the screen.

Nice, too, that Jane Powell wasn't hypnotized out of her voice. She sang like a lark.

Among others who enjoyed the very unusual evening were Benay Venuta (as a Barbary Coast beauty), Vera Ellen (appropriately garbed as a Spanish dancer), Dani Crayne (an Italian belle), Jack Warner (a Mississippi gambler with diamond buttons on his suit) and Reginald Gardiner whose wicked Rasputin garb won first prize for the men's costumes. All in all, quite a night, although I must say I am not in favor of making entertainment out of hypnotism.

HAD TO HOLD MY SIDES laughing when I learned that Prince Rainier has engaged a British Miss Tiffle to teach Princess Grace protocol and the way to correctly conduct herself as a member of Serene Royalty.

Wonder if the lady has anything to say about sulking when you don't get your way—as His Highness did with the world press before, during and after his marriage to the movie star?

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



During a stop-over on their honeymoon, Grace and the Prince went to a bullfight. The matador dedicated his "kill" to Grace by tossing her his hat; then she had to throw it back to him!

Look out
for hotrod Sal:

MINEO ON WHEELS

■ A while back Sal Mineo bought his first jalopy for \$50. When he reported each morning for work on *Rebel Without A Cause* at the Warner lot he would park it right next to Jack Warner's custom Cadillac. Then the studio police would promptly drive it off and hide it for the day. When Sal was ready to go home, they'd have to drive him to it in a studio car.

Sal had other trouble with his wheels. The horn of the '41 Dodge coupe would stick every time he turned the motor over—and blast for ten minutes. When it happened one day right in front of the *Giant* set, the jalopy was barred from the lot, but the final indignity came when police didn't like the smoke trail the crate left behind it, and gave Sal a ticket for being a smog nuisance. Sal sighs, "I used to wash it every day, hoping somebody would want to buy it. I finally sold it for scrap."

When Sal got his next wheels, a '49 Merc, he joined the Kurb Krushers, a club for car addicts. He can't stop talking about the progress his Merc is making. "I am Frenching the headlights—you know what I mean?" He explains in English—"That's when you build a hood over the lights, like the new Fords have. No true Kurb Krusher would be caught at a dog fight without Frenched lights."

Among his other labors of love is Sal's peeling and repainting. He's also, sandpapering down and puttying up some incidental holes, in which he'll insert fancy brass screws after the paint job. Then there's the rear end. To finish the job, he's going to have a pair of miniature radio aerials on the back fenders. But the big dream is to combine an Olds-Merc-Chevvie engine, put it into the Merc and try it out on the six drag race strips near Hollywood. At least, Warner Brothers have one consolation. Sal says sensibly, "I won't do it until I really know the car. And not while I am working on a picture."

The Kurb Krushers meet every Wednesday night for three hour sessions of talk on wheels. Sometimes they go to the drag races together. That's Sal's big social event of the week. It's easy to see why he doesn't date much. No female has a chance against that Merc.

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I REMEMBER 13

by Terry Moore

■ The part of my life that I remember best began with the "gang age," around thirteen. Nobody really had dates. But the girls would gang together and the boys would gang together and somehow both gangs always managed to turn up at the same place. We went to dancing school and parties and Saturday afternoon movies. Those movies were the highlight of the week. Four or five girls would get together, pick a movie and then let the word get around that we might—just *might*—be going to a certain movie. We girls paid our own way in and sat in a group, managing, of course, to keep a few vacant seats beside us. If another moviegoer started to sit in one of the vacant seats we'd say politely "Sorry, this seat is taken." Then, with one eye on the screen and one on the audience we'd search around for the boys—without pretending to notice them. There was always an intermission at which we could acknowledge each other's presence and after which the two gangs would sit together. I looked forward eagerly to every Saturday. But the day of all days was the first time Mac, my first love, actually asked me in advance to meet him at the movie. He paid my way in and even bought me a candy bar! That was a real date.

Let me tell you about Mac.

His name was Robert MacDougall. We met when we were only eleven or twelve and, although our friendship continued into high school, it's those early years I remember best, partly because I dated other boys later on, but mostly because he was the first member of the Other Sex to notice me.

Mac was good looking in a blond sort of way; the most popular boy in class; and all the girls were crazy about him.

We met when my family moved to a new neighborhood and I entered a new school. I didn't know a soul and felt like an outcast. Then one day he made a few friendly overtures. Being sought out by

Mac immediately put the sign of approval on me. I was accepted. I belonged.

I don't mean that he began calling for me in a Cadillac every morning. But he was sweet, carried my books and walked me home from school. On Saturdays he presented himself at my house wearing clean overalls. And he always remembered to wash his hands before meals. This so impressed my mother that she was confident he had all the makings of a fine cavalier. But he was no sissy. And he *was* a terrific athlete. I think it was Mac who gave me my first interest in sports.

But Mac wasn't always the number one man on my list, nor I the number one girl on his. Both boys and girls had "lists" in those days (still do, I hear tell) and maintaining yourself on the poll was a game in itself, depending on whether you'd been on the same parties, and had or had not quarreled about something. If I told Mac he stood fourth or fifth on my list he'd complain, "Hey, I was number one last week!" Giggling, I would reply, "But that was *last week*!"

My own rating rose and fell like a barometer. My parents were very understanding about this and whenever I hit a new low they'd manage to have the gang in for an evening.

One night, at a party at my best girl friend's house, her parents allowed us to play Post Office and Spin The Bottle. Mac singled me out for his attentions. I was sure we would grow up, marry, and live happily ever after.

But all was not roses. At this time we all suffered all the agonies of the awkward age—too fat, too thin—eye glasses—braces on teeth—and we delighted in ridiculing each other. My own cross was that I was slow to blossom out. In fact, I was downright skinny—and super-sensitive about my spindly legs. During classes we passed caricatures of each other around in notes. There were no names on the drawings but when one with pipe-stem legs got around everybody knew who

it was. And everybody would laugh—my chivalrous knight along with the rest of them.

I'll never forget that after one of these incidents my best girl friend, who had been more generously endowed by nature, was sitting sidewise in a seat in the schoolroom with her feet propped on the seat opposite, thus barring Mac's progress down the aisle. He laughingly said, "Get those million-dollar legs out of my way." This made me feel more self-conscious than ever and I resolved then and there that some day I would have the most photographed legs in the world. They'd all be sorry they had laughed.

I'm convinced that the telephone (everybody knows how much I use it) played an important part in shaping my future. I like people—always have—but during those growing-up years I was shy—particularly about approaching people directly, more specifically boys. It was always easier to telephone on some pretext or other, in hope that a date would develop. Also there was the intermediary. For instance, I would go to Barbara's (a school chum) and she, not I, would get Mac or some other boy on the phone. While she sounded him out as to how well he really liked me I waited—palpitating. If he was noncommittal she quickly ended the conversation. But if he said he liked me, that I was really tops on his list, Barbara would casually say, "Oh, guess who just came in," or "Guess who's here," and I'd take over. The fact that he knew that I knew that he knew I was there all the time didn't spoil our intrigue in the least.

Then we grew older, and somehow, during our middle teens, Mac and I drifted apart. I didn't know what had become of him until I received a letter from him while he was in the service during the war. He has since married and I don't know where he is now, but I will always remember him as the man in my life when I was 13!



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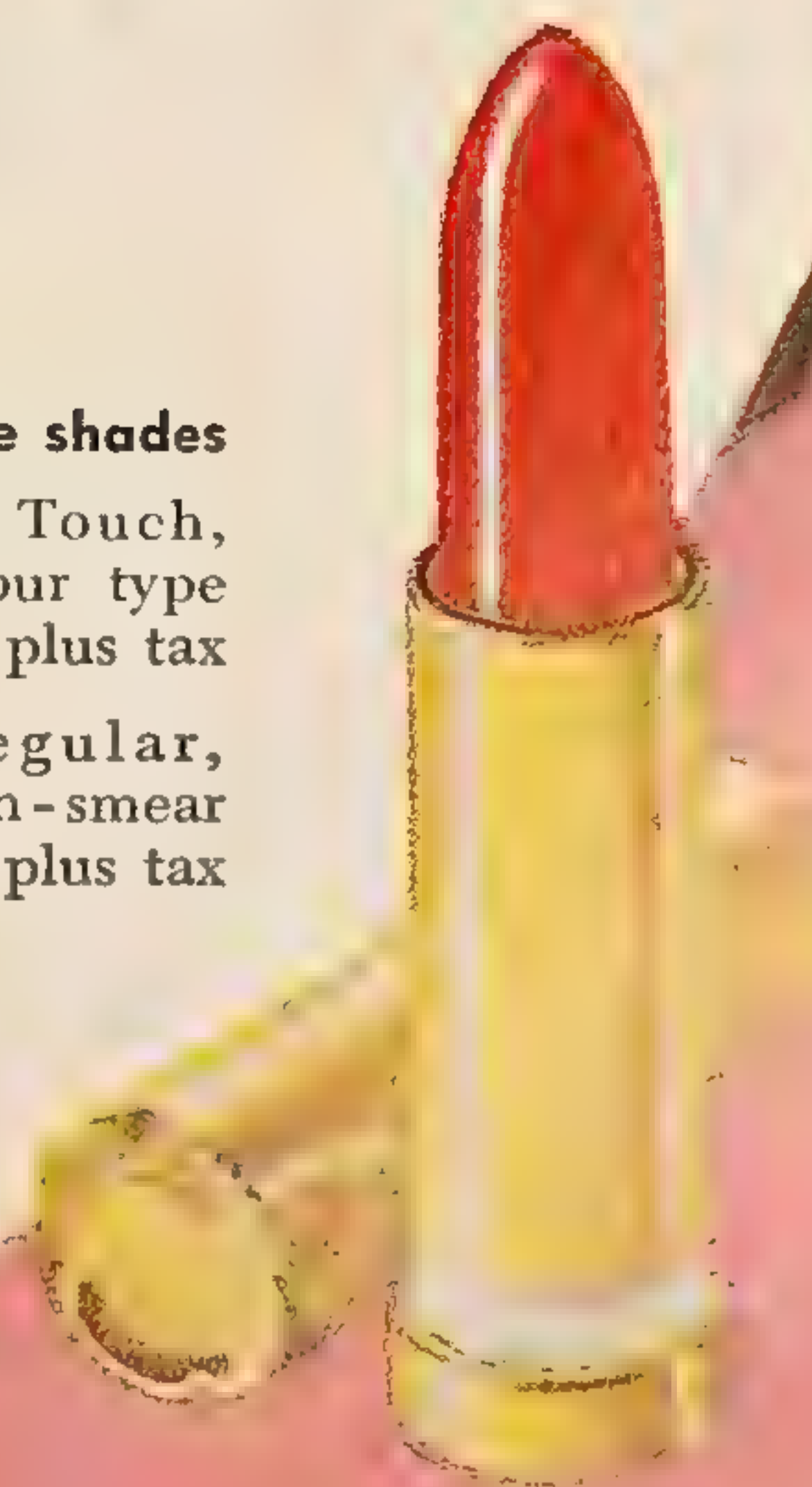
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**WITH
THESE HANDS
by Peggy Lee**



■ When I was eight years old someone very close to me said my hands were too big. I grew up terribly conscious of them. When with people I would hold them behind me, fold them up, never present them flat to view but edge-wise only. I wouldn't think of knitting or doing any hand-work. I was one of the quickest hand shakers you ever saw. The problem that singing before the public presented was a horrible one. I went through agonies trying to figure out what to do with my hands; I even used to make fists of them, leaving just my thumbs sticking up to soften any pugnacious effect. And this kept up until I was well into my career.

Then one afternoon, while rehearsing a song number, my accompanist asked why I made such a production of hiding my hands. At first I was mortified that he had noticed it. Then I told him the truth. He was astonished. "Why, they aren't too big at all!" he exclaimed. "They're your size. Any smaller and they would look odd. And something else—they are strong hands, full of character!"

Well! I looked at my hands with new eyes. Whether he was right or not is beside the point. I could tell by the wonder in his voice that he really meant what he had said. I could also tell that he was touched by the misery with which I had confessed my trouble. And for that second of understanding between us, we had touched hearts, finely and warmly, as people too seldom do.

So actually, my hands brought me a friend. And he opened up a whole new world to me by taking away a misery I never should have had. I don't think my hands are too big now; I like them. Neither do I avoid thinking of hands. As a matter of fact I study them—for fun!



meet the new boss-man



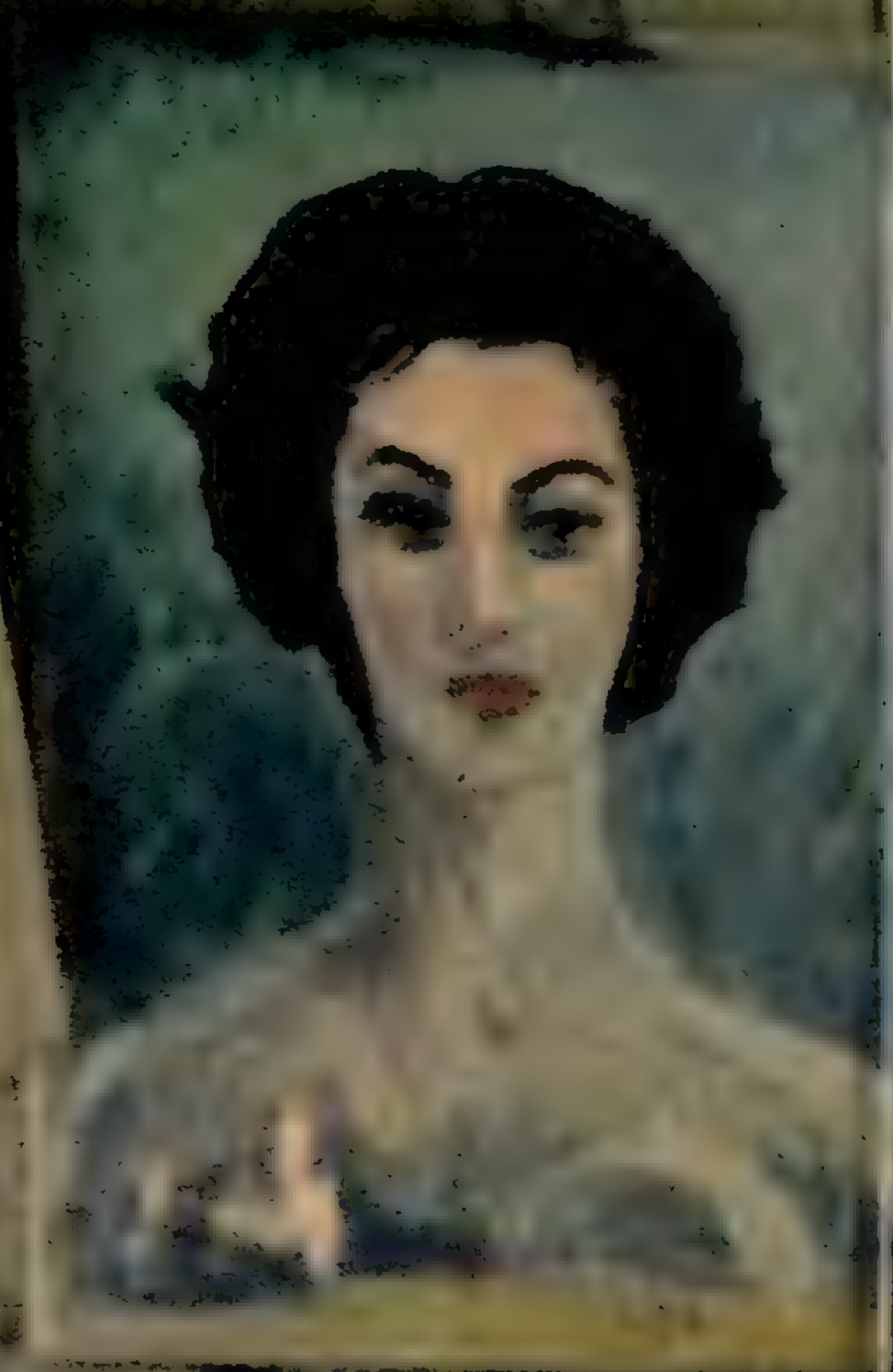
Dear Readers,

There's a treat in store for you. See that good-looking guy in the picture on the left? He's twenty-nine, smart as a whip, has a marvelous sense of humor, and . . . well, he's just about the friendliest, nicest guy I've ever known. His name is David Myers, and if any of you are wondering when and where you can meet him, stop wondering—from now on, you'll meet him in every issue of MODERN SCREEN.

A few months ago I stole David away from his very successful job as the director of Dell's Special Projects Division and made him managing editor of MODERN SCREEN, so that he'd be ready to take over my chair. I'm going to devote myself full-time from now on to drawing and painting—something I've been dreaming of doing for a long time. In fact, signing this note will be my last official act as editor of MS.

This seems to be a perfect time to introduce the other members of our staff, too. The guy with the crew cut is Bill Weinberger, art editor of MODERN SCREEN since 1942, and the reason why our magazine has won so many awards for excellence in layout and design. Next to him is Audrey Freiheit (a redhead), who is his top assistant. To her right is Ernestine Cooke—"Cookie" to us and you—our office manager, who keeps our frantic coast-to-coast operation on an even keel. The Great Profile on her right is Barbara Mayer, our brilliant story editor. This isn't quite the entire staff—Ina Steinhauser, our assistant editor, was out when the picture was taken, and of course Carl Schroeder and his West Coast staff were in California. And besides them, there's a huge production staff, and the printers and the writers—but we couldn't get that many people into the office! Anyway, we're proud of them all—and we're all proud to have David as MODERN SCREEN's new boss-man. Readers—meet David. David, take over now on the best magazine and the most friendly bunch of readers you'll ever come across. It's your party now—have a ball!

Charles D. Saxon



*Your reassuring letters to Liz
and Mike poured in by the thousand.
They thank you with all their hearts.
We want to thank you, too—and the best way
we know how is by taking you . . .*

inside the Wildings' mountain hideaway:

by LINDA MATTHEWS

■ Morning, in the Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding household, is at 6. That's when Mike wakes up, stretches, climbs out of the "acre of bed" he and Liz sleep in and bounds to the window. He gazes happily at the dank, foggy California morning and says brightly, "Just the day for a swim!"

From under the electric blanket comes a muffled groan.

"What's that, dear?" inquires Mike. "Care to join me?"

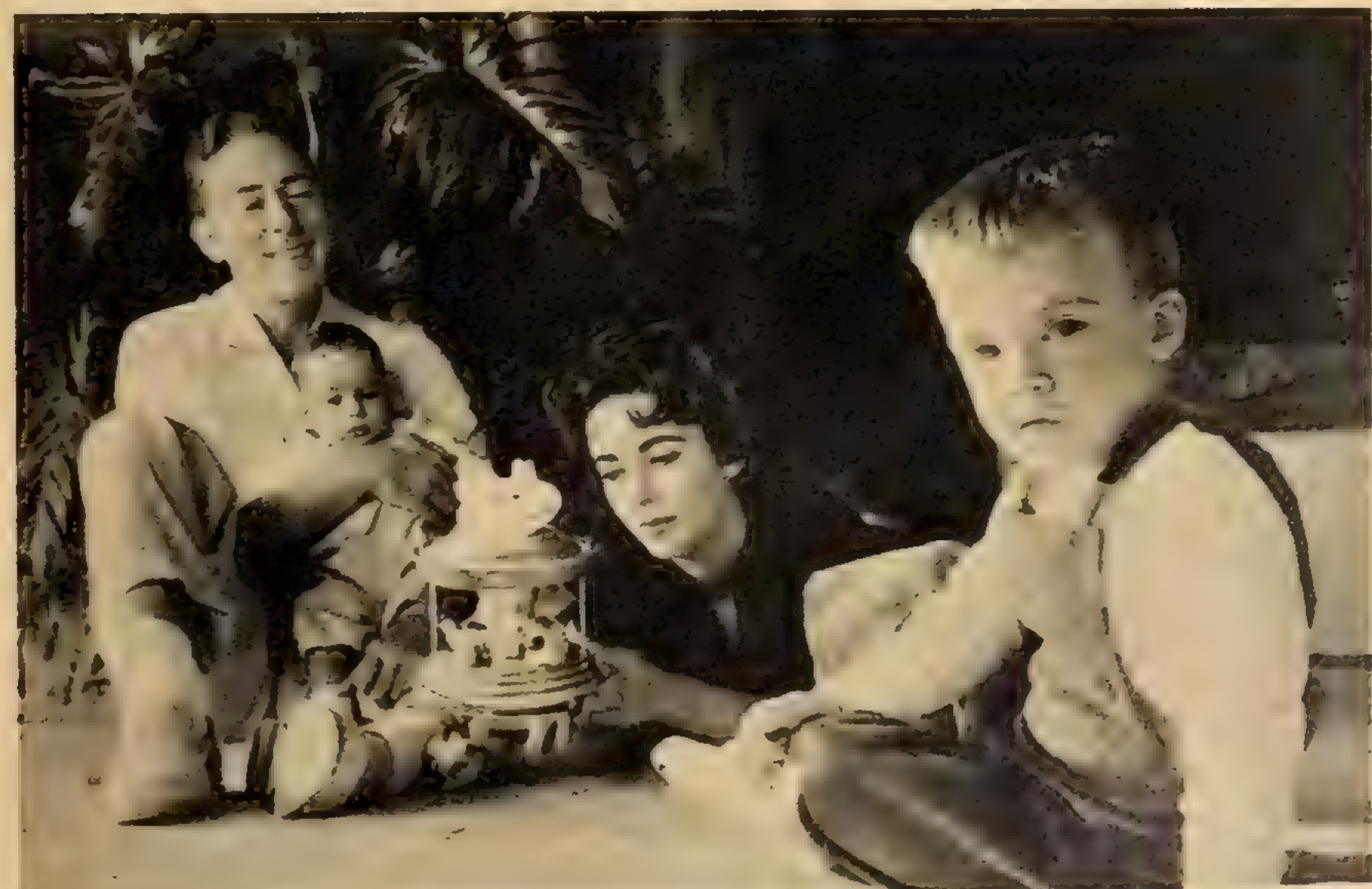
The blanket gives a convulsive shudder and subsides.

Mike tours the room, banging closet doors, opening drawers, overturning boxes. "Bathing trunks," he mutters under his breath. "Towel . . . where?"

The blanket heaves despairingly and the enchanting nose of Elizabeth Taylor emerges from it. "Bathroom," she says. "Goodbye, honey . . . please, honey . . . goodbye?"

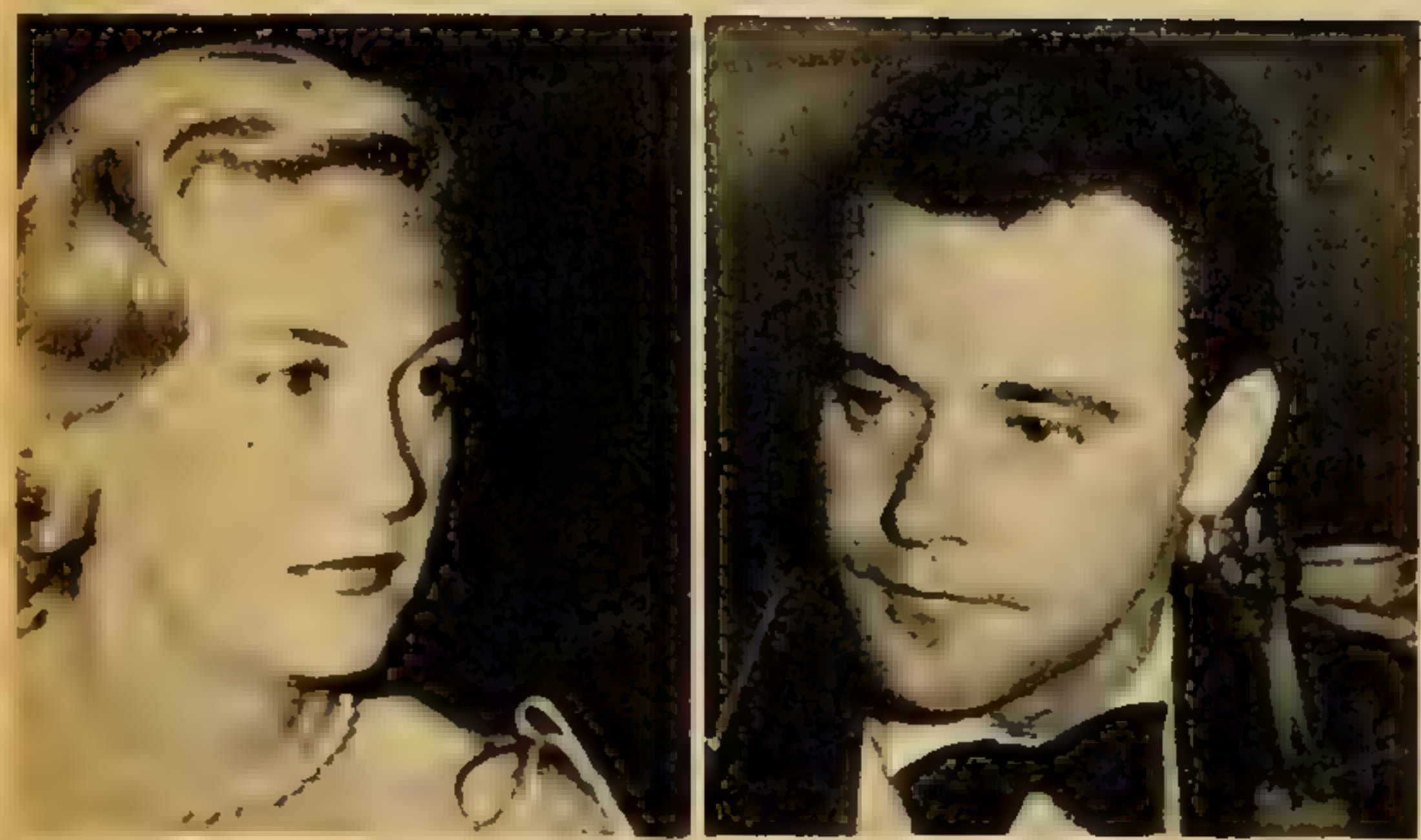
Mike disappears into the bathroom, and emerges a minute later clad in swimming trunks. He tiptoes to the door, elaborately quiet, leaves. The nose retreats under the blanket. Five minutes later, faintly, comes the sound of a colossal splash. Mike Wilding is having his early-morning swim, but no one hears him. Liz Taylor has gone back to sleep.

For an hour and a half, the room is quiet. Then the door bursts open. Two small figures in rumpled pajamas hurtle across the room and land on the electric blanket in a manner designed to short-circuit the current. (Continued on page 82)



"Our fireplace," Mike explains, "is rather unique. No chimney. There's a little switch on the right and when you turn it on, the smoke blows out the side!" The entire Wilding house is like that—and so is their family. Off-beat, full of fun—and wonderful.

“ *I've seen a lot of heartbreak and tragic misunderstandings, but after talking to Jack and Cynthia (separately, in private) about their sudden break-up, I'm frankly puzzled. The more I think about it, the more I wonder...*



why jack lemmon left his wife”

Jack says he and Cynthia are separating so their baby, Chris, will be happy!



And both of them say they're the best of

by Louella Parsons

■ I don't get the separation of the Jack Lemmons. I've talked with both Jack and Cynthia (not together) for hours—and I repeat, I don't get it.

You'll pardon me if I say that I've been a reporter for so long and I've seen so many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks that I feel I can usually ferret out the *true* story behind a divorce no matter what the principals tell me.

It's sometimes, *too* often in fact, another man or another woman. Now and then it's money—a lack of it, or too



friends, have lots in common, and never quarrel—so they want to split before they start to fight! Don't these young people know what marriage is?

much of it. Sometimes it's because gaudy, blinding, intoxicating success has come too suddenly and either the man or the wife "goes Hollywood."

But these young Lemmons, both so sensible, so level-headed, just moved into their new home, both so devoted to their baby, Christopher—what in the world happened to them?

"Our marriage wasn't good," Jack told me in an emotionless manner of speaking. "There was nothing we could do to save it."

This young man who recently won an Oscar for his charming supporting performance in *Mister Roberts* was nowhere near as blithe as he was in that film as he sat in my playroom on a cloudy afternoon and sipped a cocktail. Neither was he seemingly depressed. His attitude was that of a fatalist up against a problem for which he saw no workable solution.

I have much more to say about my talk with Jack. But here I want to digress for a moment to my meeting with

Cynthia Lemmon (the former Cynthia Stone) who came to my home, at my invitation, a few days after I had talked with Jack.

She is a lovely-looking girl with blonde hair and, I think, the most enormous brown eyes I've ever seen. She looks and dresses like a model although her clothes are not expensive. Altogether, she is a most attractive woman.

Cynthia knew, of course, that I wanted to talk about her separation from Jack. She hadn't (*Continued on page 89*)



You can give Russ Tamblyn marriage any time: "It beats the honeymoon

the best days of their lives



"I married a girl, they say," Russ sighs, "but I got me a wife!" Venetia, though she just turned 18 and has a tendency to tap dance while cooking, is a whiz at budgeting, and a good enough housekeeper to make Rusty take off his shoes before he puts his feet on the furniture!



■ It was after a premiere and the hour was late. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Irving Tamblyn turned the key to their apartment—and sank down on the long, curving sofa to post-mortem the evening. They'd teamed up that night with Tab Hunter and his date, cute Lili Gentle, a Fox starlet just sixteen years old.

After Russ had yanked loose his tie and started to spin a particularly sentimental platter of theirs called, "Please Don't Leave Me," Venetia spoke.

"She's so pretty," she murmured, "and so very, very young. Sixteen! Gee," stated Mrs. T. reflectively, "I can remember when I was sixteen."

"No kidding!" teased Russ. "Can you really?"

His bride's blue eyes regarded him gravely.

"Yes," she sighed. "It's a wonderful age."

"You know what?" Russ broke up the reverie—he thought. "I'm sleepy." He yawned and padded into his bathroom to scrub his teeth. After a minute he heard Venetia enter hers. She seemed to stay a long time. When she came out Russ took one look and bolted up from his pillow as if a wasp had drilled him.

A mess of white goo covered his bride's face like marshmallow whip. Through the zombie mask she cracked a sheepish smile.

"It's a miracle night cream," she informed him. "I saw it on tv. It takes ten years off your age."

"Ten years? Holy cow!" yelped Russ. "Don't tell me I'm going to be married to a girl *eight years old!*"

Now, of course Venetia Stevenson Tamblyn, who was just seventeen when Russ took her to wife, and turned eighteen a month later, needs to shed years like she needs a shawl and a wheel chair. So the result was that finally she towelled off the wonder pack and they both laughed themselves to sleep.

But from that little domestic scene, which took place only a few nights ago in the Tamblyn's West Hollywood apartment (an apartment appropriately named "Desiree"), you might reasonably deduce that for Venetia and Russ the honeymoon is over. When a blushing bride, who still occasionally thinks "Mrs. Tamblyn" refers to Rusty's mother, starts fretting about her advancing years—even if it adds up (Continued on page 72)



to pieces!" / by Jack Wade





a shy girl discovers the joys of love

by SUSAN WENDER

■ A couple of months ago, MODERN SCREEN referred to Marisa Pavan as "The dark one, the quiet one." And she was, too. A shy, silent girl with large sad eyes, beginning to make a career for herself, but still living on the fringe of her sister's life, spending her time with her sister's gay young friends, and feeling desolately alone among them. A girl whose bright inquiring mind had been denied the university career for which it was trained, whose love of books and music was lost in the world of sports cars and night clubs and success (even her own) into which her sister, with the best intentions, had led her. (Continued on next page)

Photos by Peter Basch



Marisa and Jean-Pierre were made for a miracle. Even disasters turn

A couple of months ago, the spark and the brightness were the property of Pier Angeli, and Marisa Pavan made do with the lonely virtues of dignity and poise.

But today Marisa is a girl transformed, a sprite compounded of laughter and glow and shouting joy, a radiant, shining creature. And to put it simply—the cause was a miracle that took three years in the making.

For it was a little less than three years ago that Marisa met Jean-Pierre Aumont.

Back then she was Marisa Pierangeli, who had still to be noticed by anybody at all, and as usual, she was tagging

along on a spree of Pier's. This time it was to Paris. And as usual it was Pier who dashed happily about from theatre to theatre, seeing the shows and meeting the stars, while Marisa, by choice, roamed through the museums and bought tickets to the operas. But one night Pier came home so excited she could hardly talk. She had been to a show and she had seen Jean-Pierre Aumont. He was absolutely the most wonderful thing in Paris, so handsome, so charming. Of course she had gone backstage afterwards to say hello and in person he was even more wonderful—simply a delight. Marisa must tear herself away from her

sight-seeing and come too. So must Mama. She, Pier, would adore to go again, and afterwards they would all go backstage. Would they?

They certainly would. Mama because she loved the theatre, and Marisa because—because all of a sudden, sitting there with her dark eyes shining, she wanted very much to meet Jean-Pierre Aumont. A real actor, not a glamour-boy. A man everyone talked of with respect and love. A man who had lost a wife he adored and who had recovered from despair to make a life for himself and his daughter. Marisa thrilled to the prospect of the meeting. For once—a



Ecstatically happy about the marriage, Jean-Pierre's young daughter Maria Christina came to Hollywood for the wedding. (She is the child of Jean-Pierre's first, happy marriage, to Maria Montez, who died tragically a few years ago.) In Hollywood "Tina" and Marisa's young sister Patriza (on the left) became close friends, picked identical dresses to wear to the wedding. Two weeks after the ceremony, Tina (her father's nick-name for her) was back in school in New York, greeted the honeymooners when they returned (below). This summer she'll join them in Europe as soon as school lets out, and next fall she'll go home to Hollywood to live with them in the house Marisa bought last year, and to go to the same school as Patriza.



into blessings for them.

really exciting man!

But when the great moment came, and after watching the play for an enthralled three hours they were ushered into his dressing room, Marisa was shy. After all, what was she doing there? Pier had every right to chat with a fellow-artist, and Mama would get along anywhere, but who was Marisa, with her skimpy French and worse English? A bystander, that was all. Of course, Jean-Pierre was most charming. He talked to her for quite a long time, and if he was bored at what she'd been doing in Paris, or surprised that she had seen Napoleon's (Continued on page 86)

ELVIS PRESLEY!

who is he? why does he drive girls crazy?



He came out of the south carrying a guitar as if it were a tommy-gun and singing a combination of hill-billy and rock'n roll.

■ It was at the Coliseum in Fort Worth, Texas, not long ago. The tall boy on the stage had hardly begun his song, "Let's Play House," swaying and twisting his body with the beat, fairly lashing at the strings of his guitar, when his audience of 7,000 turned into a sea of excited girlhood. Suddenly a teen-ager jumped up. "Oh, Elvis, I'm going to die!" she screamed. Other girls rose, shouted and danced as the singer's voice went into full-throated cry.

"It was utterly fantastic," said a writer reporting the show in *The Ft. Worth Star-Telegram*, one of the city's newspapers, the next day. And it was. But it was nothing new. Elvis Presley has cast this same musical spell through a good part of the rest of the south and all along the eastern seaboard. He doesn't even have to be seen, apparently; the mere playing of one of his records seems to be enough to stir up wild enthusiasm. And it's been like that almost since the day, nearly two years ago, when he quit his \$35 a week delivery-truck driving job in Memphis, Tennessee, to go on the road—a nineteen-year-old troubador with a magnetic manner and an atomic baritone.

His rewards have been big. He has four Cadillacs, a canary yellow convertible, a pink Fleetwood sedan, a blue limousine and a light purple Eldorado. His show salary runs to thousands of dollars a week. For a fortnight at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, he collected \$15,000. His first big time recording, "Heartbreak Hotel" (backed by "I Was the One"), sold a million within ten weeks of its issuance last January, and practically every guitar-playing singer in the country is imitating him. And early last May he was signed for the movies in a contract that can well bring him millions over the years.

It's such a fabulous beginning that Elvis himself finds it (Continued on page 90)

by LOUIS POLLOCK



Debbie answers your questions about **THOSE BOY-GIRL PROBLEMS...**

■ I'm no expert on teen-age problems; at least I never thought of myself as such, but MODERN SCREEN feels I might be able to help some of you. I've read the letters you sent me and although of course it's impossible for me to answer them all individually, I think just about everything is covered by the letters I've chosen.

It might interest you to know that whatever your problem is, it is shared by many your age. I was worried by some of the same things myself—and some of them I was spared. I can thank my mother for that, for she always managed somehow to have time to talk things over with me. She used to say, "If you want to try something new, just promise me you'll do it at home. I don't want you to feel you have to deceive me." And so when I wanted to take a fling at adventures in the adult world I tried them out with my mother's knowledge. Like that first cigarette. I smoked it, I got sick as a dog, and I haven't had one since. My mother is a very wise woman, I think.

But now to answer your questions.

DEAR DEBBIE: *My problem is whether or not to go steady. I'm sixteen and want to go steady with Tommy, who's seventeen, but my parents want me to date other boys too. My sister and I argue about it all the time. She's fifteen and sort of old-fashioned because she doesn't believe in going steady until eleventh or twelfth grade.*

Maybe you can settle it for all of us. How old do you think teen-agers should be before they go steady? And how long should they know each other before they go steady? If you don't go steady, how many times a week should you date?

My sister wants me to ask you a question for her. If a boy gets serious and you feel you're too young to be tied down, what do you say? SUE.

DEAR SUE: I'm afraid I'm a little old-fashioned, like your sister. I don't believe you should go steady just for the sake of saying you do. If you are attracted to a young man and he's fun to be with, you don't have to make a pact in blood or call it going steady, in order to know you *are* going with him. In that way, if and when you

want to break it off, it won't seem like a miniature divorce.

Personally, I never went steady, and I never had the feeling that a great tragedy had struck if I didn't have a date every Friday and Saturday night. I always had a good time, whether it was with boys in school or some of my best girl friends. I don't feel that going steady is at all necessary. You'll have much more fun if you date a variety of boys and stay fancy free until you're engaged to be married.

Concerning the frequency of dates, I don't think it's necessary to date, at sixteen, more than once or twice a week. What is a girl who dates more often trying to prove?

As for your sister's question, a boy shouldn't get serious unless you allow him to. All you have to do is tell him, "I like you very much, but let's not get serious. Let's just enjoy each other's company." If the boy is as fond of you as he says, he should understand. I've found a fellow will treat a girl the way she expects to be treated.

DEAR DEBBIE: *What do you do about kissing? Boys always want to kiss me goodnight and I don't think this is proper. I try my best to discourage them but unfortunately they can't seem to take a hint. I hate to be rude but I think the only way they'll leave me alone is for me to tell them off. I don't want to do this but it's the only way I can see.*

How do you say 'no' without hurting the boy's feelings so that he won't ask you out again? Do you agree with me that a boy shouldn't try, particularly on the first date? And if you think it's all right after a while, how old should a girl be before she lets a boy kiss her? (I'm fifteen.)

Many of my girl friends go with boys about sixteen, and I don't think much of the boys because they're so fresh. Then I'm called a square because I don't swoon for them. GINNY.

DEAR GINNY: If you don't think kissing is proper, you shouldn't do it. And it isn't a matter of how long you've known a boy—it's how much you think of him.

When I was in high (Continued on page 59)



How to be different together

When Guy and Sheila got married they knew they were opposite types—and didn't care. But how do you go about building a house with a split personality to match a marital double life?



Guy wanted a man-sized pool—"For swimming, not splashing!"—but Shiela went for the "cute modern ones." They settled for a tremendous, kidney-shaped affair.

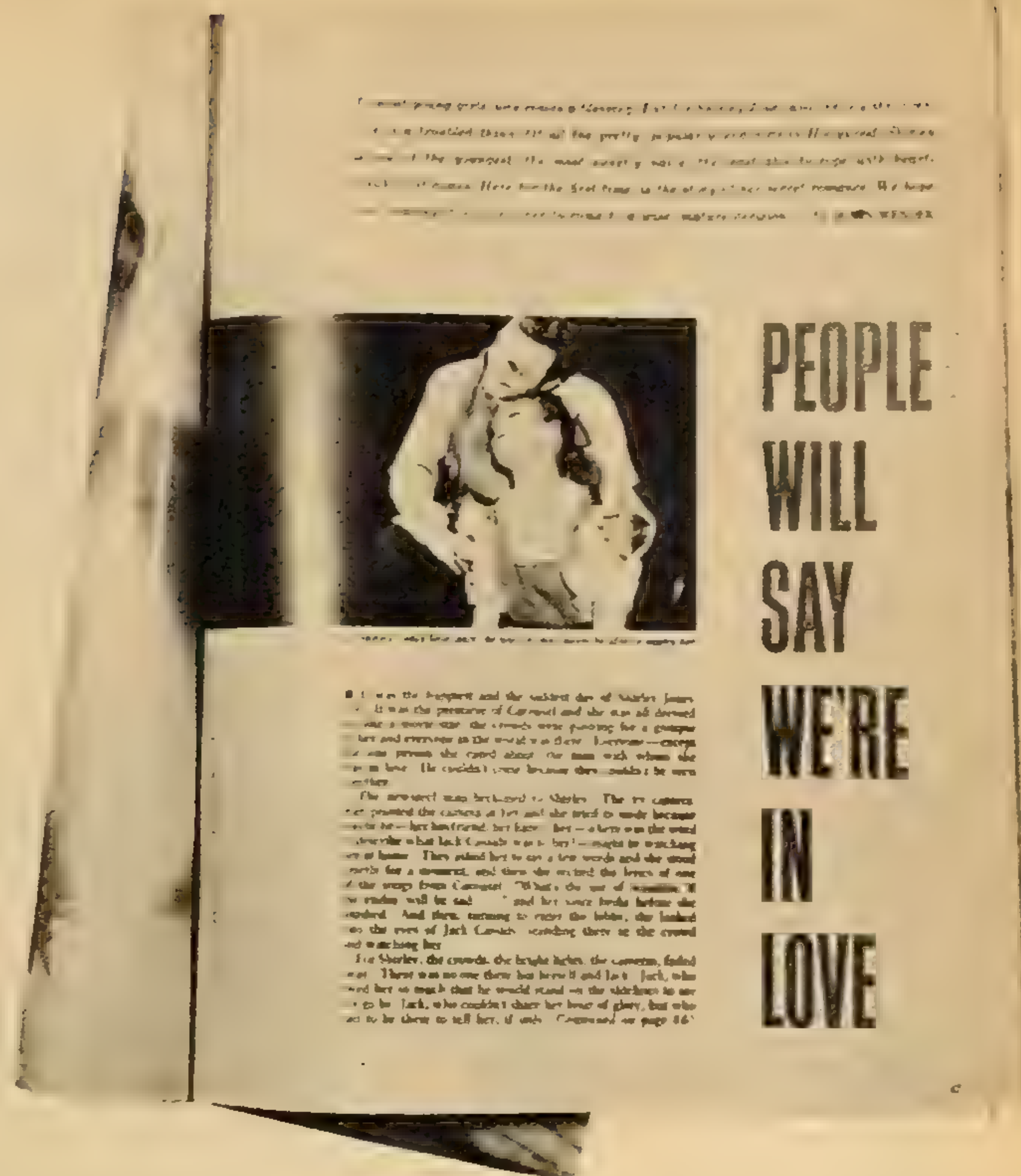


The breakfast bar does everything from catch Bridget's spinach to serve company—and keep the kitchen out of the living room.



day

A month or so ago, we revealed the story of Shirley Jones' romance—a sad story—and told her to choose wisely and well. She has done that. The happy ending is in sight



■ Until MODERN SCREEN told the story last May, Shirley Jones' romance with Jack Cassidy was a secret. It was kept a secret because Jack had been separated for more than two years from his wife, Evelyn Ward, and there were still complications which made him unable to obtain the divorce he so desperately wanted.

At least three times Mrs. Cassidy agreed to go to Las Vegas or Mexico to dissolve their marriage. And each time she changed her mind.

When she heard Jack had fallen in love with Shirley (when both were in the State Department production of *Oklahoma!*) and wanted to marry her, she became even more reluctant to give her husband his freedom.

The fact that Jack met Shirley long after the Cassidys mutually agreed that there was no sense in continuing a relationship that was hurting not only themselves but their young son David, didn't matter. A hurt ego was involved.

Mrs. Cassidy, however, is basically a wonderful woman. Whatever her feelings were, she conquered them. Realizing that unhappiness breeds only more unhappiness, she agreed, a few weeks ago, to give Jack his freedom.

And at the same time, Jack, who had been having trouble finding another part to follow his success as the lead in *Wish You Were Here* and *Oklahoma!* was offered a wonderful role in a new musical, *Shangri La*.

The week Jack went into rehearsal, Shirley was asked by 20th Century-Fox to go to England for the London premiere of *Carousel*. As with everything she does these days, she discussed the offer with Jack.

"Of course, go, darling," he insisted. "I'll be working night and day on the show when you leave and we couldn't see much of each other anyway."

"Are you sure you won't need me?" Shirley asked.

"I'll always need you," Jack answered, remembering how she had stuck by him when he was out of work. "But go to London. It will be wonderful for you."

It was. The British press took Shirley to its heart. She sight-saw all over town, and would have been presented to the queen except that nothing could stop her from leaving for home in time for Jack's New Haven opening in April.

Her career is beginning to show some changes. She is free of her exclusive Rodgers and Hammerstein contract. This enables her to try her hand at anything that appeals to her, and to make sure she doesn't end up as a girl who got a break and muffed it because she became a star before she had enough experience.

That's why she turned down making *The Wedding Clock* for 20th this summer and went into summer stock musicals. She did *The Beggars' Opera* at the Cambridge Musical Festival, and then sang the role of Magnolia in *Show Boat* in Dallas. When she returns in the fall, there's talk of her repeating that role in the TV color spectacular.

But there's something far more important for Shirley this autumn.

It's that wonderful day when, with their parents and closest friends in attendance, Shirley and Jack will be united in the marriage they have waited for so long.

May they live happily ever after.

END



... OUR



“What we love about... BOY BILL”

by Mom and Pop Campbell

■ Today, I am devoting to spring cleaning—the last spring cleaning I will do in my New Jersey home. In a few months, Dad Campbell and I will move out to California, where our sons Bill and Bob are building a home for us.

When we were in Hollywood last fall, Bill took me aside and said, “To heck with all the old furniture and bric-a-brac, Mom. Toss everything out. You won’t need that stuff. Sell the house, throw a few duds into a trunk and come out. We’ll take care of everything else.”

That was a generous and easy thing for Bill to say. But hard for us to do. How can we throw away all the china and things that were wedding presents thirty-three years ago? Or all the mementos of our sons growing up?

For instance, here’s Billy’s first baby bonnet. His Grandma Campbell crocheted it for him and he wore it for the first time when he was six months old. Looking at it reminds me of all those visits to Grandma and how spoiled our baby son was when he came home.

He was the apple of his Grandma’s eye, and his arrival there would be heralded as the coming of a national hero. Bill could do no wrong. If he knocked over the best lamp or gurgled over the new sofa, these were considered signs of genius. “That boy is going to be something big,” Grandma would say, “you just wait and see.” Our biggest regret was that she didn’t live long enough to see her predictions all come true.

And we still have Bill’s first “grown-up” suit. It was of silk pongee especially made for him by a friend of mine for Bill’s second birthday. That day, I’ll never forget. Dad and I had decided to have Bill’s portrait taken every year until he grew up. But at age two, our son had different ideas. He didn’t want his picture taken and that was that. He was angry and cranky and temperamental. We bribed him with toys until the photographer got a fast shot but on the way home I resolved “never again.” If our son hated cameras so much, we’d just keep him away from them for good and save a lot of wear and tear on everyone’s nerves.

Somewhere between age two and seven, however, Bill’s attitude toward having his picture taken underwent a drastic—and permanent—change. In fact, the day he was supposed to pose for his first school portrait wild horses couldn’t keep him away. We weren’t as concerned about wild horses as we were about the slight fever he was running due to a bad boil on his nose—but boil or no boil, Bill wasn’t going to miss school that day. He got up two hours earlier than usual in order to have plenty of time to spruce up! That was our (Continued on page 74)

He wasn’t a brain like his brother, Bob, who brought a book even to the beach, but he was the most active Boy Scout in the neighborhood.



When the Navy took our son away from us, we were both very downhearted, but when we heard that pretty Judy Inmoor was taking him for life, we were overjoyed.

It was just before
her baby was born,
and Janet Leigh
was feeling good.
Good enough to lie
back and dream
about . . .

How I'll



bring up my baby

by JILL RAWLINGS

■ It was funny, Janet Leigh reflected, sitting in the sun a few weeks before the baby was born—funny the way she hadn't thought of a name for the baby. She and Tony just referred to it as It, or sometimes he, or sometimes she. It was proof that neither of them really cared whether it was a boy or a girl. She was sure she didn't, and Tony was too happy about becoming a father to care one way or the other. If it was a boy, she thought, she'd be all right as a mother. She'd been a tomboy herself, and could always substitute when Tony was working. She wondered if she could still throw a curve ball.

He would—she would—it was so awkward not having a name ready. But then neither of them wanted a name right away. It would be like talking about a part in a picture before you really knew you had it. She supposed they'd end up with a Biblical name. They were substantial names, and not frilly, and they had worn extremely well through the ages. Frilly! She laughed, as her thoughts moved to lace and polka-dots.

Clothes would be their weak point, as parents, all right, even if it was a boy. She remembered the father and son she had seen in that men's shop, and how they had walked out wearing identical gray flannel suits. That would be Tony, with his mania for clothes. He'd have a ball buying clothes for a son. And if it was a girl, what things she would have! That would be her own department, the ruffles and ribbons. But they mustn't spoil this child. To give children nice clothes was one thing, but to lavish them was another. This baby must grow up knowing the value of a dollar and that life, while secure, is not necessarily, a bed of roses. It would be so hard to find the middle road.

When she was a little girl she had felt the lack of clothes. She loved them so and never felt she had enough. Not like the other kids in school. Her own daughter must never feel that lack, but then again, she must learn that nice things don't grow on trees. You must work for them, you must deserve them. Well, maybe the child would inherit her own money sense. When she was only twelve and was given money at Christmas, she had managed to wait until the January sales before she went shopping. She figured that was pretty unusual for a child of twelve. And it had always been clothes. She remembered the time she was seven or eight and had won a contest as a drum majorette. She was to receive a prize and they had wanted to get her a bracelet or a ring, something that would last as a memento. But she had been wanting a raincoat and had insisted that's what her prize must be. Let's see, it had been green plaid, and there had been a hat to match. And then when she was older she had worked in the five-and-ten after school and on holidays. Yes, she'd had sense about money, all right. But what if the child inherited Tony's genius for spending? Tony always wanted to buy the world for everyone he loved. (Continued on page 70)

she ran the other



Almost every star in Hollywood would have given her right arm just for a date with Greg Bautzer. Dana Wynter was the only one who wasn't interested—so what do you think happened?

■ For years Greg Bautzer has been Hollywood's most eligible bachelor—and the most popular, besides. Good-looking, charming, well-to-do, incurably romantic—a living doll. Also—determinedly single. He'd dated and gone with the most beautiful, sought-after women in Hollywood—everyone from Lana Turner to Joan Crawford, and every one of them had thought she was the one to break the spell at last and marry the elusive Greg. Not one of them made it. Even the most romantic of the Hollywood observers finally stopped taking his dates seriously. But that didn't stop every other single girl in Hollywood, including any member of well-established stars, from trying.

That's why when a mere starlet named Dana Wynter turned a cold shoulder on him, it felt like the world had turned upside down! But it happened. And it also happened that Greg proposed marriage to her!

Dana accomplished the impossible by not even trying. They met at a party at Cobina Wright's hilltop home in Beverly Hills in July, 1955. Greg spotted her across Cobina's living room. Wham! that was it. He made his way to her side as quickly as he could and introduced himself. Did Dana's heart go pitter-patter? Indeed it did. But Dana hadn't trained with the Old Vic Academy for ambitious young actors and actresses in jolly old London for nothing. She didn't (Continued on page 87)

by MIKE CONNOLLY

way until he caught her



66 *We were a couple of immature kids, with no foundation for marriage. At an age when we should have been carefree, we stuck our noses into the grindstone of life . . .*

I was a teen-age bride"

by Rhonda Fleming



■ At sixteen I ran away and got married. I'll never regret it nor call it a mistake, if only because my marriage gave me my son. But if, instead of a son, I had a daughter who wanted to marry at sixteen, I'd do everything within my power to stop her. Mother tried to stop me. She failed. I'm not shifting responsibility to any shoulders but my own, where it belongs. I'll go this far, however. Had my parents' lives been different, mine might have been different.

I was a sensitive youngster, and very gullible. Maybe, for a child, "trustful" is the better word. So when disenchantment hit, it hit with a bang. Till I reached the ripe age of nine, Santa Claus was real to me. My folks made him real. "While you were asleep last (Continued on page 79)

"I learned the hard way, but my son Kent isn't going to have to. Both his father and I will see to that."



those boy-girl problems

(Continued from page 42) school it was a very rare thing when I kissed a boy good-night at the end of a date. I had to know a boy very well before I felt it was something that was right for me to do. Because of that, I had no feeling of shame; only a feeling of growing up a little bit.

Kissing, I think, is a matter of individual conscience. If you don't want a boy to kiss you but allow him to because you think it's the thing to do, I think this is wrong. The boy will then think you do this with all your dates and will have no respect for you. If you refuse a nice boy he'll like you all the better for it. If he isn't so nice, you're well rid of him. Next time that type calls, tell him you're busy.

And if it will help, I was called a square when I was your age, and I lived through it.

Should I try my heart?

DEAR DEBBIE: I'm seventeen and a junior in high school. For a year I've liked a college freshman. We've dated only a couple of times but he writes me every week and tells me he'd like to see me more often but can't get home from college. I know this isn't so because my friends see him in town often, sometimes with another girl.

Since I met him I haven't dated any other boys, but at a birthday party I met Johnny, who says things that let me know he likes me. Johnny is very popular in school and I'm not, so I'm afraid to like him. The other girls just roll when they hear his name. What should I do? Try to stay with the college boy or try my heart on Johnny?

DODO: DEAR DODO: I think my letter to Sue should answer your question. Your college friend is obviously not inclined to tie himself down, so why should you? There's little sense in sitting home mooning over one boy when you might be having fun going out with others. You don't have to work up a romance with every date you have—being friends is just as much fun. And who knows? You might meet someone you like even better.

If Johnny asks you for a date, go out with him. Don't be afraid to like a boy just because you aren't yet popular. Maybe this will start you off and you'll need an engagement book to keep track of your dates.

How do you talk to boys?

DEAR DEBBIE: I'm sure lots of teenagers have the same problem as I do. When you go out with a boy, how do you act and what do you talk about? I know that a good listener is popular with boys, but I can't go around being a quiet mouse all my life. I love to talk, and with girls I go a mile a minute, but words seem to fail me and I get panicky when I'm out with a boy. How do you stop worrying whether you've made a good impression?

ELLEN: DEAR ELLEN: You're quite right about others having your troubles. I received more letters about this problem than any other, and I know it's because every girl has the same fear, at first.

I did too, but it didn't last long because lack of conversation has never bothered me. However, you should keep in mind one very important thing. Chances are that your date is just as scared as you are, and probably more so. I remember on my first date when I was fifteen, I almost died of fright. And then about three years ago I saw this boy again. He'd been in and out of the Navy in the interim, and he reminded me of our first date. "Debbie," he said, "I was so scared that night I could hardly talk. But you were so calm and unconcerned. I thought you were wonderful."

"Calm!" I said. "I was petrified."

So you see, it's a common difficulty.

The best advice I can give you and all the others is to be yourself. If you talk a mile a minute with girls, you probably have a good personality, so try to relax with a boy. And stop thinking about the impression you're making. If you keep worrying, it's going to show.

Before you go out with him find out what he's interested in—and whether it's football, baseball or birds, bone up on the subject and bring it up yourself. This will relax him, and in turn make you more comfortable, too.

Just remember that you're going through a stage that few escape, and that it won't last forever.

Our parents won't let us date

DEAR DEBBIE: Both my girl friend and I have trouble with our parents. We are fifteen and all our friends date, but our parents won't let us. Margie's mother isn't so bad, but her father hits the roof if she so much as mentions a boy has asked her for a date. He disapproves whether or not he has met the boy, and Margie feels he wants her to stay locked up in the house and never look at a boy. She loves her

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modern screen
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with **jane herself**
on the cover.

father, of course, but he's so possessive and Margie says she thinks he's afraid to let her grow up. What should she do?

My own problem is that both my mother and dad refuse to let me date. They don't seem to trust me. They won't let me go to the corner to mail a letter at night; they say it can wait until morning. I keep turning down invitations to dances, even when they know an older person is driving the car. I always sit home every evening and never have any fun. Debbie, could you help me find a way to convince my parents to let me go out once in a while, like the other girls?

Also, what time should a fifteen or sixteen-year-old get home from a date?

NANCY

DEAR NANCY: I never had this problem with my parents, so what I know is a result of what I feel, not from experience. However, I do feel your parents are wrong in preventing you from dating a respectable boy, particularly on weekends. I see nothing wrong in going to a matinee or Saturday evening movie with a boy who has been introduced to your parents and approved by them.

A fifteen-year-old girl knows right from wrong. At least she should, and if her parents know this I think she should be

allowed an occasional date.

I wish that parents would remember how important these things were to them when they were young and take time, as my own mother and father did, to talk things over with teen-agers. Would it be possible to discuss this thing with your parents as an adult, which you are just short of becoming?

As for the time allowed for a date, this is up to the parents. I should think you might be allowed time for a movie or dance or whatever is the occasion, plus about an hour for a coke or snack before you come home. I say this because this is the way my own mother worked it.

And I should add that she never had to worry that I might spend that social hour in any other way. I never approved of girls who sat in parked cars and necked. To be quite blunt about it, I was afraid of necking and tried to hide the fact by putting on a show of disliking it intensely. I was always like that, and it worked for me—maybe it might work for all of you.

Must I blind-date?

DEAR DEBBIE: I'd like to know what you think of the blind date problem. Does a teen-ager have to accept dates with boys of whom she knows nothing, and run the risk of getting into situations beyond her control?

If you think it's necessary to accept a blind date in order to pacify friends, what would you say is the best kind?

PAM: DEAR PAM: I went on one blind date, when I was nineteen. That was my first and my last. I don't think I have to go any further into the subject.

If you feel you must accept a blind date suggested by friends, by all means make it a double date, or a triple date, with those same friends. I can't emphasize too strongly that a girl should never go out alone with a boy she hasn't met.

This boy won't leave me alone

DEAR DEBBIE: What do you do about a boy who won't leave you alone? I went with Chuck for a while and then we broke up. Now I'm going with another boy, and Chuck is trying to break us up. He bothers me by phoning the house all the time, and last week he came to the house, but my mother saw him first and told him I wasn't home.

Last year I had a similar problem—with a boy I didn't date at all. He hung around in front of the house at all hours, and sometimes followed me on the streets. His family moved to another town finally.

Can you give me any suggestions as how I might handle this, without hurting a boy's feelings too much?

SUSAN

DEAR SUSAN: You can't handle it without hurting his feelings, and that's that. I've always been blunt and have often been criticized for it, but I can't help it—that's the way I am. It came in particularly handy for pests. I used to say, "Please don't bother me. I don't want to see your face around here any more."

I know that's rude, but the pest is being rude, too. If you want to get rid of him you have to be perfectly honest and forget his feelings.

If by any chance such a blast from you doesn't work, try conspiring with your dad. The next time the pest calls you, put your father on the phone. If your dad will bellow something to the effect that he doesn't want Chuck bothering his daughter any more, that should frighten the boy into submission.

We're worried about our looks

DEAR DEBBIE: I told my girl friends I was going to write you about my weight problem, and some of them asked me to include their own problems. First of all,

JULIE HARRIS: pixie turns mother



Everyone remembered Julie Harris as the other-worldly girl in *East of Eden* and that's the way she thought of herself too until Peter arrived. When he was born, Julie exchanged her scripts for baby books. And husband Manning Gurians became a proud Papa, rapidly echoing Julie's ecstatic description of their son—"He is lovely lovely lovely—there aren't any words."



(Continued from preceding page)

I'm sort of fat—not too fat, but I know that boys like trim girls and I'd like to control my weight. I don't have a glandular problem, but I just can't stop eating sweets.

Bunny wants me to ask you about her freckles. She'd be very pretty if she didn't have freckles (she has red hair), and she thinks boys don't ask her for dates because of them.

Carol and Beth are both very tall. Carol has a boyfriend an inch shorter than she is and wants to know if you think she should go with him. Beth says she's a wallflower at dances. She's 5' 10" and has to pretend she's having a good time even though she's really miserable.

Doris has crooked teeth and her father doesn't have enough money to have them fixed. Could you tell her anything to help her?

ALICE AND THE GANG
DEAR ALICE: If you have no glandular problem it's obviously a matter of self-control. There is no magic formula; the awful truth is that no one can help you but yourself. You must be adult about this thing, and stick to a diet. Many people do it—movie stars diet—and while no one enjoys refusing food they like, a good figure is something to be proud of.

Tell Bunny I feel she's worrying without cause. I think freckles are charming. Doris Day has lots of freckles. What do you think of her?

Tell Beth and Carol that three of my best girl friends are more than 5' 8", are happily married and have done very well

for themselves. Remember, the boys get their height later, so don't worry about it now. I hope the girls won't stoop. They should carry their height proudly—they might even become Conover's most popular models. And if they'll just think about it they'll realize that many women marry men shorter than themselves and never consider it a problem, other than staying away from high heels.

As for Doris, I'm sorry about her teeth, but there is always the future. If her family hasn't the money for orthodontia, Doris should consider the possibility of working after graduation and saving her money for the project.

Can I break dates?

DEAR DEBBIE: I am sixteen years old, and wonder what you think of breaking dates. If you accept a date, should you ever break it in favor of another one? I've been having a great deal of trouble with this.

NORMA

DEAR NORMA: Here I go being blunt again, but breaking dates is in very poor taste. I've never done it, and I think anybody who does deserves trouble.

When should I start wearing make-up?

DEAR DEBBIE: I've discussed this with my mother but don't feel she has answered me well enough. At what age do you think it is proper for a girl to wear makeup—lipstick, rouge, etc. I am fifteen now and a short time ago was allowed to shape my

eyebrows. I'd like to wear pencil but am afraid to ask my mother. I want to be a model when I'm older and would like to start off on the right track.

Also, would you advise me about what to wear on a date? Not only how much makeup, but what about clothes? And should I wear perfume?

BARBARA

DEAR BARBARA: I didn't wear any makeup or lipstick until I was eighteen. However, I realize this is a matter of personal taste. It just happened that I didn't want to. I think for a girl of fifteen it's all right to wear a light pink lipstick if her mother feels it's proper. It's a thing that must be worked out between young people and their parents. The only definite suggestion I can make is that heavy makeup is in bad taste regardless of age. The younger a girl is, the better she looks without it. There's a charm about a teen-ager that is ruined when she tries to look like a grown woman.

The same goes for clothes. Simplicity is always better than being overdressed in any way, including jewelry. If your mother approves of perfume, keep it very sparse and at your age choose a fragrance that is extremely light.

How important are a boy's looks?

DEAR DEBBIE: I am a senior in high school and very shy, and don't have many dates. The president of our class did ask me to two dances but he isn't good looking and doesn't appeal to me and I naturally refused him. How can I get the more popular boys to ask me for dates?

I do like one boy, but he is even shyer than I am. How can I make him notice me? How can I tell him I like him without appearing foolish?

My sister is twenty and has never had even one date, and wants me to ask you what she can do to attract boys. I guess we both have the same problem.

A. J.

DEAR A. J.: Personally, I never choose my friends by looks, but rather for the kind of person they are. Perhaps if you would realize that looks are not important, you would be a nicer person. Certainly, if a boy is president of his class he is well-liked, and by refusing him you may have lost an opportunity to make the other boys sit up and take notice. I think your attitude is wrong, and that it is your own lack that keeps away the boys who are more popular with the girls.

You ask how you can tell one particular boy that you like him. The answer is, Don't. There is something inborn in the male that makes him run like a rabbit if he thinks a girl is interested in him. If there is any chance at all for you with this boy, it will come when you make yourself popular with all girls and boys.

As for your sister, if she shares your opinion that looks are important, it may be the reason she has never had a date. I must give her the same advice I gave you. If you can become popular with other girls, eventually the boys will waken to the fact that you two might be interesting people.

How do I know if he loves me?

DEAR DEBBIE: I am nineteen and have been going with Don for a year. He has never asked me to go steady or given any indication that he is in love with me. He is very understanding, kind and thoughtful—everything I would want in a husband.

I'm very much in love with him, but of course he doesn't know this. I'm asked for dates by other fellows but refuse them because I'd rather go out with Don. I know he is not seeing any other girl and that he likes me, but I guess that's as far as it goes.

Should I continue seeing Don the way I have been, or tell him how I feel, or forget about him (Continued on page 67)

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to please a King



In his arms you can look as beautiful as this! Deborah Kerr's exquisite costume from *The King And I* inspired the evening gown Deborah poses in on the opposite page. Picture above is from the Twentieth Century-Fox CinemaScope '55 production starring Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner with Rita Moreno. Color by DeLuxe.

■ What does "he" really think of the way "you" look when he takes you on a date! The great secret of getting and holding a man is to *look* like the girl of his dreams. There is nothing that will please and flatter your king so much as to have the girl by his side at the top of the list of the best dressed among the gang. You will always remember, too, all the lovely clothes you wore on those exciting dates with him.

In fact, these clothes will become almost keepsakes; they will mean so much when he lets you know that you have pleased him. Romance begins with dress-up clothes. And, just as importantly, with the coat that tops the finest in your wardrobe during the long chill months as you dash here and there with him. Accessories, too, take a leading role. Your legs must be dressed in the loveliest of stockings—and precious costume jewelry is the final touch.

To please your king, MODERN SCREEN asked a group of America's leading designers to draw inspiration for their fall collections from the resplendent Oriental costumes designed by Irene Sharaff for *The King And I*. Gaston Mallet adapted the exquisite full length evening and ball gowns, Ric McClintock the glamorous Date Line cocktail dresses—both for the house of Murray Hamburger; Alfredo designed a handsome group of classic Cashmere coats including a luscious mandarin style inspired by the fabulous coats worn by Yul Brynner in *The King And I* (see one of the coats from the picture at the left). Alfredo designed the coats for the house of Habley-Barber; *The King And I* inspired stockings—full fashioned, seamless and a sensational new permanent pleated style called Permapleat—all designed by the famous Willys of Hollywood who makes stockings for stars and royalty; Robert created the magnificent jewelry—pearls, jewels, gold, silver—for the house of Fashioncraft. To please your king wear these clothes and accessories—dress like a queen! Opposite page: *top*, Rita Moreno models emerald green Du Pont satin by Murray Hamburger. *Below*, our M.S. model wears soft-as-a-cloud Julliard Cashmere (milium lined) by Habley-Barber. *Far right*, Deborah Kerr poses in palest pink Du Pont satin by Murray Hamburger.

For a list of stores carrying these clothes and accessories inspired by the costumes from *The King And I* see page 67—or, write to Fashion, MODERN SCREEN 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

*He will love you in
these fall clothes and
accessories inspired
by the costumes from
the King and I*



Engstead



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John Engstead

to please a King—
dress like
a Queen

■ When you choose clothes for your dress-up wardrobe be sure to buy not only a variety of styles but also a variety of colors and fabrics. There are times when black is the choicest color to wear. Black is very seductive and most men like it. There are men who prefer the paler tones like beige, others who favor the high shades. In the novelty range stripes are the top inspiration selected by our designers from *The King And I* costumes and—men like slimming stripes. Smooth and silky satins are favorites with men, likewise soft figure moulding jersey and crisp young taffeta. Of course, nothing is so appealing to men as a coat soft and cuddly to the touch—these are the qualities you'll find in lush, elegant Cashmere which can be worn for all occasions. To en-

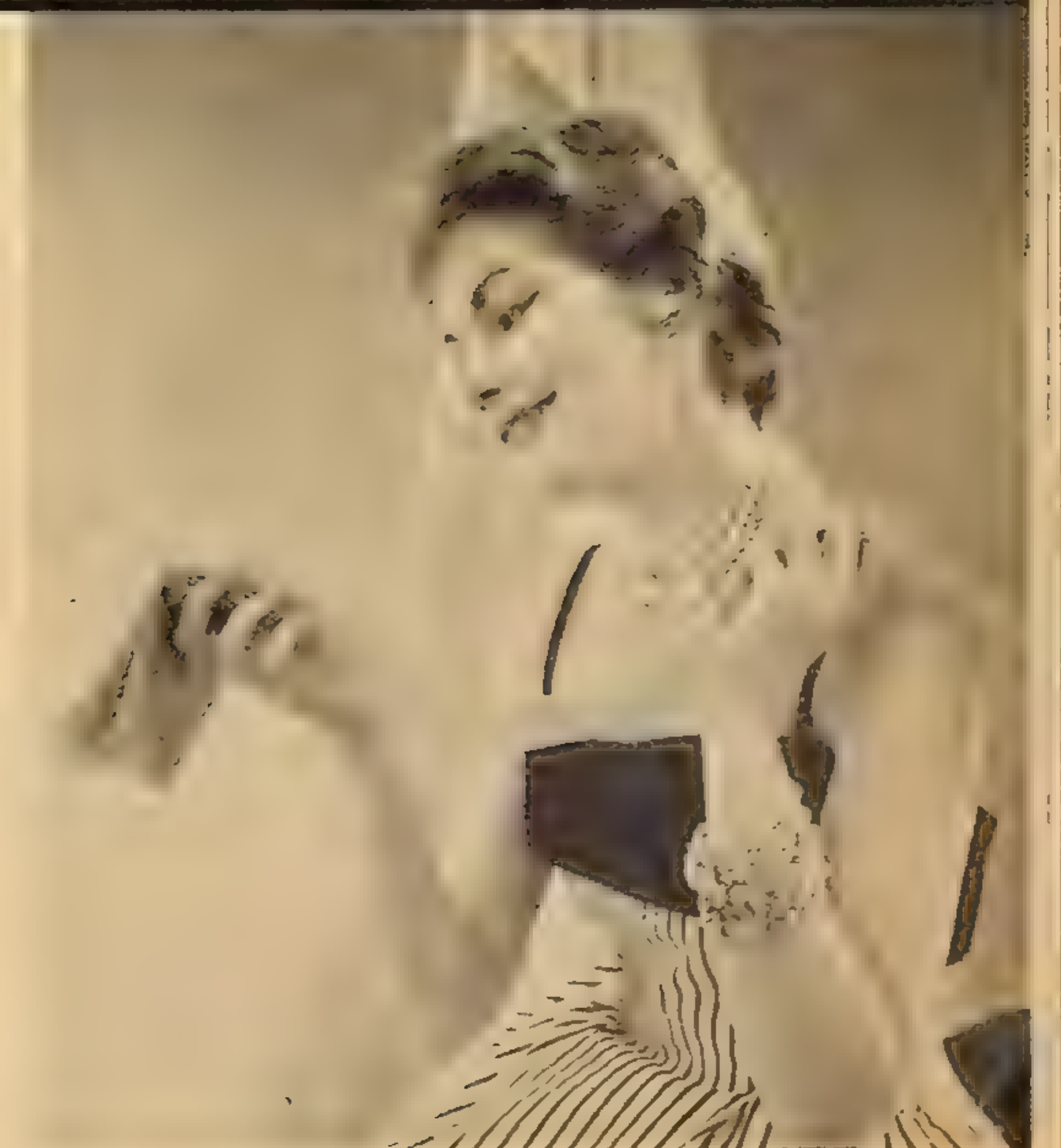
modern screen fashions

For a list of stores carrying these clothes and accessories inspired by the costumes from *The King And I* see page 67—or, write to Fashion, MODERN SCREEN 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



hance all of your clothes you must dress up your legs. Clothe them in the finest and sheerest of nylons—seamfree, stretch or full-fashioned—in colors that coordinate with your costumes or match your shoes. Wear darker shades with dark seams if your calves and ankles are heavy. Jewels are the vogue in fashion just as they are in *The King And I*—wear them from head to toe. Select at least two sets, one in pearls, one in rhinestones. Buy stockings with jewels to match. Photos, left to right: Rita wears Habley-Barber's tuxedo collared Cashmere with push-up sleeves and softly draped back. Rita also models a draped Empire style black jersey with deep plunging neckline and a pale beige jersey with bateau neckline and swathed midriff. Both Date Line dresses—

Murray Hamburger. The coat colors: Nude, Wild Rice, Crown Red, Vista Blue and Black; the jersey dresses in black, navy, green, red and nude. Rita's satin evening gown with net fichu is worn over crinolines and hoops to give it more grandeur. In white or palest pastels. By Murray Hamburger. Deborah Kerr poses in a cocktail dress of black and white striped taffeta trimmed with black. See the matching jacket worn by our M.S. model right, above. By Murray Hamburger. Right, our M.S. model holds an ultra sheer nylon seamfree stretch-welt nude heel, demi-toe stocking by Willys of Hollywood. She also shows a close-up of a set of pearl jewelry by Fashioncraft. *The King And I* inspired stockings—Willys of Hollywood; jewelry—Robert of Fashioncraft.



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*Creme Puff (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood creamy powder make-up

(Continued from page 60) completely? I doubt if I could do the latter.

DOR
DEAR DOR: Don't put all your eggs in one basket. It's true you are of marriageable age, but it's possible that Don is not yet ready, financially or mentally, to tie himself down. If you really love him, you are of course uninterested in other men, but I would advise you that you will lose nothing by occasionally dating another boy or two. In fact, it may nudge Don into declaring his intentions.

In the event he still keeps his silence, I give you a comforting quote from a book called *Facts Of Life And Love For Teen-agers* (published by the Associated Press at 291 Broadway, New York 7, New York): "One of the most unfortunate illusions is that love comes only once in a lifetime. Nothing is more false. Any person capable of loving another has the capacity to love not once but many times; not one individual but many persons. For any normal man or woman there are many possible partners with whom a fine marriage could be worked out."

I'm only fourteen

DEAR DEBBIE: Last summer I met Kenny on vacation and fell in love with him. In September he joined the Navy and is now on the west coast. He won't be home for more than a year and since I am only fourteen, my mother wants me to go out with other boys. So I have dated others a few times but don't know how to tell him this or to explain that none of them mean anything to me. The last thing in the world I want to do is hurt him. Yet I know if he wrote me he went out with a girl I'd be glad he was enjoying himself while he was away. After all, you can't expect a nineteen-year-old boy not to go out on his liberties.

Can you give me any idea how I can be honest and tell him I'm dating others, without hurting him or making him angry?

DOROTHEA
DEAR DOROTHEA: Since you are only fourteen, I must agree with your mother that you should date other boys. You are old enough to think you are in love—and old enough I suppose to really be in love, when we remember Romeo and Juliet. But because of your age I think your situation is too confining.

And I think you should tell Kenny the truth. Going out with others doesn't necessarily mean you will forget him, only that you will fill the years ahead of you before marriage. It won't be easy to write him about it, and you will probably hurt him to a degree, but as you say, Kenny, too, deserves under the circumstances to be let off the leash. If he really loves you, he will appreciate your honesty.

Here are some short ones

DEAR DEBBIE: I'm fifteen and more interested in sports than boys. I want to be a boy's pal and that's all! The girls call me a square. Am I wrong?

P. K.
DEAR P. K.: You don't have to go to an extreme either way. I was called a square and never minded it because I had fun doing what I liked to do.

DEAR DEBBIE: What is your opinion of how long we should talk on the telephone?

HELEN
DEAR HELEN: It depends on how many there are in your family. You should have a family counsel about it, and abide by the rules set down.

DEAR DEBBIE: I am eighteen, and he is thirty-two and wants to marry me now. I love him, but I wonder if the age difference is too great.

ELAINE
DEAR ELAINE: If you love him but still think about the age difference, I think you should be a little worried.

DEAR DEBBIE: I know it sounds odd, even stupid, but I like a priest and can't get him off my mind. My parents think I'm silly.

What shall I do?

N. C.
DEAR N. C.: You must know the laws of the Catholic Church, so it follows you must forget about this infatuation.

DEAR DEBBIE: Is it possible to experience true love at thirteen?

C. H.
DEAR C. H.: Anything is possible; however, I've never known of a true love at thirteen that is still a true love at eighteen.

DEAR DEBBIE: When a girl is invited to a birthday party and asked to bring a date, should the boy bring a gift, too?

JEAN
DEAR JEAN: The girl should purchase the gift and present it with a card bearing both her name and the boy's name.

DEAR DEBBIE: Do you think it's okay for teen-agers to waltz?

MARIAN
DEAR MARIAN: I think it's okay to do any kind of dancing you enjoy, regardless of the current fad.

DEAR DEBBIE: A boy likes me and I like him, but years ago our fathers had a business quarrel and won't allow us to speak to each other. Can you help me?

MARTHA
DEAR MARTHA: If each of you could have a family counsel, your mothers included, and try to make your parents understand how much you and this boy want to see each other, perhaps your prospective fathers will realize the smallness of their reactions.

DEAR DEBBIE: If a boy orders something to eat, should the girl order more food than the boy?

DONNA
DEAR DONNA: It's all right if you know the boy can afford it. If not, stick to his price range.

DEAR DEBBIE: Do you think a girl eleven years old should go to a movie with a boy the same age, if someone takes them there and back?

DIANNE
DEAR DIANNE: I think so, if she has the permission of her parents.

DEAR DEBBIE: When a girl invites a boy to a dance, does she ask him to dance or does he ask her? And does the girl buy her own corsage?

JOANNE
DEAR JOANNE: The boy always asks the girl to dance, regardless of which is the guest. And the girl should not wear a corsage unless it is given to her by the boy.

DEAR DEBBIE: I like a boy who has a bad reputation, although he's always been very nice with me. I don't want to misjudge him on other peoples' word. Should I listen to them or use my own judgment and keep on liking him?

L. Y. M.
DEAR L. Y. M.: Never listen to idle gossip. Don't believe it unless and until you find out yourself it is true.

DEAR DEBBIE: I am Jewish and like a boy who is Irish. Should I go out with him?

LYNN
DEAR LYNN: Race and nationality should have no bearing on having fun together. My husband is Jewish and I am Irish.

DEAR DEBBIE: I'm going steady with a boy who is very jealous of a boy I went with last year. How can I convince him I'm not interested in this other boy?

KAY
DEAR KAY: This can only be done by talking it over frankly with him, and if he still doesn't believe or trust you, you'll have to decide whether it's worth it to go with a jealous boy.

DEAR DEBBIE: If it is true that boys prefer feminine girls, does an athletically inclined girl have to wait around until she finds a boy with the same interests? If a girl should "be herself" on a date, how can she strike a happy medium?

SANDRA
DEAR SANDRA: I think a girl should always be herself and should never pretend she is anything else. I was a very athletic girl and always had a good time. If you feel you are unfeminine, make an effort in that direction, particularly through your choice of clothes.

END
Debbie Reynolds can next be seen in U-I's Tammy.

Where to buy the clothes
and accessories inspired by

the King and I

HABLEY-BARBER (coats)—Pp. 63, 64

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Baltimore, Md.—Hutzler Bros. Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—New Williams
Buffalo, N. Y.—Wm. Hengerer Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Millers Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—May Co.
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Rike Kumler Co.
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson Co.
Duluth, Minn.—Oreck's Inc.
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox Co.
Houston, Texas—Foley Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifers
Milwaukee, Wis.—Stuarts
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York City, N. Y.—B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Peyton Marcus Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—I. Magnin Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.

MURRAY HAMBURGER (Date Line cocktail dresses)—Pp. 63, 64, 65, 68; (evening dresses)—Pp. 63, 65

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen
Baltimore, Md.—Hochschild, Kohn Co.
Birmingham, Ala.—J. Black & Sons
Boston, Mass.—Jay's
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Strauss
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens
Cincinnati, Ohio—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.
Dallas, Texas—A. Harris
Denver, Col.—Montaldo
Detroit, Mich.—Himelhocks
Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel
Elizabeth, N. J.—R. J. Goerke's
Houston, Texas—Sakowitz Bros
Indianapolis, Ind.—Wm. H. Block Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Levy's
Kansas City, Mo.—Harzfelds
Little Rock, Ark.—M. M. Cohn
Los Angeles, Calif.—J. J. Haggerty
Louisville, Ky.—H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn.—Levy's Ladies Toggery
Miami, Fla.—Burdine's
Mobile, Ala.—L. Hammel D. G.
New Orleans, La.—Leon Godchaux Co.
New York City, N. Y.—Best & Co.
Omaha, Nebraska—Goldstein Chapman
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Jos. Horne Co.
Roanoke, Va.—Smartwear—Irring Saks
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—H. Liebes Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Makoffs
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Trenton, N. J.—Nevin's Voorhees
Washington, D. C.—Julius Garfinckel
Youngstown, Ohio—Chas. Livingston & Sons

FASHIONCRAFT (jewelry)

The same stores as listed above for Murray Hamburger except J. J. Haggerty, The Higbee Co., Stix, Baer & Fuller.

WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD (stockings)

Akron, Ohio—M. O'Neil Co.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison & Paxton
Baltimore, Md.—May Co.
Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, New York—Adams-Meldrum-Anderson
Chattanooga, Tenn.—Loveman
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Bailey Dept. Store
Columbus, Ohio—F & R Lazarus Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Crowley Milner Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage-Allen
Kansas City, Mo.—Macy's
Little Rock, Ark.—Pfeifers
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Miami, Fla.—Burdines
Milwaukee, Wisc.—Milwaukee Boston Store
New York City, N. Y.—B. Altman
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Peyton Marcus Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufman's
Providence, R. I.—Gladding's
San Antonio, Texas—Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Calif.—Macy's
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co.
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop

to please a King— have beauty at your Fingertips



At that moment—when your eyes have met—and your hands touch—it does matter! Your nails—and hands—must be worthy of soft caresses and lingering glances. Rita Moreno's nails and hands are as beautiful as her gown (by Murray Hamburger), her coiffure, her face as she dates 20th's Barry Coe, next in Bernadine.

■ Be proud of your nails—always! And he will be too! They'll give joy to you also, at the boss' desk, at the typewriter, turning the pages of a book as well as at home.

There is something truly glamorous about well-kept nails. And toenails, too, as they peek through the open toes of your pretty shoes, revealing the care you give them. This little intimate fastidiousness will pay off many times in compliments galore.

For expert manicure advice we went to Rose Shawl, who for many years has manicured the nails of 20th's top stars. Only in Hollywood could we find such perfection, as the eye of the camera is merciless and the nails of the stars must be flawless in care—and in color!

Miss Shawl suggests a massage of the cuticle with an especially prepared cream each night before retiring. This keeps circulation in the nails and makes them strong, healthy and beautiful. When the cuticle is trained back and softened with this brief routine you will find it is not necessary to cut. Cutting the cuticle not only toughens it but makes it rough and unsightly. Serious hangnails can result. After a few days of this nightly cuticle care you will notice a remarkable difference in your nails.

Set aside a regular time each week for your manicure. Miss Shawl says this regularity will keep your nails from growing too long and you will catch little splits and chips in time. Your nails should be carefully and artfully shaped to a long oval—or, if you prefer, a short rounded nail, which is just as chic. Most stars wear their nails medium length—Rita wears hers extremely long but she is an exception. Be sure to use an emery board when you shape your nails and not a steel file. Don't file down the sides as this weakens the nails and they break much more easily.

The cuticle should be softened with a cuticle remover and a piece of cotton wound around the end of a flat orangewood stick. Press the solution around and under each nail—press the cuticle back gently. Brush and rinse the nails, dry and rub with a towel to remove the dead tissue. Only a few tiny places on the cuticle will need a clip or two with your manicure nippers.

Now the fun part—the nail polish! Choose a wardrobe of nail polishes—a color to match or accent each of your costumes. The summer's lovely pink tones and the muted corals are exciting colors for your glamorous new tan. Choose a matching lipstick, of course. First, a base coat to protect your nails, then two coats of polish and finally a top coat. Several coats of polish keep the nails from breaking. Always remove old nail polish before applying the new—use an oily, prepared remover.

Manicure your toenails the same way as your nails—at least once a month. Change the polish often—and match it to your fingernails!

Don't forget to massage a cream or a lotion into your hands each night—they are just as important as your nails and one care without the other won't do. When you wash your lovelies use a mild soap that won't hurt them or your nails and hands. Use rubber gloves for heavy chores.

Acquire the little habits and accomplish the techniques of manicuring and you'll find that the care of your nails and hands has become as "daily" as sleeping. You'll also find that by doing them yourself you have saved many dollars that you can spend on other glamour things you want.



Actual photo of Barbara Brown, Forest Hills, N. Y. Left side washed with New Woodbury, right side with another popular shampoo. See the difference!

A famous laboratory★ proves:

HAIR WASHED WITH NEW WOODBURY SHAMPOO HOLDS CURL BETTER, KEEPS SET LONGER

Woodbury's special "curl-keeping" ingredient makes the difference!

The left side of this girl's head was washed with New Woodbury Shampoo — the right with her regular brand. You can see what's happened. The right side is limp, straggly. The Woodbury side is springy, curly, beautifully manageable. Leading shampoos were tested this way on hundreds of women and the results were thoroughly checked by ★Good Housekeeping Magazine's laboratory. The tests showed: *Hair washed with Woodbury holds curl better, keeps set longer*

—without hair sprays, lacquers, rinses! New Woodbury Shampoo can't dry out your hair because it contains a special "curl-keeping" ingredient that *protects* natural hair oils. You'd expect a remarkable shampoo like this to cost *more* money. But so much Woodbury is sold, it can be priced at less than half as much as other leading shampoos. Now, for a limited time you can buy Woodbury's big \$1 size for the low price of only 59¢. Use it today! You're guaranteed the liveliest curls you ever had — the lastingest hair-do. Money back otherwise.



how I'll bring up my baby

(Continued from page 55) And Tony loved so many people. Well, you certainly couldn't say that was wrong. The baby should have some of that generosity.

And another thing, this baby was going to get one big lesson in life from his father. Tony had always said he would teach his children that the most important thing was to love people. This baby would know that soon. All you had to do was live in the same house with Tony, and it rubbed off on you.

She hoped the baby would have Tony's enthusiasm for life. Then again, maybe Tony's enthusiasm should be tempered a bit with some of her own practicality. If the baby grew up just like Tony, she'd have to spend half her life pulling them both down out of the air. A new thought struck her and she laughed softly. What if this baby were a girl, and a perfectionist like herself? Tony had a hard enough time living with her and her clean ash trays, but two women like that in the house would be too much for him.

On the other hand, suppose the child was hampered by Tony's inability to say no. Then her life would be in an uproar. Not one, but two people saying sure,

they'd speak at the club luncheon—or have the Women's African Violet Association for tea, or giving away clothes they hadn't worn yet.

But she hoped Tony's talents would be handed down intact. Tony was so facile. He could do and learn anything he wanted to. She appreciated painting, but she couldn't paint. She loved to listen to music, but she couldn't create it. He had so much artistic ability, and this would be wonderful in a child. As for what she might give it, maybe it would have her love for singing and dancing. And she hoped it would have her nose. She wondered briefly if anybody would object to her saying that. After all, it was a pretty good nose. But it should have Tony's hair, dark and curling, and his eyes and lips.

Janet looked down at her lap. There was a book lying there, and she hadn't even opened it. She sighed happily. It was obvious she wanted to think about the baby, and why shouldn't she indulge herself? There had been all those months of feeling rotten, and during that time she couldn't even think straight. But now she felt she could beat her weight in wildcats, so why not take time to think, if she wanted to? Tony wouldn't be home for a while, and there was nothing that

had to be done. He must be so relieved that she was feeling better—he had been a tower of strength when she was sick, and if he worried he hadn't let her know it. He really was holding up quite well. But then, they weren't children any more; they'd been married for five years. There was no sense getting hysterical over having a baby. Lots of people had babies. And it was wonderful. It made you feel complete, it filled the future.

Not an only child

This one wouldn't be the last baby, she hoped. She was an only child herself, and she'd been lonely. She had read a lot, but you can't read all the time when you're a child. Oh, she could entertain herself if she had to, and it had been fun on rainy days playing store by herself and making out those endless shopping lists. But it would have been more fun if there had been a brother or sister to play with. She'd seen the love and enjoyment Tony got from his brother, and it was a heart-warming thing to watch. No, God willing, this mustn't be an only child. One would be easier to bring up, perhaps, because you could give it more attention, but then was that really a good thing? Large families always seemed to have better-behaved and adjusted chil-

1000 PRIZES FOR YOU

☐ The Young Lovers by Julian Halevy

☐ This Side Of Paradise by F. Scott Fitzgerald

☐ The Steep Ascent by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

We want to know how you like—or maybe dislike—the stars and the stories listed below. And we want to know what others you're interested—or disinterested—in, so that Modern Screen can go on being your magazine! In return for your ideas, we'll send you free one of these exciting Dell novels—provided your questionnaire is one of the first 1000 to reach us. So check your choice and send it in today!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I READ:

☐ all of the editorial ☐ part ☐ none

2. IT HELD MY INTEREST:

☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE JACK LEMMON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE MARISA PAVAN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE RUSS TAMBLYN:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE GUY MADISON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE SHIRLEY JONES:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE WILLIAM CAMPBELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know him well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE RHONDA FLEMING:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

☐ don't know her well enough to say

I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely

☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. Which of the following cosmetic items do you wear every day?

☐ lipstick ☐ make-up base ☐ loose powder ☐ rouge ☐ eye make-up ☐ nail polish ☐ perfume ☐ cologne ☐ hair spray ☐ face cream ☐ cleansing cream ☐ deodorant

16. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE

(2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE

(3) _____ FEMALE

17. To which movie magazines do you subscribe?

AGE.....NAME.....ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

dren, and maybe it was because the parents had less time to fuss over each child.

Heaven knew she'd been fussed over enough. By now it was a joke between her and her mother. After her hair was washed she'd been made to wear two hats, to be certain she wouldn't catch cold. And she didn't remember it, but she'd been told about the time her mother was preparing to bathe her, as a baby, and had the house so hot it was practically steaming. A neighbor had come in and realized her mother was about to faint, and had to take over with the temperature, the bath, and her mother. There was no doubt about it; she'd been over-protected. That was the trouble with an only child. You had nothing else to think about and kept looking for possible dangers. If you were forever telling him to be careful, to look out, and not to do that, he might grow up scared to death to take a step for himself.

I was a nau-gh-ty girl

Except that, on second thought, it hadn't worked that way with her. Maybe it was because she had been stubborn, maybe it was because she was self-sufficient; whatever the reason, she had never been timid, she hadn't grown up into a Polly-sit-by-the-fire. On the contrary, she'd been disobedient.

She hadn't been allowed to even ride home from school in cars, or date like

Joe DiMaggio and George Jessel were at the night ball game together this week. A group of youngsters rushed to their box, to get DiMaggio's autograph. "Can't you keep these juvenile delinquents away?" Jessel told the cop near the box. "We came here to enjoy a ball game!" . . . Then one lone boy approached the box to ask Jessel's autograph. The cop stopped him, and was berated by George: "Are you trying to rob a child of his innocent pleasure?"

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

the other kids, and she had resented it. She didn't drink or smoke and didn't want to stay out late, but she had wanted to do some of the things the other girls were allowed to do. So she'd chafed at the bit and ended up doing things she wasn't supposed to. When she was wrong, she knew it, and it bothered her conscience.

She'd never blamed her mother for it. The problem had been that she was the youngest in her class. She had skipped three half grades, so all her school friends had been a year or two older than she was. So it had been hard for her mother; it had made a problem for both of them. If this baby were given an opportunity to skip a grade in school, she wouldn't allow it. It made too many emotional problems for a child. If they were bored in school as a result of being held back, you could always fill in the void at home. You could give them piano lessons, or teach them to paint—Tony could do that—or have them tutored in a language. And in the meantime they'd be growing up with children their own age.

She thought Tony would agree with her on this. She couldn't foresee his disagreeing with her on very many things about bringing up the child. Not the important things, anyway. They'd give it love, and they'd give it discipline. She wanted to get a pile of books on child rearing, but she wasn't going to swallow them verbatim. It was a matter of applying the advice to the individual child. She'd take what she wanted from each book, and she wasn't going to agree with any of that modern theory about never



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in—and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

crossing a child. She'd cross it all right, if it did something wrong. There was a lot to be said for common sense, too.

She couldn't see any reason why this baby wouldn't grow up with the same sense of family closeness she had had. Her parents had given her a great deal of that. True, there had been the tug of war all the time about the privileges she felt she was denied, but what fun they'd had as a family! There were the weekends when the three of them would get in the car, planning a trip to nowhere. They'd end up in Santa Cruz or some other place—it was always a surprise—or they'd go on picnics together. And there were the days her parents had taken her and the whole gang to the football and baseball games. She was sure they'd done all that to make up to her for the lack of other things.

She hoped this baby would like school. She had loved it so much, whereas Tony had resented every day of it. Oh, he could get excited about Daniel Boone or Alexander the Great, but dates and trivia bored him. It was a matter of his application. He could then, and still could, get wrapped up in anything that interested him and do a job to perfection, but nobody could drive him to doing something he disliked. She, on the other hand, went too far overboard in the opposite direction. She tackled a job as a matter of discipline, and put even more effort into it if she didn't like what she had to do. The baby, for its own sake, should be fifty-fifty on this score.

Well, whichever way this baby was put together, she and Tony would allow it to have its individuality. She wouldn't force it into anything. She'd expose it to all the things its parents were still learning to appreciate—the art and the music and the good books and the gracious living. And the friends who were well-versed in so many interesting topics. But expose was the word, not cram. And this baby could pick and choose what it liked. She hoped that all during its growing-up period she and Tony would be able to give it these advantages. There would be college, if the child wanted it. And maybe education in Europe after it had finished formal schooling here.

Starring Somebody Curtis

But there she was, pushing already. She and Tony mustn't make the same mistake with the child that they had made with each other. Always pretending they enjoyed every single one of the other's interests, when they didn't really. They had learned, but it had taken three whole years. There is such a thing as closeness, but it mustn't become suffocating.

Yes, she would let the child go its own way, but she couldn't help wondering if it would choose show business. If the answer was no, she wouldn't care, as long as he or she was happy—and if the answer was yes, it would be fun. And sort of nice, too, when she and Tony were old and gray, to go see a play or a movie starring Somebody Curtis. Heaven knew show business had been kind to them.

A shout echoed through the halls and out into the garden, and Tony was standing there, grinning at her.

"Hi," he said. "What've you been doing?"

"Thinking," she said. "About what the baby will be like."

He walked over and kissed the top of her head. "You got it all settled?"

She nodded.

"Just one thing," Tony said. "If it's a girl, don't ever let her see you cleaning an ash tray before I'm through with it."

Janet laughed. "I've got that settled, 72 too," she said.

END

the best days of their lives

(Continued from page 35) to absurdity—well, things have changed.

Russ and Venetia still wake each other each morning with "Happy Daily Anniversary, darling." But the golden alchemy of marriage is indeed already taking place—and they couldn't be happier about that. It's a fabulous time of unending surprises, intimate revelations and glorious promise. It's a constructive time, too—dedicated to falling in step, further in love, and to building one life for two in harmony. It beats a honeymoon all to pieces.

It's been that way ever since one night last spring, when two sleepy people climbed a flight of steps, stopped, turned right, looked at each other and heaved grateful sighs. Russ fumbled for the key. They were out of words. The honeymoon was over. They had seen America from South Dakota to New York to Boston—and it had been fun—but hectic. The plane bringing them home to Hollywood had been late and the ride bumpy. No door ever looked so good. When it swung open and Russ started to lift in the luggage, Venetia touched his arm.

"Rusty—darling—haven't you forgotten something?"

"Don't think so," he mumbled sleepily, looking around. "Bags are all here . . ."

"I don't mean that. But—well, aren't you going to carry me over the threshold?"

"Honey . . .!" He swooped her up, took three steps into the living room, collapsed—and fell flat on his face!

They just stayed there for awhile, on the floor, laughing hysterically at that crazy homecoming. Then Russ noticed something shiny in Venetia's eyes. He scrambled to her side and circled her in his arms. "You're crying," he said. "Hurt?"

"I do that sometimes," she told him. "No, I'm not hurt. Just happy. Oh, Rusty, we're home! Even if we fell in, we're here! It's the best part of our honeymoon."

And they both knew she was right. They know it more every day that passes. The only trouble is, there aren't enough hours.

Love nest

As all newlyweds know, getting a home organized and operating is a full time job, especially when you start from scratch, which pretty accurately describes the housekeeping state of the homecoming Tamblins. The apartment they tumbled happily into that night was no show place, nor even a comfortable love nest. Apartments are scarce in Hollywood, and Russ and Venetia had found theirs just three days before the wedding. They barely had time—with all the other nuptial arrangements—to make midnight hauls, lugging over their personal plunder and stacking it in the living room. It was still there—in grocery cartons, boxes, sacks, suitcases and trunks, pyramided halfway to the ceiling. At the glass wall facing the patio—and their curious neighbors—sagged a hastily hung bedsheet, with a hole in the middle. Only two dusty pieces of furniture graced the living room—a long, modern coffee table that Russ had laboriously made, and a tv set with the tag still on. In the kitchen were a refrigerator and stove that went with the lease. In the bedroom was a bed—period.

"Actually," remembers Russ, "it looked like a warehouse. Only thing missing was cobwebs. But it looked like heaven to us." By now it's beginning to look the same to everyone else. But that has taken plenty of weighty decisions and work.

Venetia put out an S.O.S. for her decorator friend, Ann Sullivan, and they got busy. Gradually deep-pile carpets have covered the floors, gray-blue with drapes

blending at the picture windows. By now a big beige modernistic sofa sweeps around one end of the room. In the dining area a handsome marble table swings out from a massive mirror with a new buffet behind it. The pink bedroom's cozily complete and the den's in working order. Every few days another new piece—chair, table or something—arrives. "We're operating on the furniture-of-the-week-club plan," grins Russ.

Wedding gifts have helped. Towels, linen, utility and party china, glassware to fill the shelves, pots and pans for the kitchen, a rotisserie, toaster, a clock radio by the bed and flatware—stainless steel, not sterling. "Golly," whistles Tamblin, "do you know what all this household stuff costs? We have to take it easy, man, or we'll go broke!"

My wife, the actress

That's a slight exaggeration, of course. Russ and Venetia have no money problems. Riding a string of hits, Russ makes a swell salary by now and last December 30, when he turned twenty-one, he collected enough bonds to paper one wall of the courthouse. And now Venetia has an income too. She got the good news about her RKO contract at the wedding reception. That was bitter-sweet tidings to Russ Tamblin. At that point he nursed a weak frown at the idea of an actress for a bride.

But it was inevitable—and he knew it. Even before Russ slipped on the diamond, wherever he took beautiful Venetia talent scouts and movie moguls table-hopped over with, "You ought to be in pictures." Although her mother, Anna Lee, was an actress and her dad a director, Venetia was

Pearl Bailey, a hit at the Waldorf, complains that H'wood moviemaking starts too early: "It was the first time I knew there were two 6 o'clocks in the same day."

Earl Wilson in
The New York Post

then only a dilettante model, with no burning desire to act. Frankly, Russ hoped to keep her that way. But finally her agent, Dick Clayton, levelled with him. "Look, Buster, you're going to spend the rest of your life saying 'No' to this. You can't stall it forever. Why not let her have a try and see how it goes?" Two weeks before they married she took a screen test—and got the verdict on their wedding day.

By now, Russ is not only reconciled, he's glad. As for Venetia, she's frank: "It has always been marriage first with me," she says. "The career comes second and it always will." Happily though, both Venetia and Russ have discovered that two careers, in their case, augur a better marriage. Not because of the extra check—although that's not to be sneezed at by a couple just getting started—but because they know now that mutual interests make the best family bond.

Invincible Venetia

While plenty of people wagged, "too young to be steady" at Venetia and Russ when they got married, you don't hear that refrain any more. Few couples in Hollywood or anywhere else have proved to be more sensible and serious about their life together. It shouldn't really be such a surprise, and it isn't to Russ. At sixteen, that "wonderful" age Venetia so recently sighed about, she was a Conover model in New York living in her own apartment and running her own affairs. In Hollywood one week after she was engaged to Russ, Venetia took over his apartment when he went on location. When he came back, all his chaotic financial affairs were straightened out with

money in the bank that she'd saved for him. No wonder Russ thought he knew what he was getting. He hasn't been disappointed.

Venetia's Dresden doll beauty makes her seem fragile, helpless and so young that she can still stall off salesmen at her door with, "I'm sorry, but my mother's not home." But, as Russ points out, "Her middle name's Invicta—and you know what that means." If you don't, it's Latin for "invincible." Russ finds that out whenever he tries to up his \$30 a week spending allowance. But she's not only invincible, she's capable.

Both Venetia and Russ are still lost in that lovely state where even the tiniest misunderstanding is just a marvelous excuse for a make-up embrace. Their differences so far are only the normal ones any two people who start living together notice, unless they're vegetables, sugar angels or identical twins.

"Oh, I may have a few faults as a husband—but they escape me right now," Russ cracks glibly under pressure. "I leave food around the kitchen and that draws ants. But Venetia blocks them off with Scotch tape over the cracks where they come out. Then I'm a late sleeper and she's up with the birds. Sometimes I bang the piano a little loud—and I might pull a magic trick at the wrong time or try a handstand too near the dishes. But I write her poems and I sing her pretty songs," he grins. "Venetia? She's perfect—except that she likes to tap dance while she's cooking—and she's a pretty tight girl with a buck."

First fight

Actually, their only spat worth the name, Russ admits, was nobody's fault but his own. One night when Venetia couldn't make it he went off to Drama Class and afterwards went along with a guy he knows who pats a piano in a Valley night spot. Russ sat in at the keyboard while the pal beat the drums. Since rock-and-roll is like dope to Russ he got so lost in his work that he didn't come home until the small hours. Venetia was wide awake, not a bit amused, and she bawled him out good. Then, like a wiser wife than she's really had time to be, she did something constructive about it. Next day, while Russ was on the set, she rented a piano and had it rolled into the den. "If you want to play the piano all night, you can play it at home," allowed the little woman.

That's what Russ sometimes does, with socks crammed in the windows so the neighbors won't howl. "I don't mind how loud he plays it, but it's always the same piece," frets his wife. "I guess I like it, though. I like everything about Russ."

There isn't much doubt about that. In fact, so far Russ and Venetia have found each other's company about all that's needed. They both had lots of friends before they were married and still do. But somehow they don't seem to get together as they used to. For six months before the wedding Venetia wore a ring and in that time the old gangs sort of drifted away, still on the chase, dancing and night-clubbing. That doesn't send the Tamblins any more. Sometimes they see Debbie and Eddie Fisher, when they're on the loose or Pier and Vic Damone when he's in town. Rafael Campos, Tab Hunter, Bob Six and a few more stags Russ knew in his bachelor days are likely to drop around any time. But as yet Russ and Venetia haven't had time to collect a young married set in Hollywood. They've been too busy.

For instance, the call that broke up their honeymoon turned out to be not about *Fastest Gun Alive* but a new picture MGM had loaned him for while he was away, *Young Guns* at Allied Artist. Russ

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saw the script for the first time barely a week before he made it. But he's quick that way and if there's anything he can't do in pictures nobody's discovered it yet.

For Venetia it's mostly lessons right now at RKO, whose bosses cryptically state they plan to build her into a "cross between Audrey Hepburn and Loretta Young," whatever that might be. She reports there daily in her little MG, and tackles speech, dancing, voice and dramatics, while Russ rattles off in his '54 Ford to his established interests at MGM. But you'd never know one was a seasoned pro of ten years' standing and the other a green beginner at the game. Both team up afternoons and at night to take acting lessons, and it keeps them busy!

If they can sneak in a neighborhood movie, a plunge in the patio pool or a drive up the hills to look at the stars they figure they're lucky. Actually, the way they've been going it's a wonder they've had time to fry an egg. Sometimes, in fact, because Venetia's plugging so hard to get started right now, Russ tells her, "I'll cook dinner. You just lie in the tub and soak your feet." And that's all right with Venetia because she knows he likes to cook. Only she's dreadfully certain she's going to have hamburgers.

Life is roses

But the nice part is—the more they work and do things together—the happier they are. The reason: Russ and Venetia share a goal. It's a rather general objective now—just to make a happy working team and to get ahead in their chosen professions. Later on there are a few specifics. They're saving for a trip to Europe. For a while they had a lot picked out in Pacific Palisades to buy and build a house on. That project's postponed because, as Venetia sensibly points out, "We want to find out what we like first. And the only way you can do that is by renting a while." They do want children—but "not for a year"—they've agreed on that but not on what sex. Russ wants a boy, Venetia a girl. They figure they can compromise—maybe both—later on.

Meanwhile, life is opening out for Russ and Venetia Tambllyn like a garden of roses. When they look out the window there's not a cloud in their sky.

"Problems?" puzzles Russ if you ask him. "There aren't any. With Venetia how could I have problems? I married a girl—they say—but I got me a wife. That's the answer, man. The only problem I had was finding her."

A few nights before Russ walked down the aisle in Palos Verdes, twenty-odd guys of the old gang he used to chase around with tossed him a bachelor dinner. They drank a bit of beer, traipsed off to La Zombo, a burl-ee-que in the Valley, smoked big black cigars and cheered lustily as the girls did their bumps and grinds.

"We had ourselves a time, all right," Russ admits in a faraway voice. "It was just great. But that night it was, 'Good-bye, boys, I'm through,' for me!"

When he left they razed him with the age-old nifties. "Eat a hearty breakfast before they come get you," they yelled, as if he were set to shuffle down the last mile to the hot seat. And, "Why don't you jump off Suicide Bridge and save yourself fifty years of toil and misery?" He gunned away grinning to a funereal chorus of, "P-o-o-r ol' Russ. P-o-o-r guy!"

Well, it's funny how things switch once you're married. When Russ Tambllyn sees those stags these days, what he thinks, but is usually too polite to say, is "Poor guys—they don't know what they're missing."

our boy bill

(Continued from page 53) first sign of things to come.

I suppose Bill wouldn't mind my throwing away his box of old sea shells. They are of little value. But to me they recall the summers we spent at the beach in New Jersey. Bill loved those summers. For one thing, there was no school. (Not that Bill actively disliked school—as long as it was social activities or sports—or appearing in class plays. But when it came to studying—well, it was his brother Bob who was the scholar of this family.) Those summer days consisted of Bob sitting on the beach reading every book he could get his hands on, Bill disappearing into the surf and daring the waves to defy him, and two very anxious parents standing on shore begging Bill to stop going out too far. Bill just never knew the meaning of the word "fear."

POP CAMPBELL: We couldn't afford to give our sons many luxuries during those early days of the depression, but I didn't care how much scrimping and saving we had to do to get them to the beach for at least a couple of weeks each summer. I considered those weeks of fresh air and sunshine in a different environment important.

I had my own methods of bringing up my sons that didn't come from any book. First of all, I don't think there are any "juvenile delinquents." When a fellow gets into a man's trouble, he is no longer a delinquent. He is a man, and should

In his dressing room at the studio, Richard Widmark has this sign: "Speak in a low soothing tone and do not disagree with me in any manner. Please be informed that when one has reached 'my age' noise and non-concurrence cause gastric hyper-peristalsis, hyper secretion of the hydrochloric acid and . . . I Become Most Unpleasant."

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

be treated like one. I think early training up until ten, twelve years of age is what sets a boy for life. And I wasn't going to let my sons wander in the streets and court trouble during their summer vacations. You see, we lived in a tough neighborhood with tough gangs. Some of those boys later on even landed in jail. Our boys never had much truck with them, but unlike some of the other youngsters who wouldn't join up, they never had any trouble either. Bill knew all the rough guys to talk to but he never had a fight with, or was picked on, by any of them. I guess he just knew how to handle them. Still, during vacations I wanted my sons to play with kids of their own moral fiber.

Bill loved baseball, and all those kinds of games. He always felt caged if he hadn't something to do and someone to do it with. His brother was too busy writing and painting. His old man was no good on that score. I just don't believe—despite all the fancy talk of child psychologists—that a father should participate in games with his son. Makes Pop look like a fool, in my opinion. Pop should cooperate to a limit. Playing games was beyond my limit. Telling my sons the facts of life wasn't. And I told them to 'em straight . . . no shilly-shallying around or birds and bees stuff. They would have gotten the facts out on the street if I hadn't respected their intelligence.

All in all, it wasn't too hard to keep the boys on a straight path. As I always said, a mother's love is her great weapon, and a father's is to keep his sons in a little spending money. The love came

easy. Sometimes, the money was a little hard to scrape up—but we managed.

Our boys were taught to understand that there were fundamental differences in the teachings of the various faiths, but none in the people of the faiths. Our neighborhood was the melting pot of Newark. Irishmen, Jews, Italians, Negroes and Poles all mingled together, and all were Bill's friends. Many a Saturday morning he used to borrow a yamalka (skullcap) from a Jewish buddy and go down to the local synagogue to help the rabbi with his chores. If there was a wedding going on, Bill would also volunteer for extra duties. It wouldn't be quite honest to say he did this *strictly* for the benefit of interracial relations. The wedding feast afterward also figured in his motivation. I've often speculated whether some bride or groom didn't wonder at the identity of the strange youngster who joined in the festivities, danced with all the pretty little girls, and ate more than his share of knishes and strudel.

If there was anything Bill liked more than good Jewish cooking, it was good Italian cooking. There was this woman, Mrs. Tartaglia, who lived on the block, who loved Bill like he was her own son. And Bill used to have a second sense which told him when she was cooking Spaghetti Tartaglia. He'd pass her window and yell loud enough to be heard on the third floor, "Hey—Mrs. Tartaglia!"

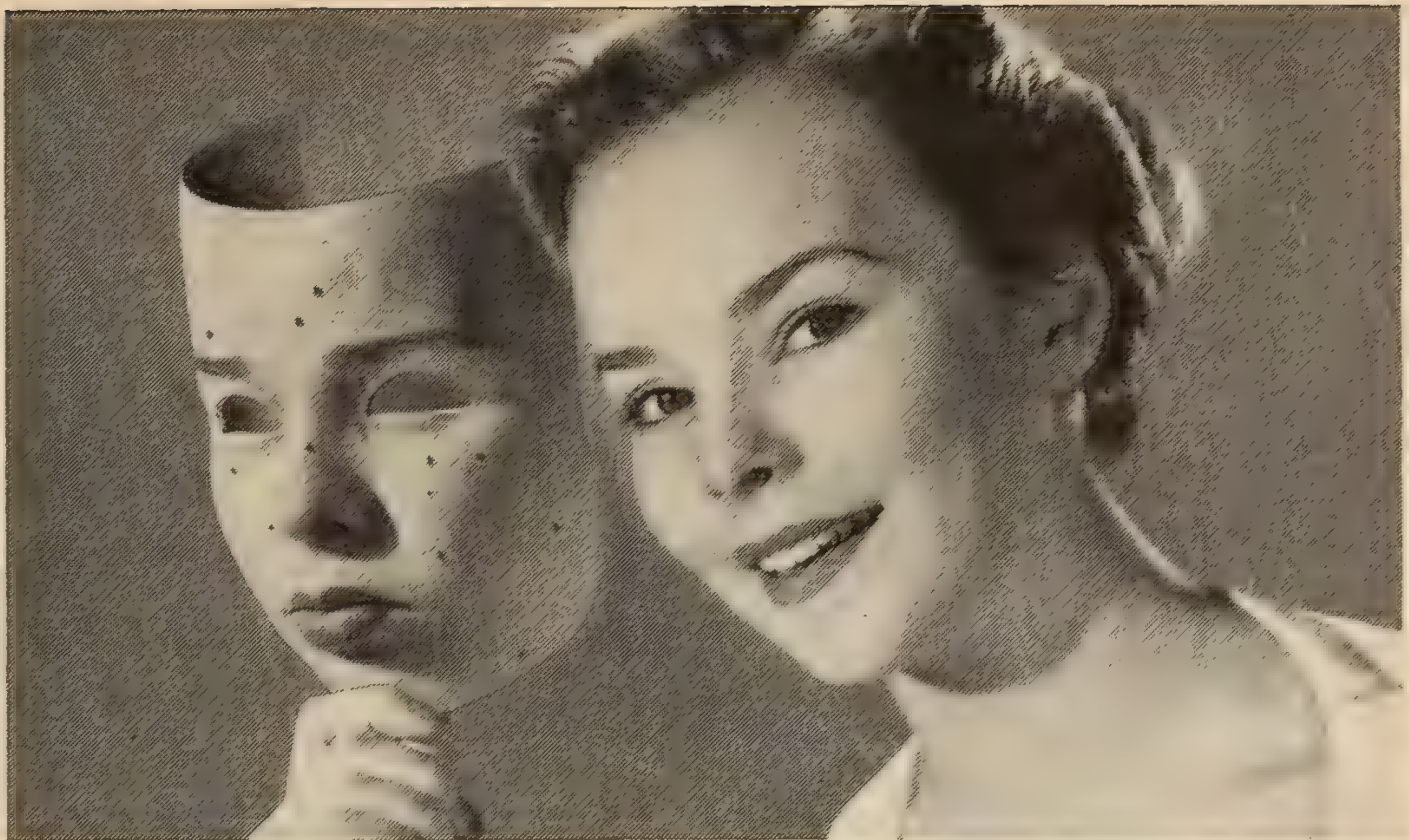
She'd run to her window and answer, "Hey, Billy."

"I'll be right up there for some of that spaghetti of yours," he'd shout, and up he'd dash, two steps at a time. She never resented these self-invitations to dinner. Between gulps, Bill would keep her in stitches with his stories or his imitations of John Barrymore.

Whenever I go back to Bergen Street to have a beer with the boys, Mrs. Tartaglia will say, "Tell that son Bill of yours to come up and visit an old lady when he comes home. I will fix him spaghetti, the way he likes it." Everyone on Bergen Street still asks about Bill, and they all tell me how glad they are that "one boy in the neighborhood stuck it through." Bill had a knack with older people. He still does. I don't know his secret. Maybe he makes us old-timers feel like kids again.

There's one story about Bill's days on Bergen Street I aim to set right. I read somewhere that he used to filch food from the pushcarts. That's not true. There were no pushcarts on Bergen Street, and for another thing Bill always had plenty to eat—despite his king-size appetite.

MOM: Whenever I think of Bill's appetite, I'm reminded of his high-school days. I always prepared a generous lunch for him but about once a month he'd say, "Mom, I'm feeling extra hungry today. Will you fix a couple of extra sandwiches, and hey, how about two more apples and a bigger piece of pie?" Well, I never thought anything of it—even though when I used to ask the following day if he wanted something extra, he'd answer that the usual amount would be just fine. It wasn't until years later—when Bill was in the Navy—that I found out the truth about his "hungry days." A buddy of his who used to come to the house to keep me company gave away the secret. He thought I knew. It seems that Bill and two of his buddies would play hooky from school and spend the day at a downtown burlesque show. Since Bill's spending money was limited and didn't cover such extra-curricular activities as burlesque shows, he worked a deal with his friends. He'd supply the lunch (by fooling his innocent mother) and the other boys would split the cost of Bill's ticket of admission. I must admit I was



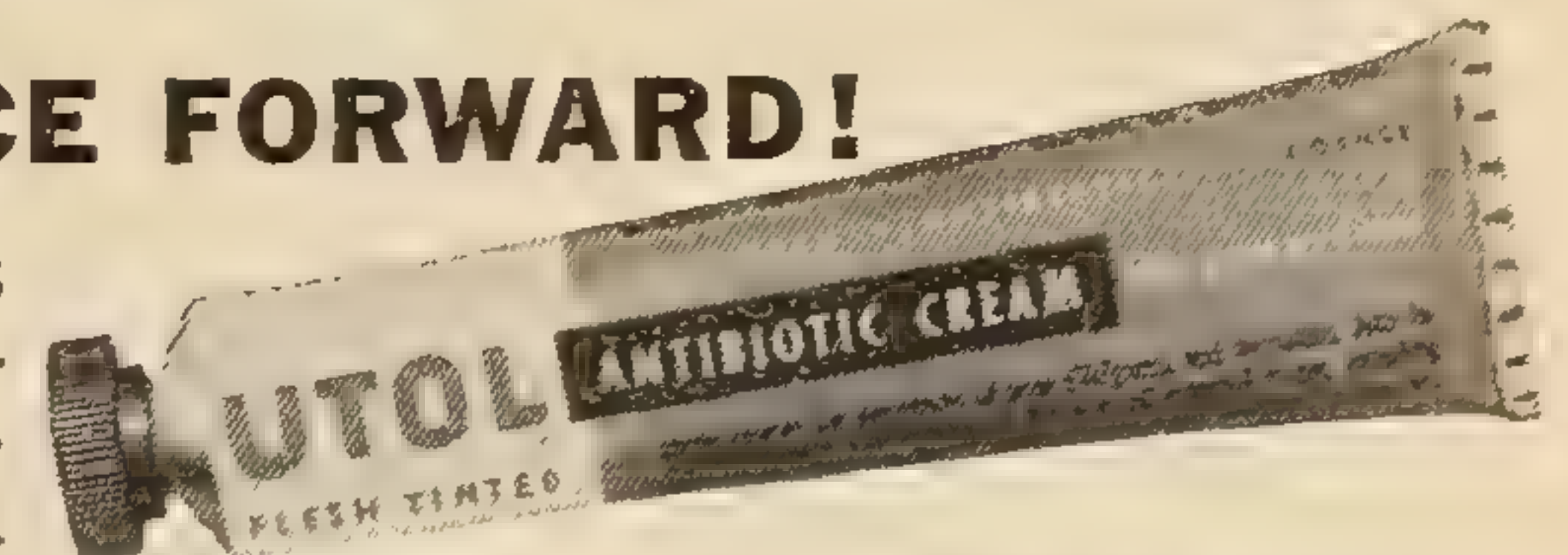
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pretty shocked to hear about it—even though several years had passed since the incident. But that story solved two mysteries. First, about Bill's strange appetite and the other about a note I had received from Mr. Belcher, the principal of Southside High, who asked me to come down to see him. Mr. Belcher was a kind man and his conversation with me consisted mostly about the fact that I should have a talk with Bill. "Bill is a popular boy, Mrs. Campbell," he said, "but he's full of mischief, and since he is so well-liked by the other students his lack of discipline might set a bad example for the rest of the school." When I tried to pin him down to exactly what Bill did, he said, "For one thing, he has a disconcerting habit of playing catch with bananas while class is in session..." I started to cry and Mr. Belcher terminated the interview with, "Well, talk to Bill, maybe you can calm him down a little." I cried all the way home and was still in tears when Bill ran into me on the street.

"What's the matter, Mom?" he asked. I told him about the conversation with Mr. Belcher, and how disappointed I was in him. "Please, Mom," he implored, "don't be upset. It's just a prank. I promise it won't happen again. I'll try to take school more seriously."

Well, Bill kept his promise. I never got another note and those requests for triple lunches became fewer and fewer and gradually ceased altogether.

POP: Well, Bill never was what you'd call a saint. A little devil would be a more accurate description. But he never really was wild. He may have done a lot of things that could be considered wild—but all boys do things considered crazy by their elders. It's all part of growing up. He probably would have gotten a good thrashing had I found out he played hooky to go to a burlesque show, but although I don't approve of such things I can understand them. And they didn't hurt his character either. Now take Bill's graduation from high school, for instance. Now, I have to admit that Bill didn't walk off with any scholastic honors the way Bob did later on—but the "honors" he did receive made me just as proud of him. When

he was called up to the stage to receive his diploma—just his diploma, mind you—the audience resounded with the longest and loudest burst of applause I ever heard. That's how well-liked he was. The most popular guy in school. A few months after graduation one of the lower classmen dropped over for a visit.

"I tell you, Mr. Campbell," he said, "there's just no fun in going to school anymore. Southside has been like a morgue since Bill graduated. Just like a morgue!"

Then there were the dances. I didn't mind scraping the barrel so Bill could enjoy himself going to the dances he loved. And, with one exception, I didn't mind Bill's going to so many. But that one exception was a lulu, and, I can honestly say, the biggest crisis in my relationship with

Royalty: Two of Alfred Hitchcock's stars were married the same week: Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier, and Vera Miles married the actor who plays a Tarzan role. "I married better than Grace did," Miss Miles said to her director. "She only married a prince. I married a king of the jungle."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

my son. He wanted to go to a dance against his mother's wishes. He had been out the night before and although he assured Flo he'd be home early, it was 3 A.M. before we heard his key in the door. Flo had awakened suddenly at midnight, and not hearing Bill downstairs raiding the ice-box (his usual procedure after a date), she checked his room. He wasn't there and she couldn't get back to sleep. All mothers are that way. She paced the floor for three hours, imagining all kinds of fatal accidents, before Bill finally sauntered in. Now, if he had said he'd be in at 3 there would have been no fuss. Bill was old enough to shift for himself. It was the "early" promise that upset her. Flo rarely punished the boys but the next day she told Bill that he was to stay in that evening. Bill had a special date to go dancing at the Ivanhoe and

I think he'd have preferred to have given up a year of his life than to miss that dance. He told his mother he was going and then came to me about it.

"Bill," I said, "if your mother says no, it's no, and that's all there is to that."

Well, Bill got rather insistent and naturally his mother softened up and said, "Oh, let him go. It isn't worth all this fuss."

By this time, I was riled up.

"I'm glad your mother said that, Bill," I told him, "because if she hadn't, I'd have knocked you down before I'd have let you leave this house."

"I wouldn't have cared whether you would have knocked me down or not," Bill replied defiantly, "I still would have gone." Then he stormed out of the house. I was all set to go after him, but Flo calmed me down. Well, Flo and I were pretty upset by the entire episode. Neither of us could sleep that night. At 10 P.M. we heard the door open. Bill was back. Later, we heard that he was as unhappy about the flare-up as we were. He had no patience to remain at the dance and he didn't even raid the ice-box that night.

There was a cool silence at breakfast the next morning. Then all of a sudden Bill apologized, and his mother wept and all was forgiven between those two. I held out until evening. Then I said, "All right, son, let's forget about it." The incident was never spoken of again.

MOM: Bill got a job with RCA soon after he graduated from high school and he splurged his first week's salary on a brooch for me. I still have it and it is one of my favorite possessions. I'll never forget the night he brought it home. "Here's a little something for you, Mom," he said. "It's not much, but you stick with me and you'll be wearing mink!" If I recall correctly though, Dad hit the ceiling when he saw what Bill had done. Being a thrifty man, I think he was appalled by the extravagance.

POP: Yes, I hit the ceiling when I saw the brooch, but the way Flo tells it you would think I was some kind of Simon Legree or something. I was angry because Bill didn't tell me what he was planning to do. If he had I could have gotten the brooch for him at a 30% dis-

THE CASE OF THE NERVOUS MODEL

■ When Audrey Hepburn agreed to model an afternoon dress Hubert de Givenchy had designed for her in Paris, the Givenchy studio was delighted. "We'll have a huge showing," they told Audrey. "We'll have hundreds of guests, the press... it will be An Occasion!" Audrey turned positively pale. "Oh, no," she said. "Please—no people, no press, no Occasion. Just a photographer—that's enough." "A photographer—" they said, "why, that's torture. Hours under the hot lights, always on your feet—misery. Now, in the showroom, before a select audience—" "No," said Miss Hepburn. "Why?" "Well," she offered, "I'm not a real model—I might do something wrong." "You won't." "Just think if I tripped!" "Never!" "Oh, but I might," she said. "Please—just a photographer!" So they sent her to a cameraman and at Audrey's request they sent not the usual battery of seamstresses to make last minute adjustments, but just one. As general assistant and nerve-calmer, they also sent one of their regular models. And for hours Audrey stood patiently while they pinned and draped, tried pose after pose before the cameras, obligingly changed her hair-do. The seamstress wilted, the model groaned, even the photographer sweated under the burning lights. When it was all over and some of the most charming high fashion shots in Paris had been taken, Audrey sighed happily. "There," she said, "wasn't that nicer than doing it in the showroom?" She stood up, cool as a cucumber, the tiny girl whose pictures and plays had been seen by literally millions of people. "I got goose pimples thinking about doing it any other way," she said. "All those people staring at once—they make me so nervous!"



count! But I was thrilled that Bill remembered his mother in this way. Many times I said to him, "Son, this is the way it is. No matter how old you are I'll be responsible for you if you need me, and in turn, you must be responsible for your mother if she needs you. Your father you don't have to worry about. You take care of your mother, and the old man will take care of himself."

MOM: Bill remembered me, in many ways. Take our phonograph machine, for instance. That was another gift.

When Bill brought it into the house he said, "Here, Mom. I wanted you to have this so you can enjoy the music you want to listen to." And then he went out and proceeded to buy three dozen Glenn Miller records. Since Bill's friends were always welcome in our house, every night became "Juke Box Saturday Night" in the Campbell household. One night, I came home from work a little irritable (I had a position at Bamberger's Department Store up until last year) and as usual Mr. Miller and his gang were blasting away about some Chattanooga somethingorother. "Goodness, Bill," I said, "can't you turn off that infernal racket? It's driving me crazy." Bill was crushed. "The trouble with you, Mom," he said, "is that you just don't appreciate good music." Maybe I didn't appreciate Mr. Miller at the time, but many a night in years that followed, I tuned him in by choice while pretending that Bill was in the living room listening. He wasn't then. He was in the South Pacific.

Bill was under age when he told me he wanted to join the Navy. He begged me to come in and sign for him, and requested that I say nothing to Dad. "You know how Dad will feel, Mom," he said. "He'll say I'm too young and tell me to wait until I'm of age. But perhaps at that time I'll have no choice, and, Mom, I'll just die if I don't get into the Navy." All I could think of as Bill talked on and on trying to persuade me to sign for him, was the time he was three and got his first sailor suit and said, "I'm going to be a real sailor some day." I didn't want to sign without consulting Mr. Campbell, but I knew if this was what Billy wanted so terribly much, I had little choice but to back him up.

My, the day he was informed he was accepted!!! He rushed down to Bamberger's, paid no attention to the fact that I was waiting on a customer, rushed around the counter, grabbed me in his arms and shouted, "Mom, I'm in! I'm in, do you hear?" I was sure that the entire store had heard, but I was wondering what would happen when Dad heard. And I was flabbergasted at what he did. Dad merely shook hands with his son, said, "Congratulations," and then laughed. "Knew what was going on all the time," he said. "You two don't think you can put anything over on the old man, do you?"

Every time Bill came home on leave, he'd write ahead. "Get all the relatives together—we've got to have a party." During one party, he was so happy and calm until he had to say goodbye. Then he kinda broke down. The first time I ever remember seeing Bill break down. I knew if he'd stayed a moment longer, I'd have broken down, too. So, I merely held up my head and said, "You better hurry, Dad's in the car waiting." I couldn't understand why he was upset. Always, when he had to return to the base after a leave, he managed to be quite cheerful about it.

POP: Bill didn't tell me until we were on the highway en route to the Hudson Tubes what was bothering him. "Dad," he said, "I didn't want to spoil this last week for either you or Mom. But I think

I better tell you now. I won't be coming home for a while. This was my last leave. Our outfit's pulling out for Japan within a few days. I knew it would only upset Mom if I told her before." My son may have given some pretty fine performances on the screen, but I tell you nothing ever came up to the one he gave that week.

MOM: I have an entire trunkful of things that Bill sent home while he was in the Navy: Dolls from Japan, a little music box that played "Anchors Aweigh" and dozens and dozens of letters—which I re-read often. If Billy was ever unhappy or afraid or ill during all the time he was away, he never let us know. Each letter was gay and witty and full of funny incidents. He even made KP sound like a high school dance! Tucked away in the corner of some of his letters was a little crazily-drawn sailor boy. And thereby hangs another tale. I wanted to make sure that Bill always had enough money while he was in the Navy, but I didn't want his Dad to think I was spoiling him. So we had our own little conspiracy. If, at any time, he needed extra cash, he was to let me know via code, and our code was our own little sailor man! The only souvenir I don't have of Bill's Navy days is his uniform. His wife, Judy, confiscated that when they were home a couple of Christmases ago, and I've been told she's made good use of it—impersonating a member of the United States Armed Forces at costume parties.

The most priceless of my souvenirs is Bill's career scrapbook. I won't let that out of my sight for a minute. If it ever got lost,

I met the pretty blonde Russian actress, Iznas Skolzeva, and asked her companion how old she is. He replied: "The age of a Soviet actress is a secret—like the atom bomb."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

I think I'd die. When we leave for California, it goes right along on the plane with me. The question most of my friends or neighbors ask me is, "When did you first notice that Bill wanted to be an actor?" Well, that's hard to answer. He always loved the movies and theatre and acting. My goodness, when he was three and I used to take him downtown shopping, he wouldn't be happy unless I took him into the Avon Theatre to see Tom Mix. How Bill loved Tom Mix. (Last fall, he got the kick of his life when he learned that Mrs. Mix was a resident at the Hollywood Lanii where we were stopping.) Dad put a stop to that, however. Not that he objected to Tom Mix, but he didn't think a three-year-old should be exposed to the kind of germs that float around in movie theatres. By the time he was six (germs not withstanding) Bill wouldn't miss a Saturday afternoon at the movies, and in grammar school he was even the hero of his graduation play.

Performing in school wasn't enough for Bill. One summer, he joined the All State Chorus and went off to Atlantic City as a singer. But Bill didn't limit himself to public appearances.

I remember the times Bobby used to come downstairs and lead me back up to the doorway of the boys' bedroom. "Look," he'd giggle, "Bill's talking to himself again." And sure enough, there was Bill, in front of the mirror, posing and gesticulating to beat the band and muttering such strange phrases as "The play's the thing wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King." Bob thought it was the funniest thing he ever saw in his life.

Then, there were the days when Bill would greet me at the door in a very John Barrymoreish manner, shouting, "A

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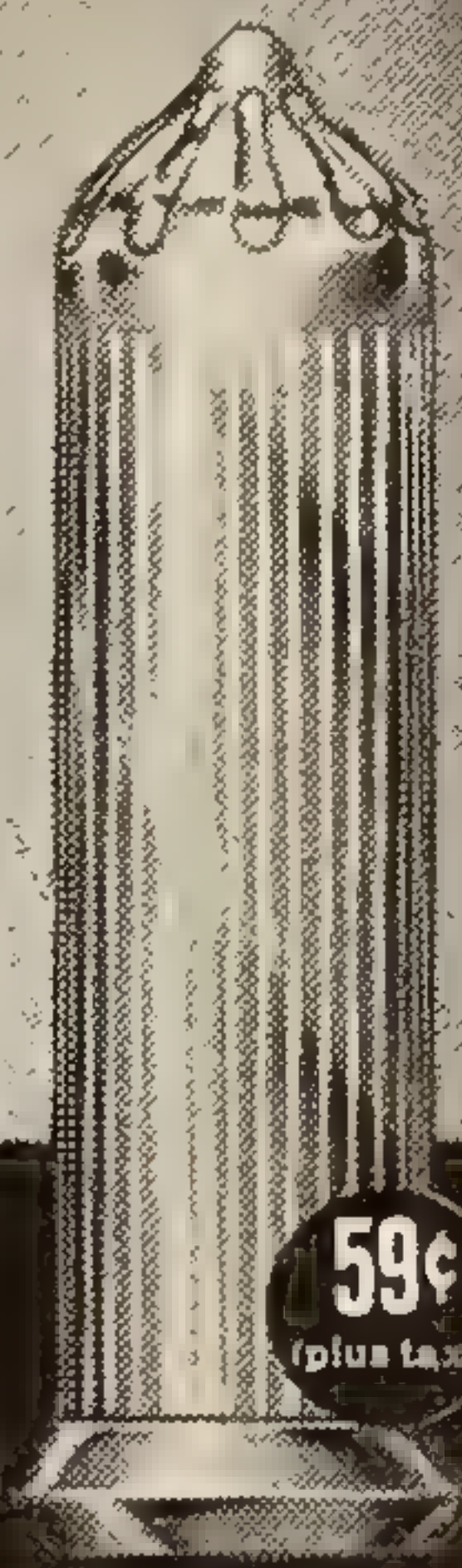
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Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse (though I'll settle for a bike, Mom)". "Oh, Bill," I'd say, "cut out all that acting. I'm tired." My manner didn't discourage him at all. "You'll be sorry you said that when I'm a big star in Hollywood." And I'd answer, "Sure, I'll be a little old lady by then." Then I'd do some acting of my own—imitating an old woman hobbling around. This wasn't meant to dampen Bill's spirit, but frankly it was hard to take him seriously at the time.

POP: We did take him seriously, however, when several months after his return to civilian life, he announced that he wanted to take advantage of the G.I. Bill of Rights by studying at a good dramatic school. "The 'Bill' will get me through school, Pop, but I'm worried about the other expenses and my not being able to contribute anything to the household while I'm learning," he said. I answered, and I remember my exact words: "Remember, son, what I said about my taking care of you as long as you needed me. That still goes. A little more scraping won't hurt the bottom of the barrel at all. True, I'd be happier if you told me you wanted to study law or something secure like that, but if your heart's set on acting, well, you go ahead and see what you can do. But after you've been at it for awhile, I'd like to see you act. If you're good, I'll back you all the way. If not you'll quit—okay?" Bill agreed.

He enrolled at the Fagen Dramatic School and the first test came about six months later when he got the role of the drunk who commits suicide in a student production of *Dinner At Eight*. You never saw such a suicide scene in your life. Bill milked every moment of drama there was out of it. I thought he was taking so long to die that at one point I turned to my wife and said that if I had a gun, I'd shoot him. But I knew then that my son was good, darn good.

The following summer, Bill was accepted in a stock company.

MOM: After summer stock, Bill returned to Fagen's to complete his course. Then came graduation. Well, being his mother I thought I was prejudiced by thinking he gave a great performance in the graduation play, *The Royal Family*. But the comments I heard during intermission assured me that I wasn't. One woman, talking to Mrs. Fagen, said, "Who is this Campbell boy? He's the finest young actor I've seen in your school in ten years." I could have burst with pride. My lady friend, Mildred, told me to turn around and tell them I was his mother. I wanted to, but I just didn't have the nerve.

Bill did some pavement pounding—but not too much. The following summer, he was hired as juvenile lead in Newport, Rhode Island Casino Theatre. He was actually *starred* in plays and he got paid a good salary for it, too. Then he went on tour with *The Man Who Came To Dinner*; landed in Los Angeles and was signed by Warners and then later on by M-G-M. And with each new role my "career scrapbook" grew and grew.

But suddenly, in 1952, the "Scandal Book" stopped growing. The "Scandal Book!" I wonder what I'm going to do about that. I'll probably have to throw it away, since I don't dare bring it to California with me. Judy might disown me or divorce Bill—or worse, if she ever saw it. Of course, there is really nothing scandalous about it. I call it our "Scandal Book" because it's exclusively devoted to pictures of Bill's ex-girl friends. And in each stage of his life—he had his girl friends. All beauties, too, and such nice girls. I met most of them, and those who were too far away for me to meet—Bill sent a picture. In 1951, he sent a

picture of the prettiest one of all. A picture that never took the trip from my dresser into the book. In the spring of 1952, he phoned me and broke the news. He was engaged to be married to Judy Inmoor and the wedding was planned for my birthday—October 25. Naturally, Dad and Bob and I had to come out for the wedding.

No mother ever forgets a single detail of the wedding of her first-born and I am no exception, even though I went around in a perpetual daze.

Bill was just as dazed as I was, but that didn't stop him from taking me around to the best shops for my wedding outfit. "I want you to be the best-dressed girl there, Mom," he teased. "After all, you're going to be competing with movie queens." Aside from the dress, he bought me a sixty dollar hat! I tried to talk him out of that. There's just no sense in a sixty dollar hat! But he was deaf to my protests. And he bought me a mink collar and cuffs. "I told you, Mom," he said, "stick with me and you'll be wearing mink. These are a 'down payment.'"

As to the actual wedding itself, I went through the gamut of a mother's emotions. I had this terrible choked feeling as he went down to the altar. I was happy, sad, smiling, tearful and about to faint at any moment. I didn't come down to earth until two or three weeks after we returned home.

POP: What do I recall most of all about Bill's wedding? Parking lots and the La Brea Tar Pits. An awful lot has been written about the father of the bride. But what about the groom's old man? This particular one spent a week in California waiting in parking lots while

Delinquency, says Frank Lovejoy, is the age when youngsters want to do what their folks are doing.

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

the girls were inside stores trying on things. One day, while parked behind Ohrbachs, I decided to take a walk and see some of that famous California greenery. There was a park by Ohrbachs, but it struck me as a kind of peculiar park. There were long, round stretches with no grass. Complained to Bill about it, too. "What kind of place is this California?" I said. "Don't you think they should plant some flowers or something there? That barrenness makes the park look awful."

"Pop," he said, "those were the famous La Brea Tar Pits." It became his favorite story about his "tourist" folks. He even spread it about Newark when he returned home the following Christmas. I wasn't surprised at Bill's picking out such a beautiful bride. We Campbell men have extraordinary taste when it comes to women. Like father—like son.

MOM: Bill has been after us to come to California for good for two years now. Last fall, we decided to try it out for two months, and we loved it. So, as soon as Dad reaches retirement age at the water works later this year, we'll become native Californians. No reason to remain in New Jersey. Both of our children are out there and soon we hope there will be grandchildren. And both boys are successes—Bill as an actor, Bob as a writer. They've even formed the William Campbell Productions, of which their Dad will be president. Memories and mementos take second place when you are *with* the things you want to remember. But there's one souvenir I know I won't be leaving behind. My Christmas present from both my sons, and a fulfillment of a young boy's promise: "Stick with me, Mom, and you'll be wearing mink." **END**

I was a teen-age bride

(Continued from page 58) night," my sister Beverly said, "I danced round the tree with Santa. In a couple of years you can dance with him too."

I went riding on my Christmas bike. "Santa brought it," I told a playmate.

"You don't believe in him?!"

"Of course I do. My sister danced round the tree with him last night."

But the seed of doubt had been planted and, once I discovered the truth, I cried my eyes out. Not so much because there wasn't a Santa Claus. Rather because the family I'd trusted so completely had lied to me. As many families lie about Santa Claus. Only I was too thin-skinned to take it and too young to appreciate the kindly motive. Which is why I never passed the myth on to my son. I told him about Saint Nicholas, I told him about the spirit of Santa, the spirit of giving.

I think you can't go far wrong in telling children the truth. I think concealment builds barriers. With the best will in the world, my parents concealed their problems from us. Or anyway, from me. If Mother talked to Beverly, I didn't hear about it. Sometimes I feel that if they'd been franker with me, I'd have weathered the divorce more easily.

I thought we were happy

Through my earliest childhood, we were a happy family. Or so I thought. Mother and Dad loved us, they loved each other. We lived in a pleasant home in Beverly Hills. Mother was—and still is—a very beautiful woman—tall, blonde, milky-skinned, with the carriage of a queen. Dad was as dark as she was fair and when they'd come to school together for some event, I'd just about pop with pride in them. The only cloud in my sky was Dad's being away so much. His insurance business required a lot of traveling.

He was my idol, and for this there were many reasons. I was intensely shy, a bundle of inhibitions, forever afraid to express my feelings, yet hungering for love. To any show of affection I responded like a plant to sunlight, but I was incapable of taking the first step. I must have been fearful of rejection.

Dad had the gift of laughter and of outgoing warmth. He'd pull me into his lap, he'd nibble my lashes or chew my ear—which drove me nuts, but I reveled in it. Like me, Mother was more reserved, less demonstrative. Besides, somebody had to be the disciplinarian and with Dad gone half the time, that job fell to her. Raising two girls presents plenty of headaches, and the one who's responsible sometimes finds herself the goat. It was always Mother, not Dad, who reprimanded me—for my own good—and subconsciously I began storing up resentments. Often I must have hurt my mother. With Dad I could let my hair down, and she knew it. With her, something blocked the way. After an argument, I'd gather a little bouquet and lay it on the front steps with a note: "I'm sorry I was a bad girl." But I couldn't go and tell her that face to face. Which, looking back, seems to me rather sad.

Maybe to make up for not being with me, Dad was all tenderness and indulgence. From the road he'd write me letters every few days, with funny little pictures—this is you, this is me—and enclosing a dollar bill. At home he'd say, "Come on, honey, let's go to the store." If I went with Mother, she'd buy only what we needed. Dad gave me free rein—cookies, ice cream, popcorn—the works. "You're too skinny, we've got to fatten you up." Naturally this enchanted me—not only the goodies, but the sense of being cherished.

Perhaps even spoiled.

To this day the Nancy Drew detective stories create a special atmosphere for me. I was crazy about them, and my father always brought one home when he came. I remember sitting in the den by a little old heater, reading the book while it rained outside. Without being able to put it into words, I craved family unity. Nancy meant that Dad was here again. The book on my lap, the sound of the rain, the knowledge that we were a family once more made me feel so happy, so snug, so sheltered from harm—like a magic cloak around me. Because of that, I love rain and always will.

The divorce

My parents were divorced when I was twelve. Deep personality clashes made it impossible for them to be happy together. The breach came gradually. They tried and tried to repair it, but it widened. For a long time I was only dimly aware of what went on. Nobody laid it on the line. Nobody said, "Honey, this is what happened." I knew that Dad came home less and less often. I used to hear Mother crying at night. So many times I wanted to go to her, tell her I loved her, ask her what was wrong. I couldn't. Maybe I was afraid of finding out. Or afraid of invading the privacy of grown-up emotions. As for Mother, she probably thought that I was too young to be burdened with them. But the burden lay heavy on me just the same. As I realized little by little that Dad wouldn't be living with us any more, my whole world crumbled, my safe harbor blew up at an age when I needed it most.

Some children find compensation in school for what they miss at home. Not me. I wore glasses then and braces on my teeth. So did lots of other kids, but they laughed it off. Youngsters are perceptive. They torment the tormentable, and they could always count on me to cringe when they teased. I wanted friendship badly, but didn't know how to go about showing it, so I could get it in return. As a result, I crawled deeper into my shell.

There was just enough age difference between my sister and me to prevent too much closeness. The divorce hadn't shaken Beverly as it did me. For one thing, she was older—for another, more stable—a girl who knew what she wanted and where she was going. At eighteen she fell in love, married, moved to San Francisco with her husband and lived happily ever after. Dad was living in San Francisco too. He didn't get down very often. Mother took an apartment for herself and me. She bought me lovely clothes. She saw to it that I took singing and dancing lessons. Having been on the stage herself, she hoped I might develop enough talent to pick up where she'd left off when she married Dad. Then, in an effort to escape her own heartache, she went on a world tour and left me with my Aunt Rose, who was also my singing teacher. Before leaving, she entered me in Jesse Lasky's Gateway To Hollywood contest.

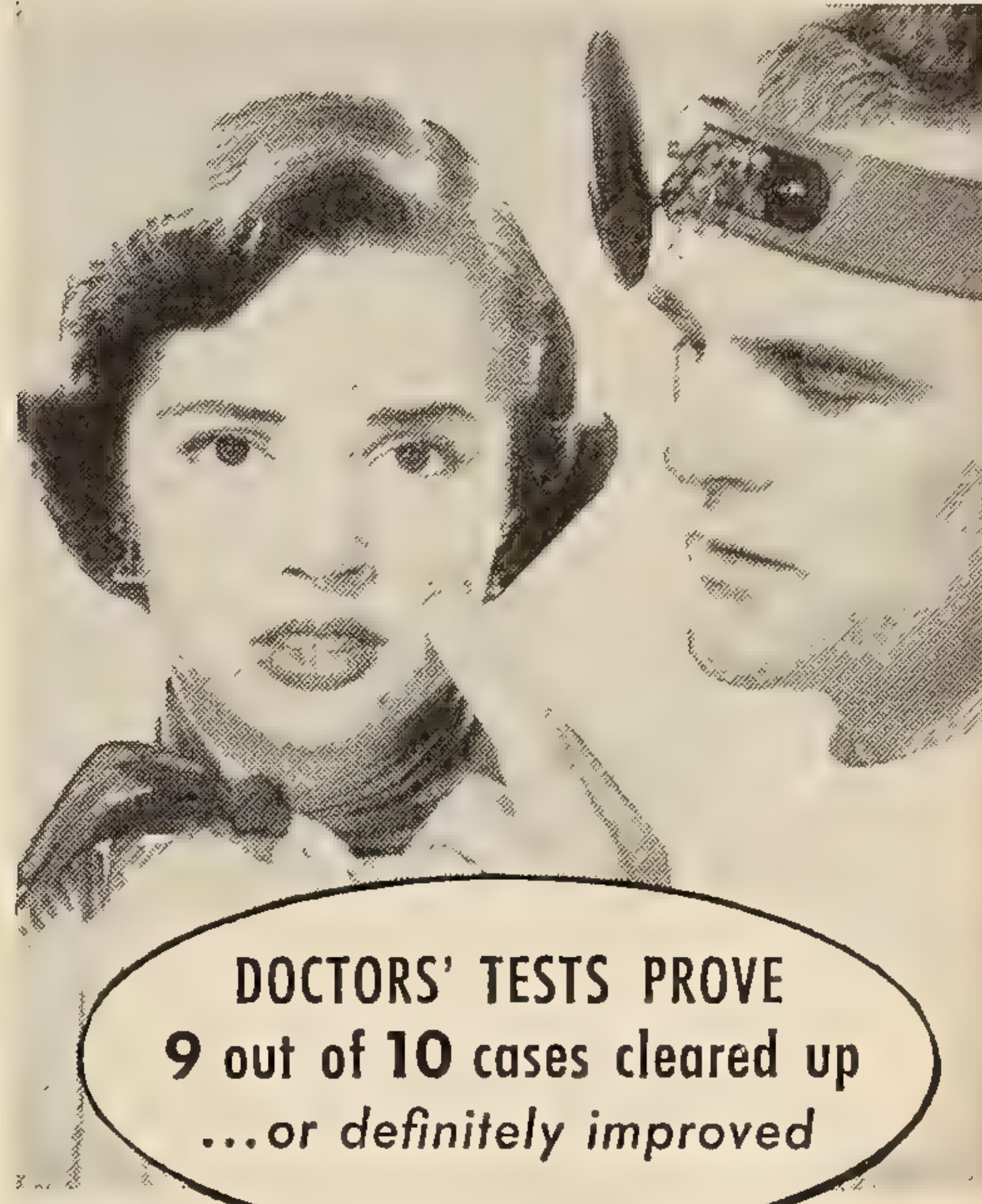
Into the sunlight—almost

To my amazement, they interviewed me. By now the glasses and braces were gone. But you were supposed to be eighteen. I was fourteen, and said so. "If you'll keep mum about it," they told me, "and if you'll stop eating so many ice cream sodas, we'll let you try out." With all the stress I've laid on my lack of assurance, you may wonder how I mustered up the nerve. It didn't take nerve. Up there on the stage I lost myself. People didn't exist. I was alone, playing a part and confident, and so I sailed on to the semi-finals, for which Dad came down. I can still hear Jesse Lasky making the announcement. "There's

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one very proud father in the audience tonight. He's Harold Louis. His daughter Marilyn just won the semi-finals."

Pride goes before a fall. In Des Moines I lost the finals to a blonde who sang "The Man I Love." Jean Hersholt found me in the wings, crying like mad. He put his arm around me, gave me his handkerchief, eased my woe. "You did well, child. You made a fine showing, which is all that matters. It's just that you're not ready yet. Some day you will be. Some day you'll be glad you lost tonight." I wanted desperately to hang on to him. Since that couldn't be, I hung on to his handkerchief. For his gentleness, his kindness and understanding, he'll always hold a special niche in my heart.

So back to Beverly High I went, little Miss Nobody again. But more popular now, because I sang and danced in the school shows. Still, I didn't have what's important to every child—a family. Families discuss things, they help you to form ideas, to make decisions, they give you roots and emotional shelter. With only Aunt Rose to account to, I felt like a little girl on my own.

Sex and heartbreak

Anything might have happened to me. Nothing did. By bringing me up in the Mormon faith, Mother had built better than I knew. The training stuck. Basically, I was a religious girl—certainly an idealistic one and, on the subject of sex, a babe in the woods. Nobody'd ever talked to me about sex, unless you can count the time Beverly said: "Never let anyone lay a hand on you." I didn't know what she meant. If this seems stupid, then I was stupid, naive and ignorant. The first time I caught a glimpse of two kids necking in the back seat, my face dropped into my hands. "Oh no!" I shuddered, and asked to be taken home. I went on dating, but never twice with a boy who tried to get fresh.

Then came first love, none the less glorious for being puppy-love, since at fourteen you can't tell the difference. As a big football star, his attentions dazzled me. And as always with those I loved, I stuck him on a pedestal. He was all the fairy-tale princes rolled into one, but mostly Sir Galahad, and I worshiped him unabashed. When he called, I'd leap over furniture to grab the phone. When he said, "I'll be there in an hour," I'd tweet, "Can't you make it twenty minutes?" I suppose my adoration amused him and my youth made him protective. He treated me with kid gloves until, on our way to a New Year's Eve party, my Galahad turned wolf and found himself with a bearcat on his hands, which didn't amuse him at all. As for me, I was devastated. Within seconds, the knight toppled off his white charger, breaking my heart in half.

At the party he sat me on a stool and took off. For a while I stayed put, trying to gather up some remnants of self-control but making a poor job of it. My only desire was to get home straight and fast, and the only way I could think of was to hunt up my escort. I found him parked with another girl. Turning blindly away, I all but collided with a boy I knew. Because he liked me, because he was sweet and thoughtful, he'd noticed my plight and followed me out to the parking lot. "Come on," he said. "I'm taking you home." Sympathy was all I needed. Safe in his car, the floodgates burst. He waited for the storm to subside, then pulled into a drive-in. "You'll feel better after a cup of hot coffee."

I meet Tom

That's where fate entered, in the shape of a maroon convertible that slid in beside us. Mark recognized it and an idea hit

him. "Just sip your coffee, Marilyn. I want to say hello to a friend of mine." He was back in a minute. "That's Tom Lane. He has a little orchestra and he's looking for a girl singer. I'd like you to meet him—"

My eyes were puffy. The tear-tracks glistened on my face. "I can't. I look awful."

"You look fine," he said, and beckoned Tom over.

I shrank into my corner. I don't know how much of me Tom could see, but I liked his smile and the way he came straight to the point. "Do you sing?" I nodded. "Well, I'm having some girls audition at my house tomorrow. Can you come?"

"Yes," I gulped. "I can come."

I felt grateful to both boys. Next day I auditioned for Tom, got the job and began singing with his fourteen-piece combo at various beach and country clubs.

Shortly before all this happened, Mother came home. We lived together again. She tried to draw close to me, but by now I'd grown an armor that shut her out. When she made overtures, I'd say, "Everything's fine, Mother," and clam up. Sometimes an emergency with the band brought me home later than usual, and I'd find her frantic. "Marilyn, where have you been?"

"Oh, the manager wouldn't pay what he promised, so the boys had to put up a fight for it—"

"You might have phoned me!"

Of course I might have. But I knew I

Esther Williams and her husband Ben Gage went to the Copa to see their friends Tony Martin and Phil Foster. They came late and were seated in back of the room. Miss Williams asked a captain to change their table. "But why?" the captain said. "You can see Tony and Phil from this table" . . . "I know," said Miss Williams, "but they can't see us."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

was safe. It never entered my uncaring head that she didn't.

Nor did I confide much in my dad. Our visits together were so short. I used to spend holidays with him in San Francisco. He loved to sing, except that what came out didn't sound too good. So he'd whistle instead, and we'd drive back and forth duetting tunes like "Daisy, Daisy" and "Good Old Summertime." Dad still meant fun and laughter to me. I hated to spoil our gaiety with problems.

While she was all for my career, Mother took a dim view of my current activities. She felt they wouldn't get me far, she knew they kept me out too late and she worried over my constant companionship with Tom and his family.

I fall in love with a family

Tom was a nice, clean-cut, mannerly boy. But I think I fell as much in love with his family as I did with him. Their house was a house of warmth. They made no bones about showing their love for each other. As Tom's girl friend, they welcomed me in with the same open affection. I ate it up. It was my first taste of what I'd always longed for—the refuge of family solidarity. I'd walk miles just to spend the afternoon and have dinner with them, almost like a homing bird. They offered sanctuary, and with that poor Mother simply couldn't compete. Not till many years later did I realize the suffering it caused her.

She appealed to Dad. "You must talk to Marilyn, Harold. She's only fifteen and she's taking this boy too seriously. At eighteen he's no more than a child himself."

Dad gave me credit for more sense than

I had. "It's a normal crush. She's intelligent, she'll get over it."

To further that end, Mother sent me to stay with my sister and brother-in-law, hoping I'd meet new people and forget Tom. Which gave me a chance to dramatize the whole affair. I dashed off a hot wire. "Help. Help. I'm being held prisoner." This brought Tom all the way up to San Francisco. Looking real grim, he presented himself at the door.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" Beverly asked.

"Marilyn says she's a prisoner!"

My sister ushered him into the living room where I sat. "Look. No manacles. No bars. Free as the breeze to take off whenever she likes."

This bit of nonsense left me with egg on my face but changed nothing radical. At home the situation remained status quo. Mother couldn't reach me. Dad was beyond my reach most of the time. Because I felt torn between them, I couldn't talk to either about the other except with my guard up. From the outside I must have seemed wilful and sullen. Actually, despite my youthful heroics, I *did* feel like a prisoner, frustrated and hemmed in. For me there was no way to go except out. At sixteen I took it.

We elope

Tom and I were sitting in the car one day. "I don't know anything about marriage," I said, "but let's run away."

"Fine. Only I'd better tell my folks."

"Yes, we'll tell *your* folks, but not my mother. Because she won't let me."

Our youth notwithstanding, the Lanes were on our side. They arranged for Tom's older sister and her fiancé to go to Reno with us. Knowing Mother was out, I went home to pack my bag. She returned before I'd finished. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to marry Tom."

It seemed an eternity before she answered. It couldn't have been more than a few seconds. I don't know how she looked, for I kept my eyes on my packing. But her voice shook. "Honey, don't do this, don't! You're only a baby. Where have I failed you? What have I done wrong?"

"Nothing, Mother. I just want to get married." I felt no response to her cry. I felt cold and impassive. I picked up my bag and left my mother to what anguish I didn't even bother to imagine. I can imagine it now.

The four of us drove to Reno, where I fibbed about my age and married Tom.

We lived with the Lanes. Tom began his now successful career as an interior decorator. I modeled at May Company's. Three months later I went from size twelve to fourteen—from fourteen to sixteen—from sixteen to fur coats. "Keep putting on weight," they warned me, "and you'll have to quit." I didn't quit till pneumonia laid me low and I almost lost the baby I was carrying by then. For the first time Mother and Dad came together to see me. They didn't say much, but I could read the heart-sickness in their eyes.

After Kent was born and I'd recovered my strength, I worked as a salesgirl at Coulter's. Then came a call from Henry Willson, the agent, who'd seen my picture on an old cover of our high school magazine. He offered to put me under contract—an idea Tom didn't go for at all. My job was just a stopgap because we needed the money. Once Tom was established, I'd give it up and stay home. A potential movie career, he realized, would be harder to drop. I realized that too, which didn't prevent me from wanting it. This led to arguments. In the end I signed with Henry, became Rhonda Fleming and, before too long, a seven-year contract player on David Selznick's payroll.

A love that didn't grow

But it wasn't the career that broke Tom and me up. Mother had been right. We were a couple of immature kids, with no foundation for marriage. We'd pulled down on ourselves a load of responsibility that secretly appalled us, yet it had to be carried. At an age when we should have been carefree, we'd stuck our noses into the grindstone of life. We weren't sufficiently disciplined to control our tempers, so minor flareups developed into major battles. Ours wasn't a love that grew. Bickering destroyed it. It's clear to me now that I didn't even know the meaning of love. Through Tom I'd been seeking something his family gave me. Not consciously, of course. But confusion and inexperience don't alter the fact that, in marrying Tom, I'd done him an injustice.

Marriage, however, was no light thing to either of us. For six years we tried to hold it together. During the last two years, Tom was in the service. I lived with his folks and worked at the studio. In those days, wifehood and motherhood were supposed to de-glamorize you. "Keep it dark," they told me, "or you're finished in the business." I hated keeping it dark. I was proud of my baby and wanted to talk about him. Boys asked for dates and I'd have to ward them off without explaining why. I let things drift, too timid to assert myself, following orders like a mindless robot, scared of everyone as I'd been at school.

This, plus the knowledge of my sorry marriage, drove me into myself again. Migraine headaches developed. I forgot how to smile. Say boo to me, and the waterworks started. I lost all contact with friends. I hardly ever saw Mother. Naturally, the frictions between Tom and me saddened his family. I no longer felt comfortable with them. To avoid them, I'd sneak by the side door into my room, leaden with misery. Often the walls seemed to close in and a wild impulse would seize me to batter them down. I didn't know that what closed me in was myself.

Lord, help me!

One evening, a week before Tom was due home, I climbed into my car, drove up on a hillside and parked. Drained of emotion, I felt empty, barren and dead. "If this is life," I thought dully, "I don't want it any more." The cliff looked temptingly close. How easy to roll over it and be forever at peace, all my troubles done with. Trembling, I struggled against the terrible compulsion. This time I wasn't dramatizing. This time I meant it, and the shock of realizing I meant it cleared my head a little.

I *didn't* want to live, but I had to live for my son. I began talking to myself, yet the talk was a prayer. Through sheer desperation, through sheer need, I turned to God. "I don't know what's wrong with me, but something's wrong, because I don't love anyone except my child." For the first time I cried in agony, "Lord, help me!" And He did. I have no idea how long I sat there. All I know is this. As I prayed, the tears started streaming down my cheeks, the iciness melted and a great warmth flooded in, a great compassion for people and the suffering of people. Up there on the hill I went through a spiritual experience. I achieved an insight to which I'd been blinded by my absorption in self. Doors opened in my mind, showing me that I wasn't unique or alone. Life hurts us all in one way or another. We must hurt each other as little as possible.

Next day I went to my mother, crashed through the wall of misunderstanding between us and poured my heart out. What I'd never been able to say be-



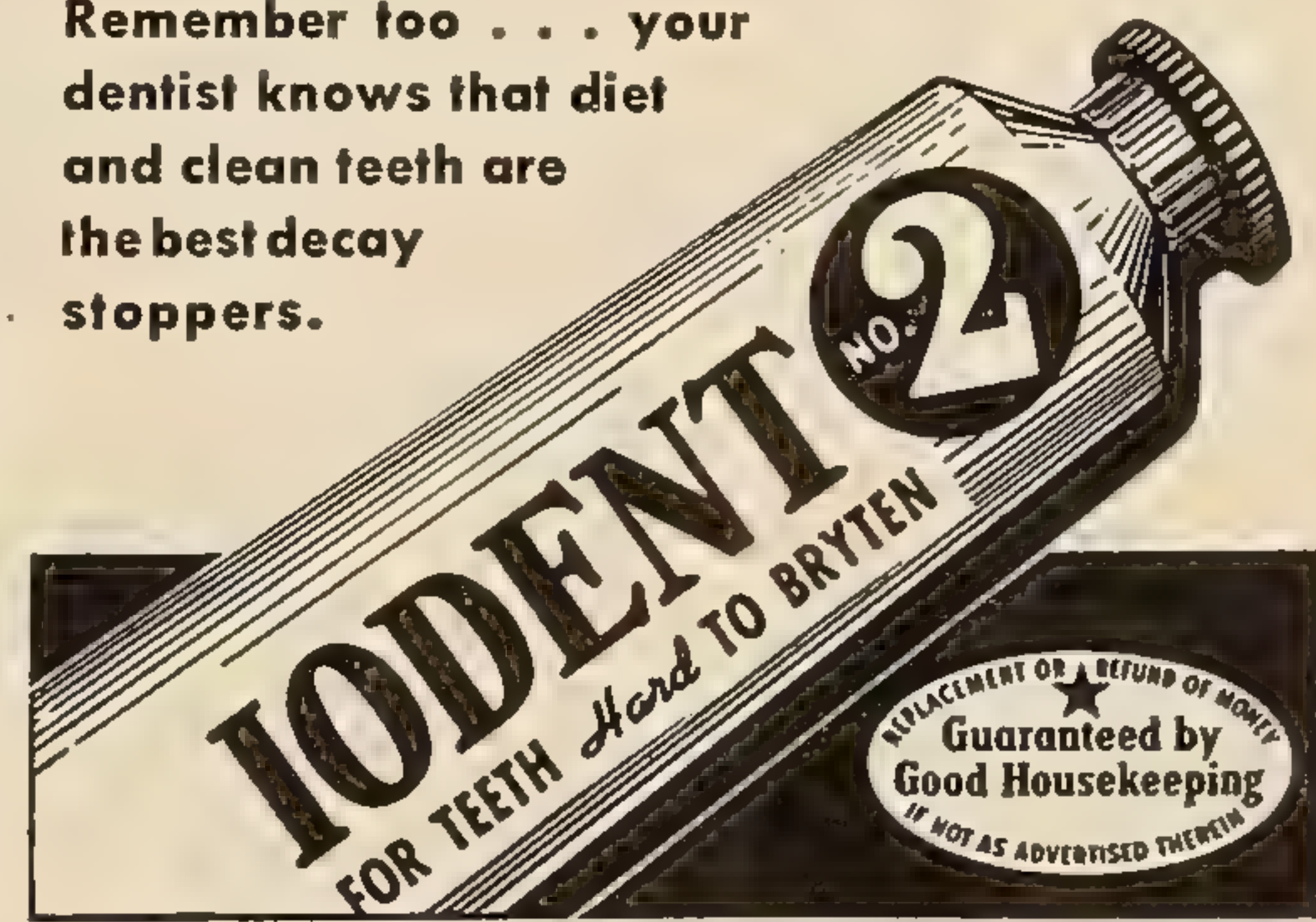
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fore, I said. What she'd never been able to do before, she did—took me into her arms, whispered endearment and comfort that fell like balm on a wound. When the chips were down, Mother became my solace and my greatest friend. Long ago I could have had her friendship for the asking. It was she who had felt unwanted.

With Mother behind me, I found courage to make a decision. At first I hoped for a miracle. I hoped that when Tom and I met, our old feeling for each other might rise from the ashes. It didn't. Then I prayed that we might part without ugliness or strife. In this—thanks to Tom and to my new-found identity—we succeeded. Our first thought was for Kent. As a child of divorce, I saw the dangers even more clearly than Tom. I tried hard to profit by the lessons of my own ordeal. Kent loves his father dearly and he loves me. I'm not going to pretend that the divorce was any bed of roses for him. But at least we could keep from filling his mind with resentments. We could tell him the story truthfully and give him plenty of time to figure it out for himself.

The hard way

It's not for me to preach. Though I think I'm a little wiser for my experience, who knows all the answers? Yet I can't help venturing the few I did learn. To children I'd say—don't shut your parents out, take your problems to them. The fact that they belong to another generation doesn't make them fogies. If they disagree with you, consider the possibility that they may be right and you wrong. You haven't measured yourself against life as they have. You need all the balance and judgment they can provide.

To parents I'd say—show your child love and understanding. Respect her as a person. Crushes are bound to develop—never forbid them. A head-on clash stirs rebellion. "We'll fix their wagon," say the kids. Use strategy. Encourage them to see each other. Open your home to them. Let them share young laughter and good times together. The feeling between them will die or it will grow solid. Either way you can't lose. Above all, listen to your child. Know what goes on in her mind and

imagination. I don't care how much money you have nor how many luxuries. Without true attention, without companionship, material things add up to a big fat zero.

And early scars mend slowly. Re-adjustment is a long and grueling process. Nobody hands it to you on a satin cushion. You sweat for it. My hours on the hillside marked only the turning-point for me. There remained in me echoes of the child who feared to give herself wholly, lest she be hurt. My inclination was still to hide from people. Fortified by my son, my mother, my work, I searched out these fears and, bit by painful bit, discarded them. I saw that love heals more than it hurts. Even after those you love are gone.

Five years ago I went to San Francisco for a personal appearance. As always, I phoned Dad the minute I hit town. "I've got to ride in the parade," I told him. "Then I'll take a nap because I didn't get much sleep last night. And then I'll come over."

"All right, honey. But don't be too long."

This bothered me a little. There was a strangeness in his voice. But I decided my imagination must be working overtime. At the hotel I told them to shut off the phone while I napped. During that interval my father died.

I reached his place in a state of shock. I stared down at the cookies and candy and peanuts he'd set out—all the stuff his no longer skinny little girl had loved. I could hear his voice: "Come on, let's go to the store. We've got to fatten you up." The knife twisted, but I couldn't cry. I could scarcely so much as talk. My face was as stiff as if lockjaw had set in. I felt that a piece of me had died with him.

I know now that his spirit will always live in me. I regret nothing. While I missed the fun of being a teen-ager, I gained a son. While I learned the hard way, I came out of the darkness whole. It might have happened in reverse. But I was a fighter like my father. And my mother gave me the faith in God which saved me. For this heritage I'm everlastingly grateful.

END

Rhonda Fleming can next be seen in Odongo, a Columbia picture.

inside the wildings' mountain hideaway

(Continued from page 31) "Mommy!" shouts Mike, Jr., aged three. "Mah!" echoes Chris, one-and-a-half.

This time both head and shoulders untangle themselves and Liz sits up. "Morning," she says, gives one last wistful glance at her pillow, and then suddenly tickles her older child. Mike, Sr. returns (shivering slightly), to add to the mayhem. For half an hour you can't tell the room from a circus. Then Mike glances at a clock, swings his sons down from the bed. "Breakfast, kiddies."

And because in the Wilding household freedom is tempered with discipline, the kids kiss their parents damply, and trot off without argument to get dressed.

Oh my Papa

At the breakfast table they are joined by Mike's father, Henry Wilding. He's been with them for a while, recuperating from an illness. If what was prescribed was peace and quiet, he may not be getting it entirely, which suits him fine. In many another movie star home he would get too much of it, since the guest quarters would no doubt be in a wing far removed from the main house—even further than the children's wing. In Liz and Mike's home, there ain't no such thing. The kids are right across the hall

from Mom and Dad, and the guests next to them. If their guests don't like the Wildings, they've got no business visiting, they figure.

The minute breakfast is done, Henry Wilding reaches for his cane and draws himself up to his impressive stature. "Where are you going?" Liz asks.

"Out," says her father-in-law, "for a walk in the hills."

"Hills!" Mike teases. "A month ago you called them mountains!"

"A month ago," says his father's clipped British voice, "I was not a Californian." He bestows a kiss upon his daughter-in-law's dark curls and stalks out. Mike sits back and sighs contentedly.

"You must admit, Liz, that it's the Wilding side that has contributed a certain sturdy quality to your sons."

"Your father, maybe," Liz admits. "You look as if you wouldn't wear well in a strong breeze!"

Mike flexes his excellent muscles. "It is a good thing that I am by nature phlegmatic. Otherwise . . ."

Liz giggles. "And equally good that I am—shall we say—less phlegmatic?"

Over the bacon and eggs, the Wildings grin at each other.

It is true that Liz is less phlegmatic. On the other hand, she is obviously more

sleepy. By mid-morning she is curled up on the couch, snoozing. "I have a virus," she tells Mike, by way of excuse, "and it's all your fault. You turned down the temperature in the swimming pool. You put it down to freezing."

"I did not," Mike protests. "The heater thing isn't working right. And besides, the pool isn't meant to be a hot bath."

The phone rings and Liz stretches out a languid arm to pick up the receiver. A moment later she holds it out to Mike. "For you. New York."

Her curiosity gets the better of her and she manages to stay awake until Mike gets off.

"Well?"

"It was a producer," he says slowly. "They might want me to play F. Scott Fitzgerald when they do *The Disenchanted* on Broadway next season."

"Honey! How marvelous!"

"Type casting, of course," her husband says, straightfaced. "I'm just right for

Jack Benny's the funniest straight man in the world. At a recent luncheon, he announced he's abbot of the Hollywood Friars: "That's like being the photographer for Reader's Digest." Jack mentioned that three years ago he had urged Phil Silvers to stay out of TV, saying it wasn't for him. When Phil won those Emmys this year, Jack wired him: "You wouldn't listen to me, would you?"

*Earl Wilson in
The New York Post*

it. Dissipated, unhappily married . . ." He adds, "Just think. If I do the play all those plans we haven't made will have to be completely discarded."

Liz sits up. "That reminds me. We have to cancel our reservations in Sweden."

"Right!" Mike agrees. He and Liz had planned a vacation for the whole family in Sweden before Mike has to report there for *King's Return*. But then came Montgomery Clift's terrible accident on the road down from their home, and now neither of them would dream of leaving until he was fully recovered.

That terrible evening

For a few minutes they sit silently, thinking about that terrible evening. It had started out so well. They'd had a buffet dinner for just close friends. The Rock Hudsons, Monty, a few others. After dinner they'd sat around on the floor of the living room, lights dimmed, talking and dreaming and watching the flickering blue light of the pool outside. Mike had been talking Monty into joining them in Mexico City as soon as *Raintree County*, on which Monty and Liz were working, was finished. It was practically settled, too. Then around midnight the party broke up, and because the Wildings knew how treacherous the road down their hill was, they urged Monty to follow Kevin McCarthy's car—Kevin had taken the drive pretty often. "Not that that's any guarantee," Mike had said. "I've been over that road thousands of times, and I still just barely miss half a dozen trees every time. The road's not banked properly."

And then they had said good night and shut the door behind Kevin and Monty—and fifteen minutes later Kevin was back, pounding on the door to tell them Monty had crashed into a pole and he couldn't get him out of the car!

Rock and Mike had rushed out of the house and down the road, and found the car smashed, and Monty bleeding and barely alive. Back at the house Liz phoned for an ambulance, and then ran down the road to sit with Monty until help came. She was wonderful. She cried, but she

made him as comfortable as she could, and then rode to the hospital with him in the ambulance. It wasn't until she got home again, with dawn breaking over the mountains, that she broke down. Mike gave her a sedative and put her to sleep.

Now, a week later, Mike asks, "How is he today?"

"Better," Liz says. "We can see him from two to five this afternoon."

"Good. We'll go right after lunch."

Here come the cats!

Out of nowhere, a furry bundle lands in Liz's lap. Her cat.

"Mention food," Mike grins, "and every animal in the house appears. I swear the livestock think they own this place and we're just around for their amusement."

Liz has her face buried in the cat's fur. "Trilby's changed," she remarks. "Haughtier, somehow."

"It's ever since we had her picture painted. I told you to hold one of the dogs instead. They don't go Hollywood on us."

"Now, honey, I told you! I kept getting these letters saying we hated cats because we were always being photographed with the dogs. So I thought—Anyway, it's a nice picture."

They both look up at the oil painting of Liz and Trilby that Phillipe Nover did for them.

"You like it better than the one I did," Mike accuses her.

Liz shifts her glance to the smaller painting propped underneath the big one. She giggles. "I never said it didn't look like me . . . sort of. Especially since you did it when I wasn't there."

"Never mind. I know what you think of it. If we had an attic, you'd put it there."

"Look who's talking," Liz scoffs. "What did you do with that sketch of Michael in his diapers? There it was, traveling all over the country with all kinds of famous paintings, and you dragged it back and stuck it in the den. You're the one who hides your paintings, not me."

"Not true. I merely didn't want our son to be embarrassed in later years by utter strangers having seen him in a state of undress."

"Then why don't you paint any more? Paint Michael with his clothes on."

"No time. Why, do you realize how many pages of tv script we shot last week in one day? Thirteen! Thirteen pages!"

"So?"

"So? So how many pages of *Raintree County* do you get done in one day?"

"About one," Liz admits. "But that's good for a movie."

"Humph."

"And besides that, you have plenty of time for non-existent helicopter rides."

"Liz," Mike says, slowly and sternly, "as I have explained to you, that ride was real, not imaginary. We were using the helicopter in the script and I got the pilot to fly me over here to surprise you."

"Some surprise!"

"Is it my fault you took the children shopping that particular day? Is it my fault the cook wasn't here? Is it my fault—"

"No, honey, of course not. Is it my fault you dreamed the whole thing?"

"Liz—"

Criff and Mike

Mike, Jr. appears in the doorway. "Criff," he announces, gesturing towards his little brother, who as usual is one step behind him, "says it's time for lunch."

"Criff is a very observant young man," says their father, shouldering him for the march to the dining room. "And how have you been this morning?"

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■ When Cleo Moore was a sixteen-year-old girl she had an experience that changed her life.

"I had with me in Hollywood my younger sister, Marilea, then about eleven years old," she recalls. "I was just getting started in the movies, when Marilea became very ill.

"I took her to the doctor, and he said she had a tumor.

"We arranged for the operation, and I had to go to the studio, where I was working in a Gary Cooper movie. I kept thinking what the doctor had said: 'Marilea had a 2% chance to survive.'

"I started to become hysterical, and Cooper noticed it. He came over and asked me what was wrong. I told him that my sister was, practically at that very moment, on the operating table.

"Cooper said, 'I'm going to go right into my dressing room and I'm going to pray for your little sister.'

"I listened to him, but I didn't really believe him. I was so distressed, I had lost faith in God, and in prayer.

"But I could hear Cooper add, 'And have faith, because you will see—she's going to be all right!'

"I still didn't believe him, down deep.

"Then he said, 'Now I want you to believe it!'

"He disappeared into his dressing room, and I felt a bit better, although I could not stop crying.

"Then a phone call came through from the hospital, and the doctor was saying, 'The operation is over. We removed a ten-pound tumor—but she'll be okay!'

"I felt so relieved! When Cooper appeared back on the set, I hurried over and told him the good news. He smiled, and said, 'See? Didn't I tell you? But you *must* have faith!'

"Later I was told that Marilea had gone into shock and was kept in an air-lock, and the operation took three hours! Yet, it was completely successful. It was indeed a miracle!

"Today, Marilea is a beautiful girl, a living reminder to me that I should never lose faith, never stop praying. I know now that when I lost faith in my own prayers, God sent a friend to stand in for me!"



"Dood," says Cliff—er, Chris. Which is probably a slight exaggeration, since he has a lovable disposition, but an explosive temper which is liable to blow up without warning—and disappear just as quickly. ("He's a throwback to some fiery ancestor of ours," Mike says.)

"Michael," Liz says, "throw your gum away, dear."

Mike, Jr., a gentleman of the first water, does so, albeit reluctantly.

"You'll never get him to stop chewing," Mike, Sr. remarks. "If those horrified looks in England couldn't do it, nothing will."

"Wasn't that something?" Liz agrees. "And the way they talked about his haircut—just because it's a butch. I think it's cute, and it doesn't fall in his eyes."

"Practical, yes," Mike says. "Respectable—no. At least not in England."

They sit down to lunch. As Liz picks up her soup spoon, a soft sound is heard from somewhere in the house. It doesn't sound like a doorbell, but it is.

"Oh, dear," says Liz. "See who it is, would you?"

A minute later, having "seen" in some mysterious way the Wildings refuse to reveal, Mike is back. "I don't know who it is, but he's carrying a pad and pencil. Are you supposed to have an interview?"

how to be different together

(Continued from page 45) three quarters of an hour buying lamps, and she trudges home three hours late with a frightfully expensive silver horse. She makes a lunch date with Lita Calhoun to break up a dull day of housekeeping—and Lita tells her about a wonderful sale on bedspreads. By dinnertime, Sheila's finally home with a bedspread—which would be bad enough for the schedule, but is even worse for the bedroom. Because when that particular incident happened, the bedroom wasn't even begun and the bed not yet bought. She ended up having to plan the whole room around the turquoise quilted spread.

The happy hunting ground

Guy first saw his particular parcel of land in the Hollywood Outpost Estates before the roads were completed and long before many of the houses were built. He liked it for its unlimited view. He liked the uncultivated hills that even today are full of jack rabbits, coyotes, and an occasional deer. Years before he had any thought of building a home, Guy bought the land.

Then he all but forgot about it. Every six months or so he'd pick up Rory Calhoun or Howard Hill, the famous archer, and they would tramp over the property with bows and arrows to test their marksmanship on the rabbits. Once he even went so far as to drive an architect friend, Ken Swift, up to see the land. Ken was so enthusiastic that he begged Guy to let him draw up some rough sketches for a bachelor retreat.

"Think about it for a few days and then write down the sort of things you want in a home," suggested Ken.

"I can tell you right now," Guy replied. Not that this was an impulse. The idea of a house where he could escape from the glamour of Hollywood and the pressures of show business had been percolating in the back of his mind for a long time. "I'd like one big room that takes up practically the whole house. It'd be the living room, dining room, den, bar and everything else combined. I'd want it to be big and comfortable, with a fireplace, a high-beamed ceiling and lots of wood and stone. I'd also like it to merge with the outside. You know, glass doors.

"No. Are you?"

"Nope."

"It must be that man who's been calling ever since we stopped work on *Raintree*. I keep telling him we spend our spare time with Monty, but he doesn't believe me. I think he regards the shut-down as his own personal blessing. Well, let him in; I'll make an appointment with him."

Off in a corner, Mike presses a button. Mysteriously, the Wildings' front door, which has no doorknob and no keyhole, slides open. The reporter walks in. "Say—how do you people get in when there isn't anyone at home?"

"Our secret."

He has a cup of coffee, gets his appointment, and leaves.

"Come on," says Liz to her husband. "We'll have to eat in a hurry if we want to be at the hospital at two."

And that's the way a day goes in the life of Liz and Mike. Not much in the line of scandal, you might say, not enough to start even the smallest legitimate rumor. Rather, the sort of life you might expect from two people who love each other and are raising a family very nicely, thank you. The sort of life two can lead in a mountain hideaway or a city apartment or anywhere else in the world. It's a pretty good life. **END**

"I'd like the kitchen to be woody like the rest of the house and I want it in the center of things, not stuck off at one end. I guess I'd need a bedroom and bath but I'd leave that up to you, Ken. But don't forget to put in a workshop for my tools and sports equipment and riding gear."

Having unburdened himself of his dream castle, Guy drove Ken Swift to his office and never thought seriously of building a house again until he met Sheila Connolly.

The indoor/outdoor type

He and Sheila were introduced the opening night of the 1954 Los Angeles Sportsman's Show, which was somewhat deceptive. Guy got the idea—not unnaturally that Sheila was sports-minded. After all, there she was, posing with the motorboats while he was demonstrating fly-casting. By the time he found out that it was all a hideous mistake and that he had fallen in love with a specimen of the indoor type, Sheila had learned to shoot and was making like a campfire girl.

Parts of the outdoor life came to her fairly naturally. She already liked animals, for instance, having spent her youth on a stock farm in Ireland. And she was not only willing but anxious to learn to hunt and fish if that was the way to bag Guy.

Guy appreciated that. But when marriage crept into his careful mind, he realized that compromises were going to have to be made on both sides. After all, he couldn't expect Sheila to spend her life in a tent or a canoe. On the other hand, he would be miserable if she wanted a city apartment with the neighbors ten feet away.

On one of their archery dates Guy took her up into the Hollywood Outpost supposedly to shoot, but really to see her reaction to his land. Because there was no driveway or road leading up his hill, they hiked up the side of the mountain.

"I remember thinking it was a lot of trouble to go to find a safe place for shooting," Sheila recalls, "but I kept my thoughts to myself. When we reached the top and I'd gotten my wind back I lost it again—the view was so breathtaking.

"Guy was so shy and almost apologetic about the property. Didn't I think it was too far from people? too rustic? too steep? too windy? I just said it was like having one foot in heaven. That gave him a rough idea of how I felt about his acreage." Guy

Anne Francis recently moved into a new apartment and took along her eight-cubic-foot refrigerator, only to find the space accommodates a six-cubic-foot refrigerator. Now Anne has the refrigerator in the garage, which means that her car must be left in the street; trunks which she hoped to keep in the garage are in her back porch, thus making it necessary to put the washing machine where she hoped the tool shed would be, and in order to make room for the tools she had to give away the clothes dryer, and just when everything was under control the hot water heater burst!

Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post

liked the idea fine.

And so they were married. They took an apartment—Sheila's idea—that was located in a distinctly suburban setting—Guy's notion—with the understanding that it was temporary. But nothing was said about Guy's lovely land until Sheila came home one evening with the news that they were shortly going to become parents. "Now about our house . . ." said Guy, as though the subject had just been mentioned a few minutes earlier. (In reality, nearly a year had passed.) "Ken Swift has sketched out some rough plans that we should see so we can make any necessary changes. We want the place ready before the baby is born."

And that's how the house with the double life was born.

Ken came over, bearing Guy's plans, and the three of them put their heads together over the blue prints. Everyone approved of Guy's big living room. But Sheila fastened on the area marked "workshop" like a terrier with a bone. "How darling! Just right for the nursery!"

"Honey!" Guy exclaimed, horrified. "Why that's the room I need most. You can't do that—can she, Ken?"

Ken stepped in neatly. "Look," he said, "there's a big space over here on the side. Cut down your garden area this much"—he pointed—"and you can build a nursery right onto the house. Much nicer."

"Perfect," Sheila said happily. "You're so right—much nicer . . ."

Guy wiped his brow. ". . . and we can use the workshop part," Sheila finished, "for the maid's room!"

Ken left with his head spinning. Guy wanted strictly modern, Sheila went for the softer lines of a ranch house. Guy wanted a place he could tramp around in with his hunting boots on and his dogs by his side ("and his horse, too," Sheila teased). Sheila was entranced with the idea of wall-to-wall carpeting, deep and thick, and definitely not for hob-nails to tread upon.

But by the next evening, when Ken came back with his briefcase stuffed full of compromises, he found the Madisons had worked out a few of their own, and all was in accord. By the time the baby arrived, Guy and Sheila were in their new home—and each of them had exactly what each of them wanted.

The amazing house

The approach to Guy's private outpost is up a steep driveway that levels off suddenly and turns into a giant auto court. There is room for twelve or fifteen cars to park here. On week ends in the summer it gets pretty well filled by Guy's brother, who comes to swim, and by the Calhouns, Andy Devine, and other friends, who come to eat Guy's great barbecue

suppers. During the week Sheila has the comfort of knowing that the surrounding hills are well populated with nice people, while Guy luxuriates in not having the neighbors breathing down his neck.

The front entrance to the house has a slate-covered floor that starts outside the door and continues inside through the front hall and on down to their dressing room. "What a smart idea," boasts Sheila—but she gives Ken all the credit. "It means that Guy can come in the house in his boots and hunting clothes and walk right to his closet without soiling a single carpet. Sure the slate gets muddy, but nothing can hurt it. Not even a horse."

The kitchen is another department where Ken batted his brains to come up with a split-personality. Guy wanted a large kitchen where he could prepare the meat while Sheila tossed a salad. Sheila was interested in compactness and step-saving. And both wanted to feel that while they were cooking, they were still in the living room. Ken finally designed a pretty yellow and natural wood room that hardly looks like a kitchen at all. The necessary laundry equipment is hidden behind shutters. A new electric refrigerator is built in above the counter like a cabinet. And the barbecue and stove are just across a serving counter from the living room.

This serving counter or snack bar has turned out to be one of the most used features in the whole house. Every morning Guy and Sheila sit on bar stools and eat breakfast off the counter while baby Bridget faces them inside the kitchen in her high chair. If she spills her porridge there's no harm done to the kitchen linoleum, and she's having the fun of being with her parents. They also use the wide counter for between meal snacks and as a bar. When they have the gang up for a buffet supper they put the food on the counter. Until the cook has washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen, Sheila can hide the mess by closing a series of louvred doors above the counter.

The big room is the living room—with a dining area at one end and a large stone fireplace at the other. This is still strictly Guy's room. He was so anxious to have everything perfect that he went to the lumber yard with the contractor and selected all the chestnut paneling. Next he stood over the carpenters and made sure they put it together properly. He designed the gun rack and television cabinet on opposite sides of the fireplace.

Sheila takes over

But the bedroom wing is all Sheila's doing. "By the time we got to the final touches like selecting doorknobs and wallpaper," says Sheila, "I'd made so many decisions that I couldn't face another blueprint. I simply told Ken to paint the nursery yellow and to use the same 'wormy' chestnut wood, the same grasscloth wallpaper and the same white doorknobs in our bedroom that we'd used in the rest of the house. 'Just make it match that bedspread,' I said. I was the most surprised wife in town to see it turn out beautifully. It's like a smaller living room with its own fireplace, a TV set and soft chairs."

Sheila also selected the furnishings throughout the house with her usual helter-skelter air. "My decorator friends tell me I did everything backwards," says she with a shrug. "I bought draperies first when I should have chosen the carpets. I used wallpaper where they would have used paint and vice-versa, but I don't care. I wanted it to be our house and it is. The furniture may not be smart but it's sturdy. The colors are restful like our hills. Guy likes it and that's enough for me."

Which is an attitude that practically guarantees a happy life for two opposites in one house.

END

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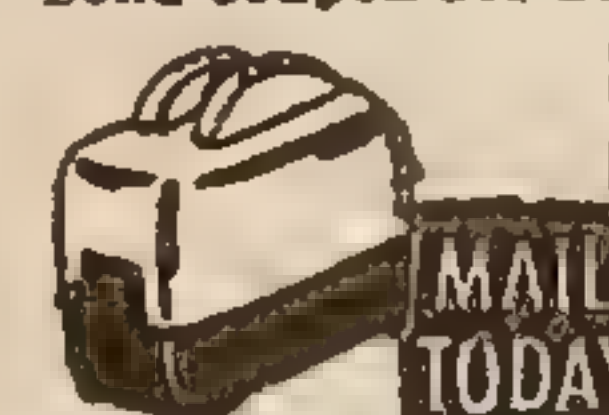
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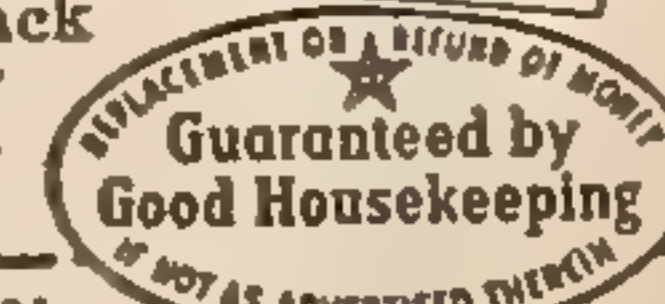


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a shy girl discovers love

(Continued from page 39) tomb instead of the Folies Bergère, he had the tact not to say so. And of course she could tell him how wonderful he was in the play—but she couldn't rhapsodize like Pier, or discuss the technical problems of the show, or laugh the way Pier could, so lightly and joyously and *easily*, at his wit. So when Jean-Pierre turned his attention back to her bubbling, beautiful sister, that was to be expected. All men loved Pier. Why not? So sweet and pretty and good. She did seem, Marisa reflected, watching, just a little young for Jean-Pierre Aumont, who had lived so much—but then, maybe Pier was just what he needed to take the sorrow out of his eyes.

So you could have knocked her over with a feather when Jean-Pierre phoned the next day and asked if she, Marisa Pierangeli, would have dinner with him.

The first date

That was how the miracle began. Very quietly at first, so that no one, especially Marisa, could have told what was happening. Why, she couldn't even tell what happened on her date. She got home at a respectable hour and let herself in with the brand-new key that had been given to her on her twenty-first birthday, and she found Pier and Mama sitting up waiting for her. The minute she shut the door they descended on her like a pair of vultures. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Where did you go?"

Marisa thought. "Oh. To dinner. A very nice place. . ."

"Yes?"

"And then for a walk. . ."

Pier was dancing with impatience. "Tell us what happened. Tell us all about it!"

Marisa sighed. "Well, we had a shrimp cocktail and then soup and then. . ."

"Not *that*, you idiot! What did you do? What did you talk about?"

Marisa paused. "I don't exactly know," she said slowly. The dark lashes lowered while she concentrated. "Oh, yes!" she said. "We talked about Mozart!"

"Oh, Marisa, for heaven's sake. . ."

But Marisa was half way out of the room, on her way to bed. At the door she turned to look back. "Good night," she said. "I had a simply wonderful time. . ."

And that was all anyone got out of her, that time or the next or the next. For they saw each other three times in that brief week before they said goodbye and Marisa packed her bags to follow Pier home to Hollywood. When they parted they made no plans to write to each other. Their goodbyes were a little sad, but not heartbreaking. They had had fun together, but that was all. Neither of them knew that the miracle was begun.

But Marisa, from that first date on, walked with a firmer step. She, the ugly duckling, had been chosen over Pier for the attentions of a man any girl would give her eyeteeth to date. And she hadn't had to act a part, she hadn't been one bit phony. She'd been Marisa, that was all, and he liked it. They'd talked about authors and music and painting and all the things she loved best—and he had known about them from 'way back. He had told her about his daughter—such a beautiful little girl in his photos—and she had seen the tenderness and the concern in his eyes, and she knew he was really interested in what she had to say about her young sister Patrizia, who was almost the same age as Jean-Pierre's Tina. And when they talked about her, Marisa, he had listened gravely to the interrupted dream her life story was, and he had told her that it

wasn't over—that she could have a different dream and make it come true. She could make her own place in this new world in which she had to live, he'd said. Of course it would take work. She'd have to improve her English and overcome her fear of competing with Pier. She'd have to go out and go after the things she wanted, but it could be done.

His words echoed and re-echoed in her head. On the way back to America, Marisa made up her mind. She would talk to that man who wanted to give her a screen test. She would stop sulking about what she could not change and make something good out of what had to be. And she could do it now, though she could not have before, because a boyish-looking man with sad eyes had shown her that she didn't have to be Pier, or anyone else, to be somebody. She would be Marisa, whom Jean-Pierre Aumont had liked. She could do anything.

And for Jean-Pierre, the miracle was this: he knew he could love again. It had been years since Maria Montez' death, but he had never ceased to mourn. At the beginning it was almost more than he could bear. His child, Maria Christina, alone kept him from utter despair. Later he was able to go back to his work, and find forgetfulness for a while in that. But his heart was closed to all but his daughter. When he needed a date, he made one with a friend, or with a starlet who would

Performers all vie for attendance records, for it's a measure of their popularity and helps boost their fees. Joni James sang at Asbury Park's Convention Hall Saturday night. She played to standees. "Did I break the attendance record here?" she asked the manager. . . "It depends on how you look at it," the manager told her. "The three Maguire Sisters played here. You, Joni, had two more people in the audience—but they had two more on stage."

*Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post*

be happy to be photographed with him—and that was the end.

But Marisa was different. Marisa he had called because he wanted to see her. He had found no need to take her where they would be entertained—he merely wanted to talk to her. He found pleasure in her company, and when he made her laugh—that deep laugh coming from a depth of joy no one had ever really seen in her—his heart responded with equal joy. He saw so much in her—secrets behind the dark eyes, talent in her quick perceptions, and that hidden well of happiness covered presently by her discontent.

When Marisa left, Jean-Pierre realized that he had awakened once more to life. Then he met Grace Kelly.

People said three years later when Jean-Pierre married Marisa that she reminded him of Grace. But the truth is this: Grace reminded him of Marisa.

Grace, too, was cool and poised in a silence that might be haughtiness but was more likely shyness. She, too, would explode from time to time with a sudden, unexpected glee, almost like a little girl. Only this time it was Grace instead of Marisa; this time he was ready for love.

But that is why, when the idyll with Grace was over for Jean-Pierre and he came to Hollywood again, he and Marisa were ready for each other.

"We meet again. . ."

Marisa by then was a star. She had done what he had told her to do, and it had succeeded—just as he had said. She was,

professionally, out from under Pier's shadow—she had made her place in the sun. Now she needed only her sort of people. This time when the phone rang and Jean-Pierre asked for her, she had no terrors. Just joy. She had read about his romance with Grace, and frankly, she had been—how can it be said—just a little pleased that it came to nothing. That she had been indirectly responsible for it, she had no idea. But now it was over, and now Jean-Pierre was in Hollywood, and he wanted her to come to dinner. And to bring Mama and Pier if she liked, and anyone else. There began to grow in Marisa's eyes the glow of happiness and love.

Because right from that first evening at Jean-Pierre's home, they both knew. And the next night when he took Marisa to a premiere. And the night after, when he phoned, and the night after that when they saw each other again and felt that they had been parted for years!

On the fourth date, Jean-Pierre proposed. Well, it wasn't a real proposal—because even though both of them knew that they would be in love and be married, it was still so very soon. So he made a joke out of it. "When we're married. . ." he would tell Marisa, and go on to elaborate the marvelous things they would do. And Marisa would agree, "Of course, when we have our third child. . ." and continue the jest that wasn't a jest at all.

When a month was up, they stopped joking. "Would you marry me, Marisa," said Jean-Pierre across the dinner table, very seriously. Marisa laughed with the new laughter that came to her so easily now. "I'd love to," she said, watching the sadness leave Jean-Pierre's eyes forever.

"So soon?"

And so they went home to tell Mama about it. Mama was a little nervous. She liked Jean-Pierre just fine. She liked the new light in Marisa's eyes even better. But—"So soon?" said Mama. "You hardly know each other. Better to wait."

"Wait for what?" said Marisa. "We know each other quite well. We are in love. We want to marry."

"Good," said Mama, "marry. But not yet. Wait just a little bit. Don't tell people so fast." She smiled at her son-in-law-to-be, who is forty-three years old. "I know you are not irresponsible children, but. . ."

"We will wait a little," said Jean-Pierre. "Because there is someone else I must tell. And in the meantime, we kids will say we are going steady." And so they did.

"Maria—this is Marisa"

The next day Jean-Pierre flew to New York, to his daughter. When he had come to America earlier in the year he had brought her with him. Partly because she was forgetting the English she had spoken with her Mama, partly to visit her grandparents in New York, but mostly because wherever he was, he needed her with him. A beautiful little girl, ten years old, who watched over him like a mother and adored him like a petted child. A child so bright that though she had lost some of her English she went right into her own grade in a New York school, and got high marks from the beginning. Jean-Pierre arrived in New York to be greeted with hugs and ecstasy. "I'm taking you out of school for a few days," he told her. "I want you to come to California and meet somebody."

In California she met Marisa. Maria Christina, not knowing yet about the marriage, was totally at ease. Marisa was excited, but not nervous. Just as she had known "from forever" that she would love Jean-Pierre, she knew she would love his Tina. From the first moment, they were friends. They even looked alike a little,

both so beautiful and dark. And Marisa was far from a stranger to children—had it not been she who stayed home with Patricia through those years—how far away they seemed now—when she had been the ugly duckling?

That night, Jean-Pierre told Tina that he wanted to marry Marisa. And because the fates had decreed that nothing should spoil their perfect miracle, Tina flew into his arms, mingling French and English. "Oh—Papa—je suis—so glad!" The next day she dashed into Marisa's arms with promises to learn Italian as well.

And then, back in New York, Dorothy Kilgallen announced in her column that Marisa Pavan and Jean-Pierre Aumont were engaged to be married. No one knew where she got her information—no one outside of the family was supposed to know anything at all. But while any other Hollywood couple would have wept over the loss of their privacy, to Jean-Pierre and Marisa it was a blessing in no disguise at all. "Now," said Jean-Pierre reasonably to Mama Pierangeli, "what should we wait for? Tina knows, you know, and now the whole world knows. Besides, I just happen to have the engagement ring with me, and why shouldn't Marisa wear it? And besides that—I would like to have Tina at my wedding, and I cannot take her out of school again, now can I?"

It was that last that did it. Mama Pierangeli had not brought up three children to pull them out of classes for little things like weddings every day. As long as Tina was here—well, the wedding might just as well take place.

And everybody cried . . .

They went to Santa Barbara for it. Marisa wore a white shantung suit and the bridegroom wore blue. Irving Thaw of MGM, a close mutual friend, was the best man, and Pier carried her bouquet as matron of honor. It was the weepiest wedding anyone had ever seen—except that no one could see anything for the tears. Mama cried, sentimental Pier sniffled, Marisa wept buckets, and the judge him-

self came close to breaking down. Only Patrizia and Tina stayed dry-eyed, disgusted with all this inappropriate nonsense on the part of the grownups. "Aren't you happy?" they demanded. "What are you crying for? Nobody died . . ."

The next day the honeymoon began. They took off for Hawaii and in the ladies' room at the San Francisco airport, Marisa lost her engagement ring. She had taken it off to wash her hands, and just forgot about it. "I'm not used to wearing anything on my right hand," she explained miserably to Jean-Pierre while the plane waited for the searchers to come back ten minutes later, "and I have to wear it there now that I have the wedding ring on my left." The search was unsuccessful; the plane left an hour late, with the Aumonts, but minus the ring. "It was so beautiful," Marisa mourned. "Shaped like a rose, so pretty . . . and to think you designed it and I lost it . . ."

Two weeks later the person who had found the ring read about it in the paper and sent word to the Aumonts. They picked it up on the last leg of the honeymoon flight back home. "You must have been inconsolable," the reporters said to Marisa as she slipped it on her finger. She gazed at them, astonished. "Oh, no," she said. "Jean-Pierre made me forget all about it. You see how wonderful he is . . .?"

And that is the way it is for them now. Everything that would have been a disaster for others was a blessing to them. Everything that made them wrong for other people made them right for themselves. Everything that is good and golden has come to them and made its change in their lives. The laughter that pours from them, the happiness that fills the air around them, are things of beauty. The joy of Jean-Pierre, who has found a second happiness to match his first. The radiance of Marisa Pavan, who, when she walks into a room, makes the other girls fade quietly into the wallpaper.

And that is the way it should be, for two people who were picked to have a miracle done to them. **END**

she ran the other way

(Continued from page 57) start trembling, as girls have been known to do when the handsome Bautzer speaks to them or even looks in their direction. She remained poised and cool as a cucumber.

No one would have believed it, but try as he might, he couldn't pry Dana's phone number out of her. "Please, just let me phone you once," he begged, after the first turndown. "Well, all right, but not this time," she replied. "Maybe some other time."

Greg: "Then let me have your number."

Dana: "I really am terribly sorry, Mr. Bautzer, but I don't give my phone number out to just anybody who asks for it."

Greg: "But I'm not just anybody!"

Dana: "Excuse me. Of course. I forgot. You're the famous Greg Bautzer and you're good-looking and charming and one of the cleverest men in Hollywood, if not the world. No, Mr. Bautzer, I'm afraid it can't add up to anything good for Dana Wynter. I'm truly sorry."

Cool as all this palaver sounds, Dana's heart kept pounding through it all. Greg was completely flabbergasted. This had never happened before. Always it had been a cinch for him to get a phone number. Cinch isn't even the word for it. Many a time he didn't even have to ask. Many's the number hastily scribbled on a piece of paper or on a matchbox cover and slipped into his fingers at a premiere, a

party or a night club. Or anywhere else.

It wasn't a pose with the twenty-four-year-old Dana. She had, and has, deep-seated religious scruples and morals. Educated in a convent, she has never forgotten the teachings of the nuns. Dana Wynter has the courage of her convictions.

Greg keeps pitching

How did he finally get her number? He asked around and learned that her agent is Al Rocket of the Famous Artists Agency, who is also Ann Blyth's agent. But Al wouldn't give him Dana's phone number either. Greg kept pitching. Finally he got it—and the story is he bribed a secretary in the agency to get it for him!

He got her on the phone. Recalling it, Dana says: "I guess I gave him a rough time at first. He was so handsome and clever and spoiled by all the girls I'm afraid I was very naughty with him. I told him he was spoiled. It just goes to show you how wrong you can be about people. I've since found him to be the most lovable, least spoiled person I've ever known. Spoiled can mean self-centered too, you know. Greg is anything but that. He is always thinking of other people, always attentive. It's not put on. That's one reason he's so successful. His sincerity comes through in everything he does."

But she didn't know that then, and she didn't want any romances with men-about-town. So Dana kept changing her phone number. Greg kept bribing secretaries. Dana kept giving excuses for not

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going out with him: She was busy studying scripts, she was making a movie, she was doing a wardrobe test. She remembers one excuse vividly and also his reaction to it. She told him over the phone, "I can't go out with you, Mr. Bautzer—you're too glamorous!" And she remembers how he laughed about it. "That's something about Greg that few people know," she says. "Everything is always light and gay with him. He can always see the light side, even when the joke is on himself."

But in November of last year, four months after their first meeting, the devastatingly lovely, brown-eyed, high-cheek-boned, patrician Miss Wynter—who also happens to be a warm and wonderful human being under that regal five-foot-six appearance—finally broke down and went out on her first date with Greg. They went to a premiere and to dinner. Romanoff's, of course. Actually, Dana loves nothing better than American hamburgers and ice cream. But she went along with Greg's glamour routine. And she had fun.

She found that they had a lot to talk about and a lot of things to do together. She learned that he, like she, prefers simple clothes. She learned that he could discuss everything from the Central African Federation to interior decorating. She's interested in law and medicine; so is he. They both love dancing and tennis. They love practical jokes and modern art, movies and the theatre, books and travel, antiques and watermelon, New York in June and huge Christmas trees, reading poetry, fiction, biography, history, plays, Sibelius and Bach and chocolate sodas.

Beloved Greg

Many women have loved Gregson Bautzer, glamour boy and hard-working attorney, playboy and intellectual. And, a good many years ago, he was married to Marion Janss, a Pasadena socialite. The marriage didn't work out, but when it was over Greg was eager to try again. He met Buff Cobb, fell in love with her, and they were married. That marriage was as brief as his first. Badly disillusioned, Greg felt he never dared to marry again.

But he was too romantic to give up love. Besides Lana and Joan, he went with Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Jane Wyman, Mari Blanchard. All his dates made headlines, and when he seemed to be settling down, the papers were full of marriage rumors—and other rumors, too.

But the truth is this: the girls admired and/or loved him not just because of what the papers called his "flashing, always-tanned good looks," or because of what they went on to describe as his "caveman tactics!" Good-looking he was and is, but that is not the Bautzer secret. And a caveman he is definitely not. Athletic, yes. But what the women loved best about Greg was his tenderness and attentiveness.

That's what Dana found in him, too—much to her surprise. Once she saw it, she fell hard and fast—again to her surprise. And to Greg's relief. After all, it had taken him four solid months to get the first date! How long, he wondered, would it take to marry her? For obviously, this was no publicity-mad starlet. Also no girl who would marry "for fun" and forget about it if things should ever get rough. This time Greg was sure of his feelings. He was ready to get married.

And to his astonishment, six months from their first date—Dana said yes.

And if anything, the tenderness and thoughtfulness Greg had shown before, increased. For example—

The nine-day wonder

Dana, an only child, flew back to see her parents last May, in Marandellas, 88 Southern Rhodesia, Africa. They have

lived in Africa since 1949, when Dr. Wynter was called there from London to perform a special operation and fell in love with the country.

So it was that Dana, who had left Marandellas a few years ago to attend Rhodes University, had to go back to get the blessing of her parents on her marriage to Greg. Dana felt she must tell her parents about him and get their consent.

Greg was supposed to accompany her. Reservations had been made, everything was set. But a tremendously important lawsuit involving a company on whose board of directors he sits demanded he divide his time for at least a month between Hollywood, San Francisco and New York. So he was tied down. Immediately the usual Hollywood scuttlebutt started: Dana had to fly home alone because Greg was backing out on her, Dana was forcing Greg's hand. All ridiculous gossip.

Dana was gone only nine days, dreadfully lonely days for both herself and Greg, and yet exciting days too. Greg kept in constant touch with her during all of her journey, going and coming. He phoned her at every stop—in New York, Paris, Rome, Capetown, Johannesburg. He was in continuous touch with her airline and knew exactly when she landed at and took off from every airport along the route. He had her paged everywhere. Sometimes the long-distance operators

"None of my marriages has been tranquil," says Zsa Zsa Gabor. "A woman puts her entire beauty and youth into marriage, and what does a man do? He uses all his charm all day long at work and in the evening he is tired. This is very dull."

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

had to keep the wire open as long as an hour, and never less than fifteen minutes. On top of that, he had huge bouquets of flowers waiting wherever she landed. He even had flowers scattered all over Europe in places that her planes never touched due to last minute changes in her itinerary, all brought on by her haste to get to Africa and then back to Hollywood!

Greg also spoke to her on the phone every day during her stay at her parents' estate. The phone service is somewhat primitive. But Greg always managed to get through to Dana.

He also sent her cables every day. Not just short messages—three or four pages.

Again, on her return trip, Greg spread a carpet of flowers from South Africa all the way back to Hollywood. When she made an early-morning landing in New York a limousine loaded with flowers was waiting.

The topper came when he met her at International Airport in Los Angeles with Harry the Toff ("Toff" is Cockney for a Beau Brummell-type sharpie), the Yorkshire terrier he had given her. Plus another limousine. Plus more flowers. Plus a three-piece orchestra that played her favorite song (and Greg's), "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face," from their favorite musical comedy, *My Fair Lady*.

Many a man could take courting lessons from Greg Bautzer. Harry is again a case in point. No secretary goes out and picks a gift marked "From Greg Bautzer." Greg picks them himself. And each gift carries a special meaning. One day, during the shooting of *The View From Pompey's Head*, a basket of yellow flowers arrived on the set for Dana. The basket was lined with a special material that Yorkshire terriers like to sleep on. Dana now carries Harry in the basket. Harry also sleeps in it. That's romantic and thoughtful.

"I told them about Greg"

While visiting her parents, Dana had a reception thrown for her by the Rhodesian branch of England's Women's Volunteer Services in Salisbury. As Dana tells it:

"I thought it was going to be one of those tea-and-crumpets-and-meet-the-ladies sort of thing that my mother had trumped up; instead, the ladies put me up on a platform and made me talk about Hollywood. They also asked me about Greg. They had heard and read a good deal about this fabulous man. And here one of their neighbors' daughters was going to marry him!

"I told them I had come to get my parents' blessing and that Greg had wanted to accompany me but couldn't. They knew all about it. They laughed! Apparently one of the phone operators in Salisbury had spread the word about the long-distance calls.

"They asked, 'What's he like?' I replied, 'He is the most handsome, most brilliant man in the whole world and I love him.'"

A wife should take care of him

Dana doesn't believe that marriage-plus-a-career can work out for a woman. "I think that when a man marries he has the right to expect his wife to be there to take care of him when he comes home at night. The career girl—that is, the one who holds onto her career after she's married—tends not to be particularly talented in that direction. That's why so many of those marriages fail. I have discovered that a career is not enough. A woman must be married and have a home to be happy. I haven't found complete happiness in my career. I am sure I will find it with Greg."

Dana wants children, and so does Greg: a girl first, then a boy, "because Greg likes girl children—he thinks they're cute!"

Dana and Greg want a house high on a hill with a view, a swimming pool and a tennis court. Greg plays a great game of tennis. So does Dana. Says Dana of Greg, who is considerably older than his bride: "I think Greg is a great deal like my great-grandfather, who died at the age of ninety-two. He went swimming in the Thames every day, winter or summer, all year long. He also played tennis. Yes, Greg is very much like that."

Hollywood's loss

That's the kind of man Dana has. And what has Greg got? Greg has got himself a girl with great, distinguished, good looks—not just ordinary good looks but the warm, luminous beauty usually associated with Latins, although, as pointed out, she is strictly English. She combines poise with a fine sense of humor and charm with lively intelligence. She is well educated and has good taste in clothes. She possesses an outflowing quality that draws you to her the minute you meet her. It stems from her tremendous interest in other people. She has her eyes open at all times, looking head-on at all the life going on around her.

Dana is a lucky girl and she knows it. Most American women have become so self-sufficient, they don't expect the sort of attentions Greg Bautzer is capable of lavishing on the one he loves. Dana, however, finds his romantic considerations most delightful.

And Greg? He is the luckiest guy in the world. He could have looked the world over and never found anyone who could have filled the bill as well as Dana. Hollywood has lost a lovely star; Greg Bautzer has gained a lovely wife.

END

Dana Wynter is in *D-Day*, The Sixth Of June, a 20th-Fox film.

why jack lemmon left his wife

(Continued from page 33) been there more than a few moments before she practically echoed Jack's remark word for word, "Our marriage just wasn't good. We tried." It was almost as though they had coached one another. We talked for a little while about all the rumors that had cropped up since their parting.

And then, suddenly, out of the blue—Cynthia burst into tears!

"I don't want you to think I asked you here to give you a third degree," I told her. She looked so young, so distressed, so lonely and I felt very sorry for her.

"Oh, it isn't that!" she said, speaking quickly. "There are just so many things I would like for you to understand. The most untrue gossip about us is the whisper that there is some other woman involved. One of the columnists said that Jack was again seeing Melissa Weston."

Naturally, I had also heard the talk that Jack could not forget the very social and pretty Melissa, whom he had met through the Gary Coopers.

"Jack met Miss Weston when we were separated before," Cynthia, now again in full possession of herself, went on. "Yes, this is the second time we have separated. But he never saw her except with a group of friends and it was just as ridiculous the first time it was printed that they were romantic about each other as it is now."

"As for those snide rumors that he became interested in June Allyson while they were making *It Happened One Night*—they are not worth dignifying with a denial. This is the most far-fetched gossip of all. Both June and Dick Powell, who was the director on the picture Jack and June made together, for heaven's sake, are close friends of ours."

I laughed. "All right, Cynthia. I believe you. But it's hard for me to believe either of you when you say there's no hope for your marriage. Tell me—where is Jack right this minute?"

"He's home—baby sitting with little two-year-old Cris while I'm here talking to you," she said, and for the first time she laughed.

"And, when Jack called me on the telephone to tell me that you two were separating he admitted that he was home with the flu and that you were taking care of him. Really, if this isn't the craziest, I've never heard it!"

Children of divorce

Now—as they say in the movie scripts—let's flash back to Jack and what he told me the day we had our long talk.

You remember he, too, had said, "Our marriage isn't good"—and he went on, "I didn't feel our baby should be brought up in a home where there was bound to be tension, quarreling and unhappiness."

"Then you had been quarreling?" I asked.

"No, we didn't quarrel," was the paradoxical reply young Lemmon gave me. "But we both knew we were headed for unhappiness. We both have such dread of inflicting unhappiness on the little human being we love the most, our baby."

"Cynthia and I are both children of unhappy marriages. My parents didn't separate until I was eighteen. That's even harder than if I'd been younger. For many years I knew how unhappy they were together, holding on to something no longer lovely just for my sake."

It is not hard to find out that Jack has enormous admiration for his father, who is the head of The Doughnut Company, a concern that makes mixes for baking.

"My father started in a small way," Jack went on, obviously eager to talk

about the senior Lemmon. "His business grew to be a tremendous success. He had hoped that I would come into the firm, but when I was at college I used to appear in the amateur plays and I knew I wanted to become an actor. My father never objected."

I thought to myself—I don't believe either your father or mother have ever objected to anything you wanted to do. When he up and decided, "He runs faster who runs alone," and decided to say *au revoir* to his wife and child, the parents probably said, "God bless you," and let him do as he pleased.

Jack's father was in Europe at the time of the separation from Cynthia, and so Jack moved into the elder Lemmon's apartment—that is, when he didn't have the flu and went home to his wife.

"Do you feel that you and Cynthia are incompatible?" I went on, scouting other fields in this puzzling parting.

"Not at all," was his surprising reply—if anything he could say could really surprise me at this point. "Cynthia and I like the same things—we like the theatre and movies, and we also have many friends outside our careers. One is a painter, one a writer. Our closest friends are the Richard Quines—he was my director on *My Sister Eileen*, you know. June and Stu Erwin are other good companions."

What do your friends think?

I asked, "What about Jimmy Cagney?" I had seen Jack and Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney and the Ralph Bellamys all having dinner together the night after Jack told me that he and Cynthia were parting.

"I never knew Jimmy until we made *Mister Roberts*," Jack answered. "We became very close friends during the making of the picture. I have great admiration for him as an actor and a person."

"But, what does he think of this separation?" I asked, knowing that Jimmy has been happily married for years and years and couldn't help but think the parting of the young Lemmons strange indeed.

"We never discussed it," Jack replied. "Cynthia and I sent notes to our families and our friends about our decision—and then I called you up."

"Perhaps you should talk about it to your friends," I persisted, "and you and Cynthia should talk about it. There's got to be some reason." I took another shot in the dark. "Did you object to Cynthia's making several TV shows and continuing with her own career? Two careers under one roof have upset more than one happy Hollywood home, you know."

Jack shook his head. "That's silly. She is talented and should have a career if she wants it."

I tried one more angle with this young man who sounded more and more as if he was talking about his best friend and not the wife he is leaving—or rather, has left.

"Do you think that Hollywood came between you? The glamor of big success, your winning the coveted Oscar, all the heavy attention you are getting?" was my question.

Jack said, "As I told you before, my family is prosperous. I had it good as a kid and a young man. It isn't as though I had fallen into good living after I came to Hollywood. I can tell you in all truthfulness that nobody is as happy over my success as Cynthia—and nobody gives me better advice on my acting."

So I gave up on that angle. Here is this boy, John Lemmon III, who has never been denied anything and success literally has been laid at his feet. You would think that he and Cynthia would be the two happiest people in the world, having everything that life holds dear for attractive young people, a home, a child and fame.

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Then suddenly they decide, "Oh, no, we want to live our own lives." It doesn't make sense.

To say that Cynthia hasn't been a big help to Jack wouldn't be telling the truth, and he is quick to give her great credit. She is pretty, she is charming, she is young—and everyone who meets her likes her. Everyone likes Jack, too. He has a great sense of humor, he speaks well and he is a nice boy. Why all this sudden urge to throw off the shackles and go it alone?

"I honestly don't think our marriage has any chance of being a happy one," he repeated doggedly—and there we were, right back where we started from.

Chris will be happier!

Several days later, I repeated to Cynthia what I had failed to get out of Jack, "What really brought this about?" I was quite surprised to find out, as we talked, that she too put great emphasis on the unhappy lives together of her parents, just as Jack had.

"Both Jack and I were brought up in homes where there was no love," she told me some time after she had had her little crying spell. "My mother died when I was about seventeen—but she and my father didn't speak half the time. It was pretty miserable for me.

"I figure if Jack and I are headed for that kind of marriage it is better to separate while Chris is little. Then, if I marry again and Jack marries again, we can share him in happy homes."

This seemed curious reasoning. I said, "Broken marriages are said to be the cause of so many unhappy children."

"I don't believe it," Cynthia protested, "Chris could grow up seeing me happy and Jack happy—even if we aren't under the

same roof. I'm young, and I hope to make a good marriage."

I threw up my hands. "I give up," I conceded, "here you aren't even divorced and you're talking of future good marriages. Are you so fully convinced that there isn't a chance of reconciliation? After all, you and Jack have survived six years of marriage on what I am beginning to believe must have been on the friendliest terms I have ever heard!"

Cynthia smiled, "I'm sure it must be puzzling to an outsider. But you see, Jack and I don't believe in fooling ourselves. You know I come from Pontiac, not far from your home town of Dixon, Ill. We mid-westerners at least try to be forthright and honest with ourselves. Isn't that so?"

"Don't forget that Jack and I married quite young—perhaps drawn together in the beginning by our mutually unhappy childhoods. We were both struggling for a foothold and we made so many tv shows—which is where we got our start—that we had never had time to really know each other. We just worked, worked, worked.

"Then Hollywood came along—and I'm sure I don't have to repeat that story to you. Success was not long in coming to Jack—and with success came leisure, between pictures, at least.

"In six years we had matured—and do you know what we found? That we were the best friends in the world. But we were not happy as man and wife."

Now we were getting someplace, if you ask me—and I hope you do. I have had much time to think about the young Lemmons since my talks with them.

If they only knew

I sincerely believe that they have reached that point that comes in all

marriages when the romantic glow of boy-and-girl love has grown into something really more wonderful—if they would only realize it.

I'm talking about the companionship and yes, good friendship that is the real basis of a lasting marriage. It can't all be moonlight and thrills—like it is in movie scripts. Real people don't live like that.

The Lemmons, I believe, are going through this transition. If they can just be careful—if they will just be smart and stop and think about what they may be losing, I think there is a big chance for them to get together again.

Perhaps it won't be immediately. Jack has already left for Trinidad, where he will make *Fire Down Below* with Rita Hayworth. The picture will be several months shooting.

I think he was glad to go—at this time. I also think that Cynthia is relieved at this reprieve of a couple of continents and the Atlantic Ocean between them. This chance to be apart and maybe discover just what they do mean to one another may be just the thing they need.

I certainly hope so, for I like them both very much.

As Cynthia said before she left my house, "Jack and I are still such good friends that we went to the same party a few nights ago. Not together, you understand," she put in hurriedly, "but we had both been invited and we didn't want to embarrass our host and hostesses by making them choose sides by inviting one or the other of us. We want to keep it that way. When Jack comes back—we will see each other."

I certainly hope so, Cynthia. I hope you will see each other as you really are—two young people who have too much between you, too many of the good things of life, ever to lose them—apart. **END**

elvis presley

(Continued from page 41) hard to believe sometimes. "Man," he tells you, "I sure hope it keeps up." So do his parents, Vernon and Gladys Presley, who have been able to retire in a \$35,000 home in East Memphis which he purchased for them. But most fervently of all, so do the increasing tens of thousands of girls who crowd the theatres, armories and arenas when Elvis comes to serenade them.

In San Antonio, Texas, they formed a human pyramid trying to reach the high window of his dressing room backstage. In Washington, D.C., those who couldn't get close enough for an autograph when he sang on the S.S. *Mt. Vernon*, anchored in the Potomac, had to be led from the boat in tears. And when he played the ballpark in Jacksonville, Florida, kids who did reach him nearly ripped him bare.

What Elvis is like

The young Southerner who is causing this furore is only twenty-one years old now, and of mixed Scotch, Irish and Italian blood. He doesn't drink or smoke. He has never gambled. But he is tall, a full six feet, with eyes set deep and dark in his head, and features strongly, almost insolently, masculine. His singing style is unlike that of the great crooners or sobbers who have come before him. Elvis just lets go—but with tempo. Some critics call it rock-and-roll. Others say it's hill-billy. And perhaps the most accurate compare it with tribal chanting. Certainly there is a lot of sex in his voice. Elvis doesn't soothe his fans—he sends them. When he gets to rolling with "I Got A Woman," "Long Tall Sally" or "Blue Suede

Shoes," the quivering and fainting begins.

The navy shore patrol had to be called out to quiet his audience when he sang in San Diego recently. At that Ft. Worth concert forty girls had driven over in a chartered bus from Dallas to see him, and two of them exhibited scars on their arms where they had tried to carve his name into the skin with pen-knives. Told of this after the show, Elvis, wearing a lavender sports coat, black dress pants and a pink mandarin-styled sports shirt, shook his head in perplexity. "I don't get it," he said.

But he would rather be puzzled than have it stop, because if things are fat for him now, his early years, which began on January 8, 1935, in the small town of Tupelo, Mississippi, were on the thin side.

"We were never wealthy, but never what you call real hungry," he says.

A twin, whose brother died soon after birth, and thereafter an only child, Elvis was brought up over-protected, in his opinion. "I couldn't go out with the other boys, go swimming, or even play away from the house until I was fifteen," he

Most men get into show business in unique ways, but never before via a toothache. The story involves the film version of John Steinbeck's *The Pearl*, which was filmed in Mexico. The distributor, Emilio Fernandez, came to N. Y. to make a deal. He suffered a toothache and went to a dentist in the Paramount Building, Dr. Arthur Epstein. During the drilling Fernandez recited his mission. Result: Dr. Epstein bought the American rights.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

remembers. What is significant about this is that on his twelfth birthday, when Elvis wanted a bicycle, his mother bought him a guitar instead.

Elvis played it. He wasn't very good, sounding mostly like someone beating on a bucket lid, as he expressed it. But it got him to singing more than usual, which pleased his folks. They recalled that, at the age of four, he could sing louder than anyone else in the choir. To this loudness he began to add a quality of tone which lent itself to folk songs and won him fifth prize in a Mississippi State Fair singing contest.

There was always a girl

Elvis never did study music, but he kept up his guitar playing ("I just know a major chord or two," he says) and attended the L.C. Humes Jr. High—High School in Memphis for six years, during which time he found there was always a girl he couldn't keep his eye off.

"First thing you know, when I was sixteen and a sophomore, I fell in love with a girl who was nineteen and a senior," he recalls. "She was taller than I was, and heavier too. But I thought her the most beautiful girl in the world."

When that girl confirmed what other ones he had previously gone with had told him, that they thought he could sing, he decided to have a recording of his voice made for himself some day.

He went to work after graduating from high school (with average marks) for a precision tool company, moved on to a furniture company where he ran a table shaping machine, and wound up delivering material for the Crown Electrical Company in Memphis. In the meantime he had saved enough money to have the Memphis Recording Company, managed by

a Sam Phillips, cut a record as he sang "I Don't Care If The Moon Don't Shine," and "Blue Moon Of Kentucky," to his own guitar accompaniment. Phillips, who also issued records under the Sun Record Company label, decided Elvis' voice ought to be heard around the country.

Actually only a few hundred records were initially distributed, all within a 300 mile radius of Memphis, but the response was so definite that on the strength of it Phillips signed Elvis to an exclusive contract. Lovers of his records began calling for Elvis to make personal appearances, and he decided to try his luck playing the smaller towns through the south and the eastern part of Texas. The first time that Col. Parker, the hill-billy impresario, saw him was in November of 1954, but Parker was busy then managing a tour for the famous Eddy Arnold. A few months later Parker was in Texarkana, Texas, when he happened to hear that a young singer playing Boston, Texas, had pulled more fans in to see him than the town had people. Parker investigated, and this time he signed Elvis to a contract.

The panic is on

Through subsequent months, and in the course of two tours, Elvis, supported by a three-piece "combo," played a hundred dates, from Washington, D.C. on the north, down to Florida towns on the south, and as far west as Colorado. And without fail he got riotous welcomes. Then, in January of this year, Elvis went national—and the real panic was on. He made an appearance on the Dorsey Brothers' television show, a network telecast, and was such a hit that he was brought back a half dozen more times.

The first time the Dorseys presented Elvis the girls in the studio audience were shocked into silence. But at his next appearance they were ready for him and swooned and fainted all over the place. By now Hollywood was talking about a screen test. Elvis agreed to come west and make one for producer Hal Wallis.

"How much acting experience have you ever had?" he was asked.

"Never read a line in my life," he replied frankly.

But the job Elvis did won him a seven year contract with Wallis, binding him to make one picture a year for the producer during this period. By the time he has made two of these films it is expected by the studio that he will be as effective as the late Jimmy Dean was.

This is studio talk, not Elvis'. All he knows is that he enjoyed the day of the test as much as any day in his life, and that when he saw himself on the screen he thought he looked like his parents.

Show business people are usually puzzled the first time they see him. As he comes lumbering out from the parted curtain when he is announced, his guitar hanging low and somehow more like a gun holster rather than a musical instrument, they ask, "What's the matter with him?"

But when he galvanizes into action, they snap rigid in their seats.

It's not just looks

It's not just Elvis' looks that are provocative—though his 180 pounds of blue-eyed, dark-brown haired masculinity provoke a great deal. It's also what he says.

Walking out on the stage of the huge Shrine Mosque in Richmond, Virginia, last year, he announced, as he was supposed to do, that his first number would be, "I Was The One." But then, as was not according to script, he added, "I usually have a quartet to sing along with me on this one. If anyone wants to come up and help me, they're welcome."

The next moment there were 300 girls climbing onto the stage, the stage manager was lowering the asbestos curtain to cut them off from the audience so that no more youngsters could crowd up, and an emergency police call had been put in.

Elvis hadn't meant to start anything. It's just that he hates to meet folks (and that's what he considers his audiences) without being friendly and making a little conversation. The same instinct on his part got things off on a wrong footing in Las Vegas at the New Frontier Hotel.

It was decided that a special matinee performance would be staged for young people, who would be charged a dollar apiece to drink Coca-Colas and listen to Elvis—with all the proceeds going towards a \$35,000 fund being raised for a night baseball park for the youngsters. Elvis was to sing without fee. The hotel agreed to provide its ornate banquet room and the refreshments without cost.

All went well until Elvis made his entrance and looked over his audience of 700—mostly girls his age or under.

"I'm sure glad to see you all," he began, "because ordinarily the hotel doesn't allow anyone in here under eighteen unless they bring their own whiskey."

That did it. There were peals of laughter and the kids threw themselves into listening to Elvis as strongly as he threw himself into his singing. He did fifteen numbers and then the fun really started. After he went off stage the girls started hunting for him—through all the halls, banging on room doors and calling to him. It was evening before they were finally all hunted up and sent home.

More boy than man

All his appearances, including tv, are going to bring in more money for Elvis per week than most lads his age make in a year. But he is all set with his plans on how to handle his income. "I am going to save a lot and spend a lot."

Actually, he is more boy than man when it comes to extravagance. Except for the home he bought his folks, and his cars, two of which he uses for traveling, his spending is minor. For recreation he likes to hunt up an amusement park and play the games of chance along the midway, throwing baseballs at a pyramid of bottles or tossing darts at balloons. One day he came home with twenty-four kewpie dolls he had won at a carnival. From time to time he will get gadget-minded. One day he turned up for the beginning of a tour carrying a portable movie projector and a can of 16 millimeter film, including an old Abbot and Costello movie.

"It's for when I want to relax when I go to bed at night," he explained. "I'll shoot the picture on the ceiling and lay there and look at it."

But for real relaxation Elvis admits he likes girls—or rather a girl. If he can get a chance to go to a dance with one where he won't be recognized, and if he can get onto the floor with her and close his eyes to dream around slowly—that's the kind of dancer he is, by the way—he is happy.

He doesn't want to get more serious than this now because he knows his future still lies in traveling and moving quickly to take advantage of opportunities. That future, as he sees it, should eventually mean acting, and just acting. He is perfectly willing to put away the guitar for good, and even get away from singing, for a career in the movies.

And that's the way things look ahead for Elvis Presley—except for one thing. His own parents married very young and he admits that the marrying urge can strike him too. "Most any time, I suppose," he says.

END

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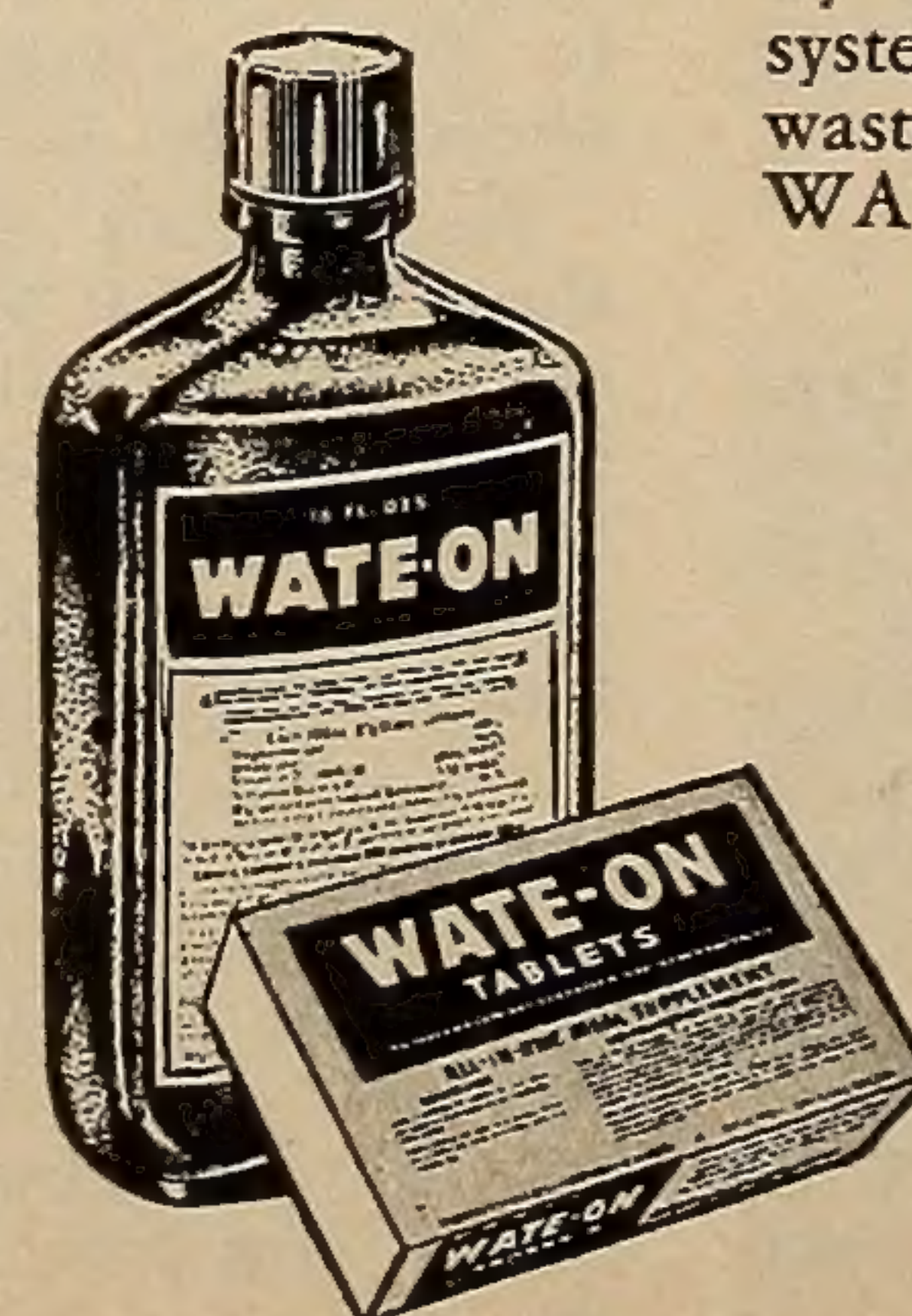
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